# Liberty

SEPT. 4, 1943 10c

**Book:**
**TORPEDO 8**
**By Ira Wolfert**

**WILL WILLKIE PUT IT OVER AGAIN?**

# *In taste-where experience shows up best...*
# GLENMORE *always shows up better!*

86 Proof

**BARRELS OF PROOF**

*In all Kentucky, only Glenmore has made more than a million barrels of fine whiskey.*

**YEAR IN...YEAR OUT...**

*Same famous formula . . .*
*Same family management . . .*
*Same distinctive flavor . . .*

**KENTUCKY TRADITION**

*There's character and hearty richness in every mellow drop of this great Bourbon.*

*In 1916, Glenmore built a special alcohol plant for World War I. In 1940, we remodeled this special plant anticipating Government requirements. Since last fall, this special plant and our complete facilities have been devoted 100% to the production of alcohol for munitions and other war materials.*

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Glenmore Distilleries Co.,
Incorporated

Keep in Practice to Beat the Axis . . . BUY WAR BONDS!

# Quiet Please—
# A Young Man is deep in Thought.
# An Eager Mind is Growing,
# A Character is Taking Shape.

## And we see him a Man whose Wisdom and Understanding show in his Smile—a Smile that owes much to Ipana and Massage!

HERE IS AMERICA! Here is the future of our country! For in this small boy, and in millions of youngsters like him, lies the promise of fulfillment of all our hopes, our plans, our dreams!

Thoughtful teachers and devoted parents have given America's children every advantage of health and education—have prepared them to face their future—strong and happy and *smiling*.

Yes, *smiling!* For even their smiles have the best of care. Today, in classrooms all over the land, youngsters are being taught a lesson many parents have yet to learn—the importance of firm, healthy gums to brighter teeth and sparkling smiles.

These young Americans know that today's soft foods rob our gums of work and stimulation. They know why gums tend to become soft, tender . . . often signal their sensitiveness with a warning tinge of "pink" on the tooth brush!

*Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"*

If you notice a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush . . . *see your dentist right away*. He may simply say your gums have become tender because of today's soft foods. And, like many modern dentists, he may very likely suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana Tooth Paste is designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to aid the health of the gums as well. Massage a little Ipana onto your gums when you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens in the gums—helps them to healthier firmness. Adopt the sensible, modern dental health routine of Ipana and massage—for firmer gums, brighter teeth, a sparkling smile!

**Ipana Tooth Paste**

*Product of Bristol-Myers*

AMERICAN WINE COMPANY, ST. LOUIS, MO.

HERE'S THE
**HOSPITALIZATION PLAN**
YOU'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR!

ONLY **3¢** A DAY GIVES YOU THESE REMARKABLE BENEFITS IN CASE OF SICKNESS OR ACCIDENT

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|---|---|
| Hospital Expenses paid, up to | $540.00 |
| Doctor Expense paid, up to | $135.00 |
| Loss of Wages reimbursed, up to | $300.00 |
| Loss of Life by Accident | $1,000.00 |

**WAR COVERAGE AND EXTRA BENEFITS**

Don't wait for trouble to strike! Many a man's savings of years have been wiped out by a few weeks of misfortune. Take out our liberal hospitalization policy now and know that your doctor and hospital bills will be paid. Only 3 cents a day gives you a freedom of mind worth far more. Individuals or whole families (to age 70) are eligible, and you may go to any U. S. or Canadian hospital, under any physician's care.

**MAIL COUPON TODAY.** No agent will bother you.

**Family Mutual Life Insurance Co.** L-5
**Wilmington, Del.**

*Please send, without obligation to me, complete information on your Economical Hospitalization Plan.*

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LEE WAGNER, CIRCULATION MANAGER

# This one's going to hurt!

Invasion comes high—in blood and money.

Part of the cost must be paid with human life. That means deep and lasting hurt for many and many an American family.

Part of the cost must be paid in cash . . . this September. And *that's* going to hurt, too!

## The 3rd War Loan Drive is here!

To pay for invasion—to get the money to keep our fighting machine going—you, and every man or woman in America, are asked to invest in at least one extra $100 Bond in September.

$100 EXTRA, mind you—for *everybody!*

No man or woman can hold back. No man or woman can point to his Payroll buying and say, "They don't mean me!" No man or woman can say, "I'm already lending 10% or 12% or 20%—I'm doing enough!"

Sure—it's going to hurt. It's going to take more than spare cash this time—more than just money that might have gone for fun. It's going to take money you have tucked away. It's going to take part of the money we've been living on—money that might have meant extra shoes or clothes or food! Money that might have gone for *anything* that we can get along without!

Sure—it'll be tough to dig up that extra money. But we've got to do it—and *we will.*

We'll do it partly because of the look that would come over the faces of our fighting men if we should fail. We'll do it partly because the cheapest, easiest way out of this whole rotten business is for everybody to chip in all he can and help end it quick. We'll do it partly because there's no finer, *safer* investment in the world today than a U. S. War Bond.

But mostly, we'll do it because America is right smack in the middle of the biggest, deadliest, dirtiest war in history.

And we're Americans.

# Back the attack with War Bonds

This space contributed to the Third War Loan Campaign by
*Liberty Magazine*

# VOX POP

## "The Voice of the People"

### MARINES CAME FIRST

ATHENS, GA.—In regard to your article, Boss of the Lady Marines (July 31 Liberty), I believe your author very much in error when she states the Marine Corps is the oldest service in the U. S. A.

The U. S. Coast Guard, established

in 1790, is the oldest branch of our armed forces.

Thanks for a fine magazine, except that this one statement has been printed in error too often to let go by unmentioned.—*M. J. Flannery.*

The Marine Corps was formed by an act of the Continental Congress, November 10, 1775, and made a permanent organization in 1798. In 1790, by act of Congress, the Revenue-Marine (later known as the Revenue Cutter) Service was authorized. And in 1915 the Revenue Cutter Service and the Life Saving Service were merged into the U. S. Coast Guard.

### APPRECIATION

Hurrah, hurrah for Samuel Wood!
I hope his article does some good,*
For all those horrible people who
Are obscene enough to enjoy such goo
Have minds defiled enough already
That they won't be hurt by something heady,
And those too pure to like such bosh
Just won't be hurt at all, by gosh.
Oh, I'm no poet, as you can see,
But that is the way it seems to me.
—*Jack Horn, Hamilton, Ohio.*

* The Case for Honest Movies (July 31 Liberty).

### SUPERMEN

LINCOLN, NEB.—I was greatly interested in William Saroyan's The Human Comedy (July 24 Liberty) because of

Mr. Saroyan's obvious ignorance of sports, especially track and field.

The idea of four trackmen running a flight of hurdles on the morning of a scheduled afternoon meet is absolutely beyond the imagination of any one who has had any experience with any form of athletics.—*Dean G. Kratz.*

### A GREAT MYSTERY

PERRYSVILLE, OHIO—I have just finished There Was an Old Woman, by Ellery Queen (July 3 Liberty).

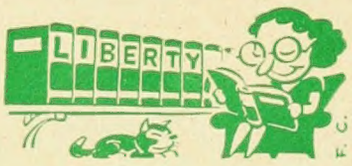
It was a great mystery. Let's have more of this author in Liberty's popular condensations.—*Robert Cooke.*

### WE ARE ON THE JOB NOW

TITUSVILLE, PA.—In the article on Harry James (July 3 Liberty) Frank Sinatra, the new singing sensation, was mentioned one or two times. I am wondering if you could get an article on him.—*Virginia Stegner.*

### LIBERTY LIBRARY

DORCHESTER TERRACE, NAVY YARD 56, S. C.—I have enjoyed immensely the condensed books in Liberty. I am taking each one out of the magazines and




binding them together. I have them all labeled, and also keep an index of the titles and authors. So far, I have thirty books. Please continue to publish them. —*Mrs. Frank A. Kinsey.*

### LOYAL AMERICANS

DENVER, COLO.—Some time ago I was informed that my article, My Only Crime Is My Face, had been accepted by Liberty. [This article was published in August 14 Liberty.]

I must confess that I had doubts about its acceptance because of the fact that I have a Japanese name—although I am an American in everything but physical features.

Vox Pop may pop itself hoarse over my article, but I assure you that it is based upon straight facts and definitely is not imaginative fairy-tale fiction. *We Americans of Japanese descent are loyal to our country, the United States, and it is time that the public knew it.*—*Mary Oyama Mittwer.*

### ENEMIES AT HOME

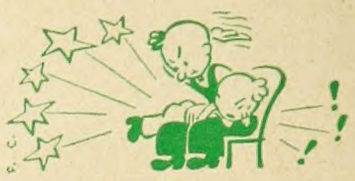
CAMP BRECKINRIDGE, KY.—I have read Pfc. R. Farnsworth's letter (July 24 Vox Pop) and showed it to my buddies. We all agree that he is 100 per cent right, for the strikers are as much our enemies as the Axis and can kill us just as quick.

I wonder if those strikers out there would like to trade jobs and pay rates with us men in the service. I am a paratrooper, and every man in our outfit volunteered for his job here.

About 75 per cent of our company are married and have dependents, but none of us are crying about it, nor want to throw sand in our victory machine.—*Cpl. J. B.*

### GIVING HARDTACK A HAND

VIRGINIA BEACH, VA.—We get a great kick out of your cartoons, especially Hardtack. That little fellow is some



smart—just as little kids try to be in real life. We say "Bravo!" to Hardtack. —*(Mrs.) Elizabeth Sommers.*

### O. K., FANS

CHICAGO, ILL.—Enjoyed reading Baseball Scouts the Cradle, by Bill Stern (July 31 Liberty). Give us more along the same line—baseball.—*A. Wetter.*

Mr. Stern will be a frequent contributor to the pages of Liberty, and will cover various sports in the proper seasons.

### SOUTHERN STYLE?

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—I couldn't help smiling a little when I read Mr. William Killen's letter (July 10 Vox Pop). He

calls it a racket when he doubles up in a cab and the driver collects two fares. The other night I rode home in a cab with three other parties, and the driver collected four full fares—with seven people squeezed into one cab.

I don't think a cab driver ever picks up only one party down here. I guess the people in New Orleans are so used to having rackets shoved down their throats, they don't even recognize one any more.—*Norma Mumme.*

### ORCHIDS AND LILIES

LA CANADA, CALIF.—I'd like to throw you *two* bouquets—one for having Ted Shane weekly (what would life be like if I didn't hear my husband chuckle at following one of those outrageous brain ticklers to its conclusion?), and the other for that precious story Richy Walks Alone, by Georgia Maxwell Robertson (June 12 Liberty). I do wish we could have more tender stories like that in this sickening time of war.—*Ethel B. Barnhisal.*

# "can you people make GYRO-COMPASSES?"

THIS WAS THE QUESTION the U. S. Navy asked us on February 5, 1942.

Our answer, "We ought to be able to . . . How soon can we see one?"

With the coming of the war these gyro-compasses were needed in large quantity to equip the ships of our rapidly expanding Navy and Merchant Marine. They had never been built in quantity production.

To save time one of the big thirteen hundred pound Sperry Gyro-Compasses

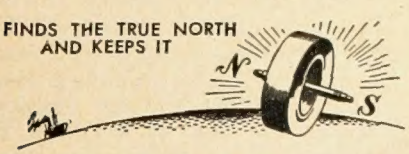
IT CAME OVERNIGHT, FROM BROOKLYN TO DETROIT BY FAST PASSENGER TRAIN

was sent from Brooklyn to Detroit by fast passenger train. It was in our hands next morning and we took it apart for study, piece by piece.

The gyro-compass is an intricate, scientific instrument of navigation which unerringly points (and holds) true North. It is not influenced by electrical or magnetic disturbances that affect the ordinary compass.

The heart of the gyro-compass is its large fifty pound rotor, a kind of fly-

IT FINDS THE TRUE NORTH AND KEEPS IT




wheel, which is spun at the rate of six thousand revolutions a minute by its own in-built electric motor.

We found the compass to contain over ten thousand mechanical parts, with delicate electrical arrangements whereby the rotation of the world itself, and the constant forces of gravity, are harnessed and used for direction and control of the spinning rotor.

Promptly we sent men of wide experience in precision manufacture, electrical engineering and mechanical processes to Brooklyn, New York, where they studied at first hand the technical construction and assembly of this intricate mechanism. They were greatly aided in these studies by the Sperry Gyroscope

SCORES OF DRAWINGS, BLUEPRINTS AND SPECIFICATIONS

Company, Inc., long experienced in gyro-compass manufacture.

Study of the drawings, specifications and the parts of the compass, helped us decide which parts we would manufacture ourselves and which we would subcontract to other companies. Our master mechanics made plans for more than five thousand special tools and fixtures. Our planning department began to order production material. We made the final selections of men from our organization whose abilities clearly fitted them for supervision of the many tasks of gyro-compass manufacture. We placed our first

EVERY PIECE AND EVERY ASSEMBLY TESTED FOR BALANCE AND PRECISION

orders among three hundred and fifty subcontractors.

While these things were going on we began to build two complete compasses without waiting for completion of our regular production facilities. By the time these jobs were finished our manufacturing arrangements were made and the quantity production of gyro-compasses actually began.

In our production program we were guided by the same principles that we had used successfully in the building of cars and trucks. We believe that if each individual part of the machine (however intricate) is made right, and the assemblies of the parts are right, the finished product cannot help but be right.

In manufacturing the gyro-compass all of the thousands of big and little parts undergo the most rigorous test and inspection. They must always register a perfect score in their successive balance and precision trials.

When a compass is completed it is given its final test on a special machine which accurately duplicates the roll, pitch, and yaw of a vessel navigating

WE HAD TO DUPLICATE THE PITCH AND TOSS OF THE OCEAN FOR OUR FINAL TEST

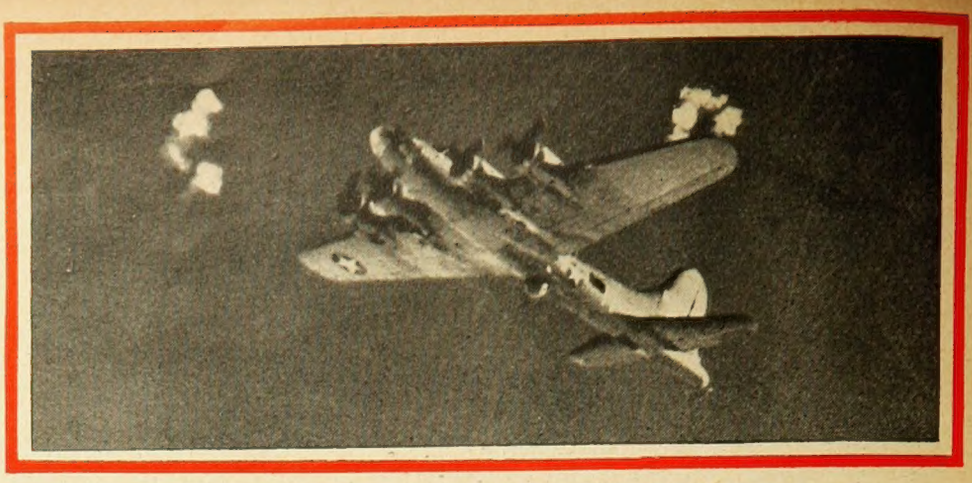
a very rough sea. When this test is concluded, and the final adjustments are made, the compass is ready for immediate installation on the ships of the Navy and Merchant Marine.

This very rapid calendar of events is, of course, our most gratifying answer to the question asked us by the Navy on Feb. 5, 1942, — "Can You People Make Gyro-Compasses?"

CHRYSLER CORPORATION

**PLYMOUTH ☆ DODGE ☆ DE SOTO ☆ CHRYSLER**

[ WAR BONDS ARE YOUR PERSONAL INVESTMENT IN VICTORY ]



"Fortress Europe" is just another objective to Flying Fortresses. Here one weaves in and out of Nazi flak bursts as it nears target.

# ON THE BEAM
## BY WAYNE PARRISH

### Bombing Effects

A well known British aviation writer, Peter Masefield, has done more than any other non-military man in studying the effects and potentials of heavy bombing of Germany. He has reached two rather significant conclusions.

His first is that if the present bomber offensive against Germany could be multiplied by four, her war production would be *completely* halted. The second is that each Allied bomber does four times as much damage to German production as it costs to make and operate.

Mr. Masefield, presumably with the help of Royal Air Force devotees of heavy bombing, has used a lot of cold mathematics to show how German production is gradually being stymied. He believes it was reduced by 24 per cent by the first of June, a figure higher than that usually quoted but more conservative than one official estimate made in England. On the basis that modern warfare is founded on the man-hours available to a fighting nation, he calculates what each bomb raid does to German industry, and comes to the conclusion that it won't take too great an increase of heavy air destruction to curtail German production seriously. Obviously it is not necessary to bring German production to a 100-per-cent halt in order to bring the Nazi war machine to its knees.

"There is no other way of scoring so great success at so small a price," he says.

### Night Flying

Three hours of night flying are now included in the instruction at all Army Air Forces primary flight training schools, an adoption of the British training plan in effect for some years.

Lack of real night-flying instruction has been a handicap to many Army pilots. In the United States there are lighted airports, airways, beacons, and other aids; but in combat areas there are no lights at all, and pilots must be skilled in navigation to be able to return safely to the home base.

The slowness with which this instructional feature has been added to our own training is probably due to the distance of this country from combat areas. The British were up against tough night-flying problems from the outset, for England has been darkened out every night. It was natural for them to give their trainees this type of workout. For several years British and American pilots have trained side by side at Thunderbird and Falcon Fields at Phoenix, Arizona. The British trained at night, the Americans didn't. Now they are both learning it the hard way, which means flying far out over the desert, away from highway or city lights.

### Cagy Fighters

The real air warfare between American and German planes and pilots is yet to come, despite the large volume of fighting on the Tunisian front. Assuming that Germany has its best fighter reserves in its own country and in Occupied France, however, we have yet to tangle in bitter fighter-against-fighter warfare on the most important front of the European war.

So far, it has been our long-range bombers that have had to face the music, for the Germans won't send up their fighters just to engage in dogfights with our Republic P-47s, our Mustangs, our Warhawks, and our Lightnings. There have been exceptions to this, of course, but the Germans aren't wasting fuel and taking unnecessary chances.

The only way to force the Germans to fight is to move up close, and England isn't close enough. The small fuel capacity of fighter planes makes necessary the close proximity of bases of both sides. So it is unlikely that our best fighter planes will really get a chance to knock out the Nazi fighter strength until European bases are secured near Germany itself. Then our bombers will have the protection they should have and the German air power can be decimated as it has been in North Africa and in Sicily.

### Air Losses Light

The Army Air Forces is very pleased with its over-all operations to date, especially with regard to losses. Some of our heavy bomber losses have seemed large, and they have been; but they don't loom large in the broad picture and they have actually been lower than expected.

The report on the first year of operations of the Eighth Air Force (based in England) showed losses to be only 3.91 per cent out of a total of 7,067 sorties (a sortie being a single flight by one plane). This is an O. K. record, especially considering that this was the first year of operations with green and relatively inexperienced pilots.

In the meantime, the success of the Tunisian campaign, in which air power played the dominant role, and the success in knocking out Axis airplanes and neutralizing airfields in Sicily have been most encouraging. The Axis was forced to withdraw what it had left of air strength in Sicily.

In the Pacific the ratio of losses on the Jap side has been so high as to be almost unbelievable. Of all the segments of the Army, the Army Air Forces is the most optimistic, the most pleased with itself, despite the shortage of planes in the first year of the war.

### Tough Work

Twenty-four-hour service at a country club with full privileges! That's the way Rohr Aircraft Corporation of San Diego is providing recreational facilities for its employees. It's all the idea of Fred H. Rohr, president, who took over the San Diego Country Club in fashionable Chula Vista and turned it over to employees of all three shifts.

In addition to 158 acres for golfers, there are picnic grounds, reading rooms and library, a ballroom for departmental dances, private rooms for dinners and meetings. A grillroom operates round the clock. Rohr is one of the largest manufacturers of parts in the aviation industry and is a big contractor for the Consolidated Liberators.

# NEXT WEEK

## WHAT'S AHEAD FOR THE MOTORIST

**By Harold L. Ickes**

The man who ought to know tells you how the gasoline situation looks to him. Our Petroleum Administrator for War wouldn't know a honeyed phrase if he fell over it.

## CLIFF-HANGERS MAKE A COMEBACK

**By Howard Sharpe**

Shades of Pearl White, the Saturday afternoon serials are getting sophisticated — sarongs 'n' everything! You'll get a kick out of this inside story of Hollywood's breadwinners.

## I'M TARGET NO. 1

**By Photo Reconnaissance Pilot "X"**

An action-packed story of the men to whom film is more important than their own lives.

## MR. HUBER

**By Lieutenant Stanley Disney**

Introducing a new Liberty fiction character, Private George McKeller, who has an affinity for trouble and a genius for getting out of it.

## CALLING ALL CARS!

**By Lewis B. Funke**

The used-car market is dealing in fantastic prices—and in some cases fantastic methods.

## LET THEM WEAR LACE!

**By Paula LeCler**

France puts lace on its back and nothing in its stomach. Grim fashion notes from a nation that must be rescued soon.

## THE MINISTRY OF FEAR

**By Graham Greene**

Liberty's Book Condensation. Who'd expect to find the ingredients of a first-class mystery thriller at—of all places—a cake sale? This new best seller by the author of This Gun for Hire is guaranteed to give you a sleepless night.

MEN WHO USED TO CRUISE ON
MAGNIFICENT BIG YACHTS
MIGHT THEN HAVE PAID TOO
MUCH FOR WHISKEY. BUT NOW IN
MATTINGLY & MOORE THEY'VE FOUND A
MELLOWER & MILDER WHISKEY THAN
MANY BRANDS COSTING MUCH
MORE MONEY. SO WHY NOT
MAKE THIS DISCOVERY YOURSELF?
MERELY ASK FOR M & M TONIGHT!

The best of 'em is

M&M

MATTINGLY & MOORE BLENDED WHISKEY

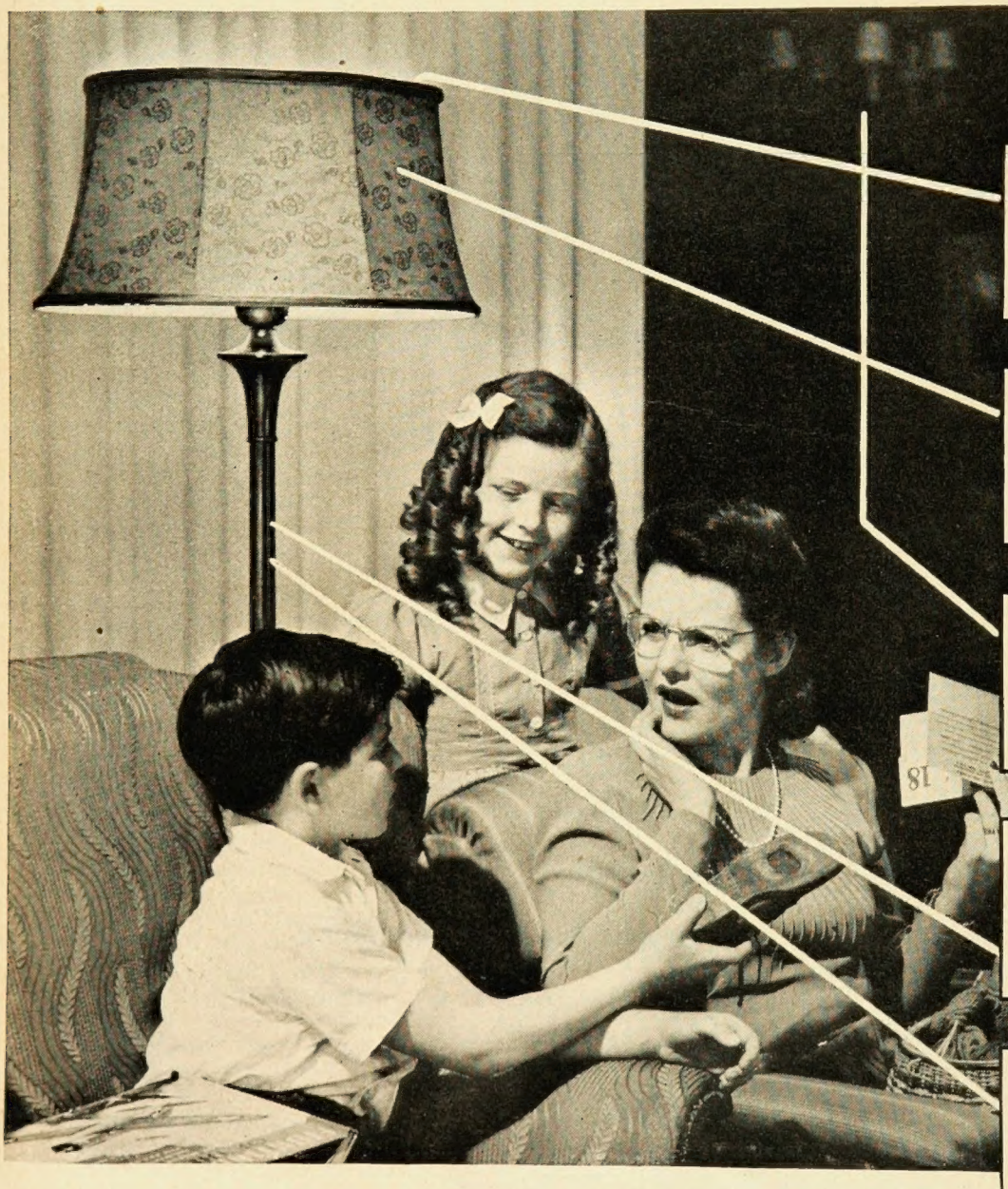
80 proof—72½% grain neutral spirits.
Frankfort Distilleries, Inc.,
Louisville & Baltimore.

**An Explanation to our Friends**

If your bar or package store is sometimes out of M & M, please be patient. We are trying to apportion our prewar stocks to assure you a continuing supply until the war is won. Meanwhile, our distilleries are devoted 100% to the production of alcohol for explosives, rubber, and other war products. (Our prices have not been increased—except for government taxes.)

# *How to get the most out of*
# General Electric lamps in wartime

GENERAL ELECTRIC makes 480 different tests and inspections to make sure that your G-E lamps will *stay brighter longer.* Here are a few simple things you can do in your own home to help make them *stay brighter longer*—serve you better.



## G-E WARTIME LIGHTING SUGGESTIONS

**Clean your G-E lamp bulbs** and lamp reflector bowls regularly. You'll add 25% to 30% to your light.

**Keep lamp shades light inside.** Brush silk shades often; if parchment, repaint the inside or reline with white paper.

**Turn off** lamps you're not using. You'll help to conserve both electricity and the critical materials used in the bulbs.

**Share the light.** Arrange lamps and furniture so that each lamp can serve two or more people, if necessary.

**Pull your lamp closer** when you read or sew and get more help from its G-E lamp bulbs. A few inches farther away can mean 50% less light. And have your eyes examined, too.

*Hear the General Electric radio programs: "The Hour of Charm", Sunday 10 p.m. EWT, NBC; "The World Today"-news, weekdays, 6:45 p.m. EWT, CBS.*

**G-E MAZDA LAMPS**

**GENERAL ELECTRIC**

**Your country's future is the best investment in the world . . . share in it . . . buy an extra war bond this month.**

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

# Broken River

**A stirring, vital new serial of logging in the Northwest—the dramatic story of Rack Tinker, who thought he could escape his past, and of Sara Bishop, to whom the legend of Broken River was a challenge—a novel of love and intrigue and high adventure**

"I'll take that kiss," he said. His hand tipped her face up.

## BY JOHN and WARD HAWKINS

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY NOURBEL

RACK TINKER had been walking steadily for three hours when he reached Platform Point. He stopped there to make a cigarette and rest. Below him, the road cut back and forth across the long slope until hidden by a rocky shoulder of the ridge. Far down, it reappeared as a thin brown line running west toward the sea. Rack saw the truck there.

Rack finished his cigarette and snubbed it out. The truck would be one of Morgan's outbound for the Lower River Camp. Rack watched it round the shoulder and come on until it reached the Junction, two levels below. There it paused briefly while a thin and lanky man got down from the cab. The truck swung north and was gone. The lanky man began the mile-long hike to Platform Point.

Rack Tinker tipped his head, sharp interest in his eyes. He moved away from the Point, turned, and headed east toward the foothills. He was tall and he wore no hat. His hair was a dusty brown. His stag coat was old: wind and sun and rain had softened its bright plaid. He wore oxfords, khaki trousers, and a work shirt of faded blue. A pair of boots hung across one shoulder—the ten-inch, spring-heel, calked boots of a logger.

The road climbed in easy curves. Here, years before, the land had been logged clean, save for the seed islands scattered across the crests. Now new growth was coming in—thick, sturdy, and lushly green, but still too small to offer much in the way of cover. Rack Tinker was a half mile from the Point before he found a place that would do. A windfall lay beside the road—a snag blown down in some past storm. The shallow roots of this dead giant had been torn free of the ground; the result was a raw hollow, shielded by a mound of earth and tangled roots. Rack Tinker left the road for this shelter. He sat down on a rock and began to change shoes.

He liked the feel of oiled and pliant leather. He made a slow task of lacing his boots. "No hurry," he told himself. "The man's a full mile behind."

A mile. He thought of that in terms of time. Fifteen minutes . . . eighteen. Call it twenty at the outside. Rack looked at the spread fingers of one hand. No trembling. Perhaps there might have been once—say seven years ago.

He wondered why a man cannot outrun the past. Addie Tinker would have an answer for that one. He grinned, thinking of the gray, spare, and angular Addie. "Man proposes; God disposes," she'd say, and plow through her Bible for supporting evidence. But Big Red would disagree. "It's luck," he'd say, "an' nuthin' else. Like the time I seen the black come up twenty-two times runnin' in a game in Reno."

RACK got tobacco and papers from his pocket and made a cigarette. Perhaps Westburyport had something to do with it—the friendliness of the town, the smallness. Everybody knew everybody else, knew his family, his business, and what he had for dinner. A man can hide little in a place like that.

So it was coming, today or some near tomorrow. Rack Tinker looked at his cigarette, at the gray ash of it. Still no trembling. Maybe time had something to do with that; maybe his mind had calloused with the years. He could think of a knife now without sweat starting cold upon his back. He could watch the liquid run of light along a sharp and slender blade.

"I could get it over," he thought.

But nothing had changed, save that he was running out of time. The man was dead. And a promise was still a promise; the old decision still held good. Rack put out his cigarette, a wry grin moving his lips. After ten years the wheels had begun to turn again, and this time they would not stop. And, oddly, it didn't seem to matter much. He'd lived with it too long, worried with it, sweat with it. Now it was like watching something happen to another man. Or like watching a row of tin soldiers, a long, curving file of them, fall one after another with the casual brush of some one's hand.

And I'm at the end of the row, he thought.

He heard the sound of approaching footsteps. Still he waited, his brown face sober and unsmiling. He knotted the laces of his oxfords and let them swing from one hand. The lanky man passed. Rack Tinker stepped out on the road.

"Going somewhere?" he said quietly.

The lanky man jumped and spun. Something flicked across his eyes—the shadow of surprise or fear—and then it was as if steel shutters had fallen there. He bent his head, his mouth holding the shape of a loose grin.

"Well," he said, "if you ain't cute!"

Rack said, "You're going the wrong way."

"I figure different."

He was thin and tall, all elbows and knees. His coat and trousers did not match; the skirts of a ragged overcoat flapped around his knees. There was a soiled woolen scarf knotted tightly at his throat. His long face was dark with the stubble of beard and marked with lumpish bruises. He grinned again.

"I got somethin' to sell you," he said.

Rack's face was wooden. "No dice."

"Why don't you get smart?" The lanky man's eyes were narrow now. "I ain't no Square-John, an' I got nuthin' against you. Nuthin' personal. But what I know is worth money. I'm goin' to get paid."

"No. You're not." Rack let the dangling oxfords swing against his leg. "I threw you out of my hotel room last night," he said quietly, "and I told you what would happen if you came up here. Remember?"

"Sure. But you was mad. Most guys get mad when they find out their shirt tails ain't so clean." The lanky man pushed his hat away from his eyes. "You hit pretty hard for a guy your size."

"I'm sorry about that," Rack said, "but you asked for it; you crowded

Close behind them was a tall, very angry woman with a broom.

me. And when a man starts crowding me I'll be as tough as I have to be." He paused. "You say you know something about me. If you do you'd better take it to the sheriff or the district attorney."

"An' get nuthin' for it?"

"That's more than you'll get from me."

For a moment the lanky man did not answer. He looked at Rack, looked past him down the road. "You better move," he said, and there was hoarse amusement in his voice. "The lady wants to get past."

Rack Tinker said, "Lady—"

The sedan was no more than a dozen feet away. It was a big car, sleek and heavy. Rack Tinker moved to the edge of the road and the car pulled abreast of him. Its lone occupant was a girl. A red-headed girl who wore a white blouse and a jaunty green beret. She was about twenty-three or -four. Handsome, with clear brown eyes and a nose that was lightly snubbed.

"Is this the way to Broken River?" she asked.

Rack Tinker said, "Yes, ma'am."

"And you're Mr. Tinker, aren't you?"

"I'm Rack Tinker," he admitted.

"I'm Sara Bishop," she said. "They told me about you at the bank. You're the woods boss at Broken River." She paused thoughtfully. "If you're going to camp, you may as well ride with me."

Rack said, "I can use a ride."

She looked at the lanky man who still stood on the outer shoulder of the road a little ahead of the car.

"What about your friend?"

"He's going the other way," Rack said.

He got in beside the girl. She got the car under way, and for a time gave her whole attention to the road. It was Rack who broke the silence.

"Did you come up to look the camp over?"

"Yes," she said.

"The folks at Broken River don't know about the contract yet," he said. "They don't know we're going to cut your spruce. I didn't find out about it till last night. I'm bringing the news in now."

"Couldn't you have phoned?"

"Sure," he said. "But this's the biggest thing that's happened to Broken River in a long time. I want to see how the boys take it when they hear the news."

The little-used road dipped through a long, low swale. Water lay in pools there; the ruts were deep. Sara Bishop was silent until the muddy stretch was behind and they were climbing again.

"Are you married?" she asked.

Rack shook his head. "No."

"Any dependents?"

"None," he said, and grinned. Then, "You look healthy; about the right size and age. How come you're not a WAC or a Wave?"

Stiffly she said, "Nosy, aren't you?"

His smile widened. "We both are."

He leaned back against the seat. The years had changed her little. But then—she was a Bishop. She was Roarin' Bill Bishop's granddaughter. Roarin' Bill had opened the country in '86. One of the fabulous kind, red-bearded, red-maned. A pirate. A timber pirate—the first, the biggest, and the best. His portrait

(*Continued on page 40*)

# WILLKIE GOES A-WOOING

**The globe-trotting glamour boy of the "loyal opposition" knows he can't be nominated without the support of the party leaders. Can he make the sale?**

By

THOMAS L. STOKES

TRAVELING here and there last autumn, mostly in the Middle West, trying to chart the trend of the coming Congressional elections, I called one day, with a newspaper colleague engaged on the same mission, upon a very influential Republican leader in a large state.

He gave us his analysis of the Congressional races and their probable outcome. (He fell short, incidentally, of the actual eventual extent of Republican gains, which was typical of the failure of Republican seers to gauge the rich harvest they were to reap in November.)

My friend and I got up to leave. He stopped us.

"Just a minute. There's one question you haven't asked me. About 1944 Presidential candidates."

Then he began to talk again, and with much more relish.

His first words were about Wendell L. Willkie. They were not complimentary. He didn't like Mr. Willkie. He didn't want to see him nominated again in 1944—positively not. Among other things he called Mr. Willkie a Democrat, and as he said it the word had the ring of an accusation. He wanted to be very sure that we knew before we left his office what he, a Republican boss, thought of Wendell L. Willkie.

He was by no means alone in his opinion of Willkie. I have heard similar sentiments from many other Republican leaders. This antagonism and its threat to his ardent hopes for the 1944 nomination are clearly recognized by Wendell Willkie. Consequently, in recent weeks he has assumed the role of missionary and has buckled down to the task of cultivating the regular party leaders in the states, big and little. He is trying, doing his energetic best, to become friends with them. He has adopted a method to appease this regular Republican hostility.

An invitation is arranged for him to visit a state for a formal appearance. During his visit he has friends gather together a number of regular politicians for a talkfest—not only the state chairman and the national committeeman and committeewoman but also county and city leaders and even small fry who are effective and influential in the party machinery. He gets them together in a big room somewhere and takes down his hair. The sessions often last three or four hours. He faces the burning and embarrassing issue at the outset in his blunt and open manner.

He knows, he confesses, that some of them don't like him. He realizes that mistakes were made in 1940 in not working closely enough with the regular party leaders. That is over, he pledges. Not only does he need them and want to work with them, but, if elected President, he will continue to work with them, consult them, and consider them.

Then he takes the plunge directly into the reason for the pet antagonism of many of the regular leaders —his views on international policy, which follow those of President Roosevelt. He tells them why he believes as he does, how he got that way, and invites discussion and debate. The debate usually follows. He loves that.

As any one who has sat with Wendell Willkie in such intimate groups can attest, he can be most attractive and persuasive. He believes he is winning some converts. He boasts privately that before the convention comes around next year he will know more local party leaders than any of those who criticize him for his purely political shortcomings. He is realistic enough to know that he doesn't convert them all, by any means. But he is making his personality felt in these man-to-man sessions, and this may very well pay dividends later. He has visited some sixteen states and hopes to visit as many others as possible before the convention and to talk personally with as many local political leaders as possible. He has an amazing physique, likes to mix with people, and, above all, he wants very much to be President of the United States.

It is part of Willkie's plan, as a means of encouraging public demonstrations in his behalf, to put his name before the voters in the minority of states which have Presidential primaries, either of the preferential variety in which the people express directly their choice for the Presidential candidate, or where delegates are elected by the people and in some cases may be pledged to support this or that Presidential candidate in the convention.

His field here is somewhat restricted, the opportunity for rank-and-file expression limited. There are only nineteen states which have either one or the other of these methods of expressing a public preference, and in four of those states it is optional—and in most cases the vote is not finally binding at the convention, but has only the force which the delegates choose to give it. The supposed mandate may dissipate quickly with circumstances—under the stress of a hot contest which is heading into a deadlock, in which case the political leaders again assume command and begin their back-stage negotiations, or if one candidate reveals such surprising strength as Willkie did at the 1940 convention—without benefit of any Presidential primary support—in which event all previous directives suddenly go by the board.

Wendell Willkie might be hard to head off, of course, if he should go sweeping through primaries in important states with evidence of very substantial public backing, and it is this upon which he counts for its psychological effect upon the delegates. In times like these the politicians might find it difficult to trade such a front runner out of the race.

The nineteen states in which there is some sort of expression of popular choice are well scattered geographically, and thus representative of various sections of the country, even though the reform wave of a quarter of a century ago, for the Presidential primary to make national party conventions more responsive to public opinion, did not reach as far as was hoped and has receded since that time, a few states having abandoned tests by popular vote.

THE Presidential preference primaries open next year with New Hampshire's, the first, in March, and run through April and May preliminary to the convention, which usually assembles in June.

Obstacles confront Wendell Willkie in two states which have an importance for him beyond that which they always assume in Republican conventions—a psychological and sentimental significance in his case. One is his native Indiana, the other his adopted state, New York. Indiana is well under control of the regular politicians, some of whom have manifested skepticism if not hostility to his candidacy; nor is there a chance in his home state for an expression of its people before the convention. New York is regarded as the personal political preserve of a possible rival, Governor Thomas E. Dewey, who, whether he is a candidate eventually or not, will have much to say about his state delegation's attitude.

This hostility of the regular politicians—which, of course, has its exceptions in some very loyal people —is an interesting phenomenon, particularly as it may have a bearing on the future course of the Republican Party and, perhaps, of the country.

What is the cause of it?

Of what is it compounded?

(*Continued on page 53*)

Her ingratitude almost floored me. "You mean you want me to get out?" "Exactly," she said.

# THE CROSS-UP

**The hilarious story of a girl who was brought up with boxing gloves and a cross-eyed fighter who seemed to be, but wasn't, an obstacle to romance**

BY BEN MERSON

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER

WHEN Uncle Whiskers took on Tojo at catchweights, I saw right away it was a cinch for both of us. Uncle Whiskers and me—we couldn't lose. I didn't waste any time. First thing I did was call my boy, Pete, on the telephone. Pete's my meal ticket. He's the best welterweight who ever supported a manager.

"Listen, Pete," I said. "Go join the Army quick."

He sounded surprised. "Honest, Baldy," he said, "you're a patriot. I joined already."

"That's fine," I said. "Where they putting you?"

"I don't know," said Pete, "and I don't care."

But I cared plenty, and for two weeks I suffered like an Eskimo in a Turkish bath until I got a letter from Pete at Camp Dix. The Army was really using its noodle this time. They were making Pete a physical instructor. That's where he belonged.

I showed the letter to my daughter, Alice. Alice is very pretty and she's studying to be an optometrist. But she has red hair just like her mother used to have.

She patted me on the dome. "I'm proud of you both," she said.

That made me feel very good. Alice is a piker with words when it comes to me.

"Yep," I said, "after this war's over, Pete'll be welterweight champ of the world."

"*After* the war?" said Alice.

"Sure," I told her.

She gave me a fishy look that spelled trouble. "You don't say," she said. Then she slammed her optometry book shut and bounced off.

ALICE had been kind of peeved at me ever since I persuaded Pete to quit Cornell and fight for dough instead of medals. She and Pete were slaphappy about each other, and they'd planned to get married after he graduated as a horse doctor. That was two years ago. Pete had come a long way since then—and fast. He was right at the top of the heap now. But Alice didn't care. She had seen pugs all her life, and she had funny ideas about beauty and romance.

"I can't stand the sight of a pushed-in face at eight in the morning," she always kept saying.

So for two years Alice and I had operated under a stand-off. It was understood that when Pete got to be champ he'd hang up his gloves and they'd get married. I really meant it. It kind of made me sick to think of all the dough I'd lose. But Alice was a lot like her mother. I could stall her just so long. Anyway, the dough I'd get out of that championship fight would make up a bit.

But there was one headache. Before Pete could take on the champ, he'd have to lick Banjo Brown. And there was no way out of it. The Thirty Thieves who managed Banjo Brown also managed the champ.

Alice had been pestering me to sign for the Brown fight all the time. But I wouldn't.

"Look," I told her. "Pete's a good boy. He could beat the ears off the champ with a paper bag over his head. But Brown would murder him."

I wasn't kidding. This Brown was tough. He could hit with both hands, and he was built like a hydrant. But what made him even tougher was that he was cross-eyed. A cross-eyed football player is bad enough. I saw one in action once, and he made the opposition behave like eleven whirling dervishes on a merry-go-round. A cross-eyed fighter is worse. He'll not only make you dizzy; he'll make you unconscious. And then you lose. Here's why: When you're trading patty-cake with a guy, your clue as to how he'll swing comes from his face. The eyes are the tip-off. No matter how good he is, he can't keep 'em from telling you. Even then it's a headache if your man is tough. But when he's also cross-eyed it's curtains.

I've seen this Banjo Brown in action lots of times. A good boy would get in the ring with him and look at his mug. Brown's eyes would go southeast and southwest. The good boy would call for an umbrella. And then—bop! Lightning from the west.

I talked myself blue in the face telling Alice the same thing would happen to Pete. And Pete wouldn't believe me either. He'd flattened the champ in Gillman's gym once and he knew he could do it again. I knew it, too. But Banjo Brown was another thing. And the Thirty Thieves had us there.

"Go beat Brown," they said, "and then you can take on the champ."

But when Uncle Whiskers went to war he put in the fix.

I was still sitting around, enjoying the idea, when Alice got back from school. I could see from the looks of her that she was out to pin me down. I didn't mind.

"Daddy dear, did you really mean it?" she said.

I thought I'd enjoy playing a little dumb. "Mean what?"

"That Pete will be the champ?"

"Certainly, certainly," I said.

"So," she said, "you're signing Pete to fight Banjo Brown?"

"Nope," I said. "Pete's in the Army. Uncle Whiskers is doing the signing."

"So!" said Alice, and her red hair seemed to spark like Italy's General "Electric Whiskers."

"So it's in the bag, honey. Banjo Brown's twenty-nine now. He's getting a little on the Roquefort side. By the time this war's over he'll positively smell. He'll be an antique. He won't be fighting any more. Then all Pete has to do is lick the champ, and you can get married."

"You mean," exploded Alice, "that we have to wait till he does that?"

"That's our bargain, honey," I said.

ALICE was real mad now. "Daddy," she said, "you're a heel."

I took advantage of that crack right away to put her on the defensive. For despite her temper Alice is a sweet kid and very sensitive. "Fine language," I said. "So that's what I pay a thousand a year for them to teach you in optometry school."

But my strategy didn't work. "You'll find out soon enough what they teach me," she said, and slammed the door.

Ordinarily I'm a pretty smart guy, if I have to say so myself, and that snappy comeback of Alice's should have put me on my guard. But she outfoxed me. She just kinda pretended nothing happened. She was friendly-like, but not too friendly, and kept her nose stuck in a book most of the time, taking notes and scribbling letters to Pete. He answered them all. I was a little hurt that he didn't write me. Then one day he sent Alice a telegram, and she dragged me off to Camp Dix to see him. That was when she sprung it.

There we were, sitting in the canteen getting a cocoa jag, when all of a sudden she gave Pete that speak-up-you-worm look.

"All right, honey, all right," he said. Then, turning to me: "Baldy, we have signed the documents."

I didn't get it. "What kinda documents?" I said.

"Oh, stop trying to be subtle,

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# WEATHER IS A WEAPON

**Sometimes for lack of a cloud a battle is lost. Weather plays an important part in modern strategy. Here's why and how**

BY LEONARD ENGEL

WHEN we wrested Attu from the Japs last May, our forces were aided immeasurably by the fact that on the day we landed the wild Attu surf was nearly as flat as a mill pond. The Japs' first line of defense, mountainous waves backed by a rocky shore, had been breached by an unusual calm. Moreover, the island was veiled in fog, which made our bombers useless, to be sure, but also blinded enemy lookouts.

The assistance we received from the elements was no accident. Our attack had been preceded by months of study of Aleutian weather by Army, Navy, and Weather Bureau experts, whose reports enabled our commanders to set the zero hour s as to secure just such advantages.

The Attu coup is a sample of h w we are using the weather as a weapon against the Axis. In the past the elements were an unpredictable force in war. Not so now. The weather forecaster, armed with the new instruments and a deeper understanding of his science, has made it possible for the strategist to include the potent factor of weather in his calculations. Better forecasting and "weather planning" are directly responsible for many of our most effective blows at the enemy, particularly in the war at sea.

We have made scarcely a move in more than a year and a half of war, except when enemy action compelled us tc, without consulting the weather man. He has told us when and where tc find storms to hide the movement of our ships and troops, what conditions the bombardier could anticipate over his target, how to route overloaded twenty-five-year-old freighters to keep them out of rough weather, when our tanks could expect dry fields and roads.

When General "Jimmy" Doolittle and his Tokyo-bound squadron set out aboard the aircraft carrier Hornet, they were without weather reports from the area they were entering. Nevertheless, thanks to a Navy forecast prepared before they left port and to the work of the Hornet's weather staff, they found the conditions they required at al- step of the way: concealing overcast and heavy rain the night before their take-off; a thirty-knot wind at take-off time to help lift the overloaded bombers from the carrier's deck; unlimited visibility over Japan; and tail winds south of the Japanese islands that carried them to the Chinese coast. The only unfavorable break from the weather was the premature clearing of the sky that enabled a Jap patrol boat to spot them and forced them to take off 400 miles ahead of schedule.

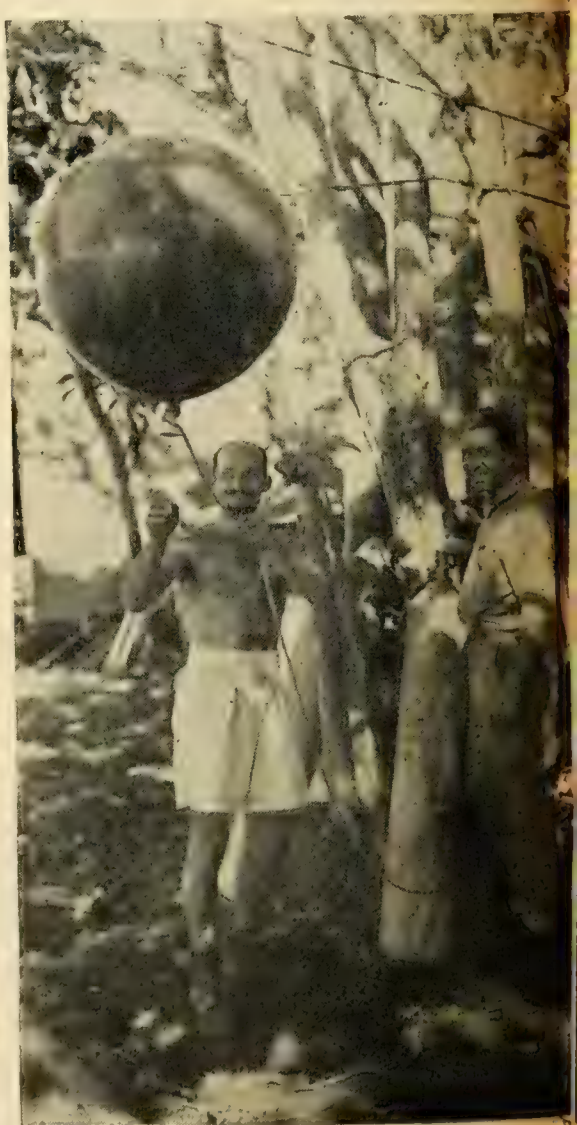
The war weather man's primary duty twenty-five years ago was to protect armies and fleets from bad weather. Now, because of this war's air forces, he frequently seeks it as cover for them. Success or failure in battle frequently hinges solely on whether he finds it.

In the Battle of Midway the Japanese lost four aircraft carriers, the backbone of their carrier fleet, because a blunder in their weather department left them without cover within easy reach of our planes.

On the morning of June 3, 1942, a storm roared up out of the western Pacific toward Midway. With it came a huge Jap expeditionary force t seize our island outpost and, perhaps, Pearl Harbor as well. The Japs approached in two columns—one, of battleships and transports, from west-southwest, and the other, battleships and aircraft carriers, from the northwest, with the carrier column in the van. They believed the storm would cover them as they prepared to land. It receded, leaving the carriers under clearing skies. Our own fleet, anticipating a Jap attack under cover of the storm, had come out in the meantime.

In the air-sea action which followed, we lost a carrier, the Yorktown—the break in the weather had exposed us, too. We also lost scores of planes, partly because of remaining clouds that separated torpedo bombers from their escorts and otherwise deranged our co-ordination. But we sent to the bottom more than one third of Japan's strength in carriers, as well as two cruisers and three destroyers.

Owing to the rotation of the earth, weather and winds generally travel from west to east, toward Europe in the region of the Atlantic and toward us in the Pacific. This is gas in the tank to our Atlantic air ferry, tail winds making it possible for us to ferry even small bombers to England, Africa, and the U. S. S. R. It is also to the advantage of our weather forecasters in the Atlantic area. On the other hand, it gives the Japs advance notice of weather in our half of the Pacific, whereas we get no information on weather in theirs. They should be able to prepare more accurate forecasts than we can. But it is we who have never been Midwayed.



A Navy weather man does his stuff on Guadalcan

Since Admiral Halsey knifed into the Marshalls seven weeks after Pearl Harbor to strike our first offensive blow, we have sent combined raiding forces—air, sea, and sometimes land—into the heart of Jap Oceania on half a dozen occasions. Not once has any of our ships suffered serious damage. The storms with which our task forces set out saw them through their approaches and at least past sunset on their way home.

Weather can be exploited best by the attacker, the side which chooses the time and place it will fight. The defender must take the elements as they come. A well timed Jap thrust toward the underside of New Guinea compelled us to accept combat in the Battle of the Coral Sea under conditions which cost us the grand old lady of our carrier force, the Lexington. During the first day of the battle, both we and the Japanese were in zones of bad weather. Later, however, the area we had to defend cleared, exposing the "Lex" to fatal bombing. By contrast, the weather in the zone of the enemy fleet continued so poor that our pilots hardly ever got an unclouded view of their targets and were uncertain of the identities of even the largest ships they hit or sank. Nevertheless, we charged the invaders a high price for the Lex and the Sims, a destroyer we lost: three heavy cruisers, a light cruiser, two destroyers, and an aircraft carrier.

Last October the Enterprise, the Hornet, and several other heavy ships, on a sweep to the Santa Cruz Islands northwest of the northern Solomons, met and put to flight an enemy squadron likewise including two aircraft carriers. We gave chase immediately, this time deliberately disregarding the risk of running out of cloud cover while in the Japs' back yard. Unfortunately we did run out, and Jap planes caught the Hornet. They made two attacks on her, the first leaving her dead in the water, the second finishing her off.

PARTLY because of the risk to the carriers themselves, their planes are seldom pitted against land-based enemies. In the opening phases of the Guadalcanal campaign, however we found a way to give the Marines, who had no land air base of their own and had not yet captured Henderson Field, carrier air support at critical moments. The South Pacific is a region of frequent local squalls. It was almost always possible to locate one within fighter distance of the southern Solomons. So our carriers participated in land fighting by hiding in black thunderheads, emerging into the clear only for the brief periods necessary for launching or for taking on their squadrons.

Every one of our Navy's carrier and task-force flagships has on board a completely equipped weather unit with officer forecasters and a number of seamen specialists. Other ships have similar smaller units. At all naval air stations ashore there are complete units. At key points the Navy, which calls weather science "aerology" and weather men "aerologists" and "aerographers," maintains "weather centrals." Needless to say, the aerologists sit at the commanders' right hands when operations are being planned.

The forecaster's staff of life is information disclosing currents and movements in the ocean of air—air temperature and pressure, winds, clouds, dryness or dampness, reported from as many places as possible. Before the war, one of his most valuable sources was the merchantship, and he was worried when its radio was silenced as a precaution against U-boats. But now, save for the western Pacific, he has more complete ocean coverage than ever, for weather reporting has been added to the duties of the hundreds of planes patrolling the seas. By the use of ingenious tricks of calculation worked out by Navy aerologists, the plane's standard instru-

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OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTOS

Thanks to weather man, our forces were landed on Attu on a day when the island's surf was nearly as flat as a millpond.

# MAN TO MAN

Liberty's SHORT, SHORT STORY

**At fifteen a man has a lot to learn about women, and Dinky's first lesson shows him how disrupting they can be to man-to-man friendship**

BY HUGH PENTECOST

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK BENSING

DINKY sat on the beach and tried not to keep looking out at the float where Bill and Barbara sat, trailing their feet in the warm salt water. They made a wonderful-looking couple. Barbara had taken off her bathing cap, and her long golden hair drifted down around her shoulders. Bill was brown, muscled, hard, his black hair trimmed in a snappy crew cut. Once, when he looked up, Dinky saw that Bill's hand was carelessly covering Barbara's where it rested on the edge of the float. Dinky's insides tied themselves into knots.

When Bill Graves had come to spend two weeks of the summer vacation, Dinky's cup had been filled to overflowing. Bill was one of the older boys at school. He was nearly seventeen. He'd been captain of football and baseball. Guys like Bill Graves didn't visit the Dinkys of the world very often. Dinky had been a sort of batman and general errand boy for Bill at school. He was proud of that, because Bill was head man around there. His voice had stuck in his throat when he'd asked Bill to visit him. He had never expected a "yes." He had only meant to show Bill, somehow, how he felt about things. And then Bill had said "Yes."

Dinky was in a dither of excitement for the two or three days before Bill arrived. When Bill came to visit, the kids around home would find out where Dinky stood in the world. Especially Barbara would know. Barbara had been Dinky's passion in life ever since he'd been ten years old—incredibly lovely Barbara, so cool, so sophisticated. Why, she even went out with Princeton men who were at least two or three years older than she was. But she was also sweet to Dinky. She gave him quite a lot of time. She'd written him two or three letters while he was at school. When she realized he was buddies with a boy like Bill Graves, maybe she'd see him in a new light.

"This Mr. Graves of yours must be quite a character," she said to him the day before Bill arrived.

"He's swell," Dinky said proudly. "Wait till you meet him, Barbs. Just you wait."

The first morning Bill was there Dinky couldn't wait to get to the beach. He tried to be nonchalant with Bill about it, but he was wriggling inside his clothes.

"There's a girl named Barbara Janeway," he said, elaborately offhand. "I'd kind of like you to be nice to her, Bill."

"She the one whose picture you had at school?" Bill asked.

"Yes. But she's prettier than the picture," he said.

"I've been looking forward to meeting her," Bill said.

Barbara was lying under a sun umbrella when they got there. Bill whistled when he saw her. "Not bad. Not bad at all," Bill said.

"My two best friends," Dinky said formally. "Mr. Graves, Miss Janeway."

"How do you do, Mr. Graves," Barbara said.

"Hi. The name is Bill."

Barbara gave him a coy smile. "Bill, then."

"What do you say we swim out to the float?" Bill said.

That was the beginning of the first real hell Dinky had ever been through. He couldn't blame Bill for liking Barbara. She was the most special girl in the world. He couldn't blame Barbara for liking Bill. But he began to see now that he'd had things all wrong. Bill hadn't come to visit because he thought of Dinky as a friend, an equal. Dinky was still just one of the young kids to Bill. It had been Barbara's picture that had lured him. Dinky might as well not have been around, for all the attention he got from either of them.

IT was the fourth day, and the family chauffeur had come down in the car to drive them home for lunch. Bill and Barbara rode in the back seat. Dinky rode with the chauffeur, his eyes straight in front. Bill and Barbara were laughing and kidding. Then he heard Barbara say:

"Now, Bill, give me back that ring."

"I think I'll keep it," Bill said.

"You will not!"

"I think I will."

Dinky's pudgy fists were clenched in his lap. It was a little gold band Barbara always wore. He'd been trying for a year to screw up courage to ask her for it in exchange for his class pin. Now Bill had it. She was prettily angry.

"Dinky! Make your friend give me back my ring!"

"Oh, for goodness' sake, Bill," Dinky said unhappily.

The car pulled up in front of Barbara's house. She got out. "Dinky," she said, with hauteur, "tell your friend *Mister* Graves that until he returns that ring I never want to see him again."

Bill chuckled. "I'm keeping it," he said.

Dinky's appetite for lunch wasn't good. His mother, a wise woman, didn't question him about it before Bill. After lunch he lay down on the porch swing and tried to read. Bill said he was going to shave! Dinky felt of the virgin down on his own cheeks. After all, Bill was a man. You couldn't blame Barbara.

The phone rang. It was Barbara. Dinky's voice shook a little as he answered, "Hello, Barbara."

"Dinky, you always pretended to like me."

"Pretended!"

"If that wasn't just *talk,* you'll get that ring back for me."

"But, Barbara, I . . ."

"I want that ring, Dinky, now—this afternoon. If you're *really* fond of me you'll get it."

Dinky drew a deep breath. "I'll get it," he said.

He felt a kind of sublime exaltation as he walked slowly upstairs to Bill's room. Here was the thing he'd always dreamed of. Barbara had asked him for heroism on her behalf. He was a knight with a quest. It was pretty darned impossible, but somehow . . .

Bill was in his room. He was stark naked from the shower. "Hi, Dink!" he said.

Dinky's voice cracked unhappily. "I gotta have that ring, Bill. Barbara wants it. I said I'd get it. If—if you won't give it to me I got to take it."

"You're getting pretty big for your pants, aren't you, kid?"

"You won't give it to me?"

"Flatly, no!" said Bill, grinning.

Dinky's heart was a lump of ice in his chest. He stepped forward, closed his eyes, and swung. Bill caught his small fist in mid-air, and shoved. Dinky sat down hard on the floor. Tears came into his eyes, tears of impotence. Bill was still grinning, but he looked surprised. Then Dinky saw the ring. It was lying on the bureau along with Bill's loose change.

Dinky got up. It was his one chance. "Well, I guess if you won't give it to me, you won't," he said. Then he made a wild grab at the ring and fled.

He heard Bill's yowl of rage. Headlong down the stairs he ran, clutching the ring in a hot palm. He knew

Barbara was lying under a sun umbrella. Bill whistled when he saw her. "Not bad at all," he said.

Bill would have to stop to put on some clothes. Out of the house he ran, the screen door slamming in his wake. There was a short cut through the woods to Barbara's house. He gave it all he had. He hadn't gone fifty yards when he heard the screen door slam again. Bill was after him—Bill, so much stronger, so much faster. Would that fifty-yard start be enough?

His heart pounded painfully against his ribs, his lungs ached. It seemed to him as if he were running in one place, like a bad dream. Bill shouted at him. Bill was closer—much closer. Then he saw Barbara's house through the clearing. And Barbara, draped in a deck chair under a lawn umbrella. He stumbled on, choking and gasping. Thirty yards, twenty yards, ten yards. He could hear Bill's running footsteps behind him. They sounded like a herd of buffalo.

But he made it. He dropped on his knees in front of Barbara and put the ring in her hand. Then he lay face down on the grass, trying to drag cool air into his lungs. It didn't matter now what Bill did. Bill could kill him if he liked.

"Wise guy!" he heard Bill say, half angry, half laughing.

"A gentleman is a gentleman," Barbara said. "This ought to teach you a lesson, *Mister* Graves."

"Oh, sure," Bill said.

"When you want something, ask for it—*politely!*"

"Please!" Bill said mockingly "May I have the ring? Very *pretty* please!"

"Well," said Barbara, "that's bet*ter!*"

Dinky couldn't believe his ears. He sat up. There was Bill, tossing the ring up and down. *She'd given it back to him!* Dinky got unsteadily to his feet. He lurched away toward the woods, running shakily. He didn't go very far, because his legs ached and his chest felt tight and painful. He sat down on a big stone and covered his face with his hands. His world had fallen to pieces around him.

He heard some one coming, but he didn't move. Nothing mattered now.

"Kid!" It was Bill. He sat down on the stone beside Dinky. He put his arm across Dinky's shoulder. "I didn't realize how you felt about things, kid."

"It's all right," Dinky said. "It doesn't matter."

"I gave her back the ring," Bill said. "It was only a gag, Dinky. I didn't really want it, only she was so hoity-toity about it."

"It's all right," Dinky said.

"There's no girl in the world important enough to spoil a friendship between two men," Bill said.

Dinky looked up. It was the first time any one had ever referred to him as a man. Coming from Bill, it was *something!*

THE END

The famous home-run sultan, Babe Ruth. In the '32 World Series he put the pressure on himself—and he came through!

With two strikes on him, Ted Williams hit a homer in the All-Star game of '41.

# PRESSURE IN THE PINCHES

## BY BILL STERN

N. B. C. SPORTS DIRECTOR

**Toward season's end pressure on our athletes becomes terrific. The boys who can take it win the laurels, as you'll see from these memorable examples**

THE scene: Briggs Stadium in Detroit. The day: July 8, 1941. The occasion was the ninth playing of one of baseball's greatest classics, the All-Star game between the luminaries of the American and the National leagues.

The score was 5 to 4. It was the last of the ninth inning, two men on and two men out.

Claude Passeau, the long, lanky veteran on the mound, watched Ted Williams (now in the Navy) amble up to the plate in that awkward way of his. The pressure was on.

This was the veteran's first All-Star game and, boy, did he want to win! If he could just get this youngster out, the plaudits of that vast crowd would be his.

As the kid stepped up, Passeau reached down for his resin bag and rubbed some on his good right hand. He looked at the kid again, received the signal from his catcher, pumped and pitched.

"Strike one!" yelled the umpire.

The sages in the press box nodded wisely to one another. They knew the old saying: "When the pressure is on, put your money on the veteran."

Williams stepped back into the box, and every eye was on him. He stood there, as limber as a piece of [illegible] spaghetti. Passeau pumped again [illegible] pitched.

"Strike two!" the umpire called, and a great cheer went up from the crowd.

The boys in the press box nodded again. Some of them reached for their typewriters and began mentally to write news stories that would tell a waiting baseball world how the veteran had, of course, conquered the youngster when the pressure was on in the pinch.

Claude nodded to the catcher's signal, then slowly pumped again.

For a split second there was deathly silence in Briggs Stadium. You could have heard the proverbial pin drop. Then a roar went up. The kid had come through, had connected. The ball was headed for deep right field, and seemed to be gaining speed in its flight. It was a home run—and the ball game! The American All-Stars had won, 7 to 5.

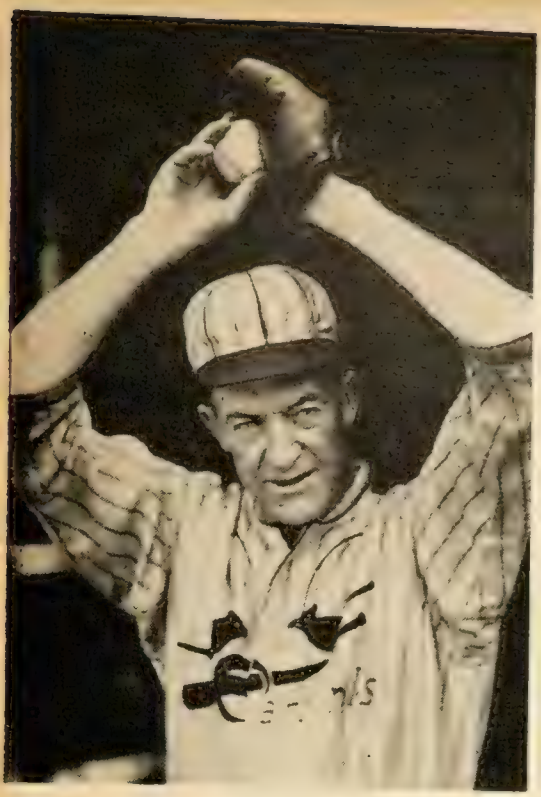
That ability to come through in a pinch is what counts, especially now, as the baseball season moves into its decisive stage. Look through the long years of baseball's fabulous history, and you see numerous examples of men who, because they could take it when the pressure was on, saved the day.

Here's one example you would almost have to have seen to believe—but maybe you did see it.

The rookie hurler was just twenty-three years old. It was his first year in the big time—yet there he was, pitching in the 1942 World Series. He had already won one game and was now trying for his second.

The scene this time was the home stadium of the "greatest baseball team in the world," the mighty New York Yankees, despots of the diamond for five of the last six years—the champions of the world.

Although still the recognized rulers of baseball, they had already been defeated three times in this World Series by those upstarts from the West, the St. Louis Cardinals. And now, to make them even more anxious to win, there was that young rookie out on the mound. He had humiliated them once, but they were determined he shouldn't again. And at that moment it looked as though their determination would prevail.



Grover Cleveland (Ol' Pete) Alexander saved the 1926 World Series for the Cards.

And here's Joe in the act of setting, under truly terrific pressure, a record for hitting safely in consecutive games.

It was the fifth inning of the fifth game of the World Series. The Yankees were leading the Cardinals 2 to 1. One Yankee had reached first base on an infield hit. Then the St. Louis rookie's teammates had let the bases become filled by making two errors behind him—and this a World Series game!

What was more, the next two men to face the kid were tough customers.

The first to step into the box was rugged Roy Cullenbine, a slugging utility man who just the year before had hit .317 for the Browns and driven in no less than 98 runs.

Altogether, facing Cullenbine with one out and the bases loaded, the pressure was definitely on the young St. Louis rookie pitcher.

Then, before most of the fans realized it, the count on Cullenbine was two balls and one strike. The kid's next pitch was another ball—and the count stood at three and one. A hit would mean at least two runs; and if he didn't get his next throw over the plate the runner on third would be forced in.

The good-looking twenty-three-year-old rookie didn't hesitate. He took his sign from catcher Walker Cooper behind the plate—pumped quickly and pitched.

It was a cripple. Roy Cullenbine popped up and out! The enormous throng at Yankee Stadium vociferously voiced its admiration.

For a moment the pressure was partially lifted from the tense, courageous youngster on the mound. But then he suddenly realized who the *next* hitter was, stepping up to take *his* turn at bat. The crowd recognized the batsman, too; and this time the cheers were for him. He was the greatest active ballplayer in the world—Joe DiMaggio, one of the most dangerous hitters the sport has ever known.

The rookie pitcher's countenance was as expressionless as a Broadway gambler's stare. At that instant he was experiencing more pressure than most of us do in a lifetime.

Quickly he took his signal and pitched . . . . and the inning was over! The kid from St. Louis had made the great DiMaggio bounce into a force play for the third out. Seventy thousand Yankee fans roared their gleeful appreciation of one of the greatest displays of courage and skill ever seen on a baseball diamond.

After that the kid held the Yankees scoreless for the rest of the game. The final score was Cardinals 4—Yankees 2. He had won the ball game and the World Series for the Cardinals.

How did that youngster feel as he stood there on the mound with the bases loaded—waiting to face slugging Roy Cullenbine and then mighty Joe DiMaggio?

For the answer to that question, you'll have to ask the kid himself. He's in the Army Air Corps now. His name is Johnny Beazley.

SPEAKING of pitching thrills when the pressure was on in the pinch, here's the story of Ol' Pete—the story of a thirty-nine-year-old gaffer who returned to the World Series after eleven years.

The scene was the same vast Yankee Stadium in New York. The date was October 10, 1926. It was the seventh inning of the seventh game of that year's World Series, another between the Cardinals and the Yankees.

This was the great Yankee team of Babe Ruth, Lou Gehrig, Tony Lazzeri, Bob Meusel, Mark Koenig, and others, with such pitching greats as Herb Pennock, Waite Hoyt, and Bob Shawkey.

The St. Louis team had among its players the great Rogers Hornsby, who not only played second base but managed the team. Others were Billy Southworth (now manager of the Cards), Jim Bottomley, and Tommy Thevenow. Among the St. Louis pitchers were Jess Haines, Bill Hallahan, and Ol' Pete—whose name brings us back to our story.

It was the seventh and deciding game of the 1926 World Series. Each team had won three games, and in this one the Cards were now leading 3 to 1. The Yankees were at bat, and the St. Louis pitcher, Jess Haines, was in trouble and plenty of it.

Haines had managed to get two of the Yankees out, but while doing so he had filled the bases, and the next man up was young Tony Lazzeri, second only to Babe Ruth as a Yankee slugger. The pressure was on!

The situation clearly called for a relief pitcher, but manager Hornsby hesitated. Then suddenly he phoned to the bull pen for Ol' Pete, who had been warming up.

The reason for Hornsby's hesitancy was this: Ol' Pete had already won two games for the Cardinals—the second of them just the day before. Thirty-nine is old age for a ballplayer. The question was whether a man of that age who had already won two World Series games in a week could win a third one. Hornsby thought he could.

When that message came to the bull pen, Ol' Pete reached for a bottle leaning against the wall and took a slug of whatever was in it. It

might have been water, it might have been soda pop—it might have been anything.

After taking that slug he pulled out a plug of tobacco and took a substantial bite. Then he walked slowly, apathetically, to the mound.

A few warm-up pitches, a nod to the umpire, and the old man took his wind-up and pitched—and a great roar went up from that pro-Yankee crowd. "Push 'Em Up" Tony Lazzeri had connected for a screamer down the third-base line.

But, to the dismay of the crowd, it was foul.

That was one strike, but it must have put the pressure on Ol' Pete worse than ever. The ball had been extremely close to being in fair territory, and he must have shivered when he'd seen Lazzeri connect.

And now it was worse still. With Lazzeri hitting like that, it was practically certain that he would connect safely. Imagine the thoughts that must have rocketed through the head of Ol' Pete! He knew the fans would quickly forget his two victories if he were to fail them now.

But, pressure or no pressure, there was a job to be done, and Ol' Pete was going to give it all he had.

Was going to, and did—and Tony Lazzeri struck out swinging on the next two pitches! Then the fire was out and the pressure was off. For the rest of the game Ol' Pete allowed the mighty Yankees not a single hit.

The Cardinals won the ball game 3 to 2—and with it the coveted Championship of the World.

Baseball fans everywhere still talk about Ol' Pete's magnificent performance under pressure in that seventh inning. Magnificent is the word for it—no doubt about that. But what about Ol' Pete himself? How did he feel as he struck out Tony Lazzeri with the bases loaded?

For the answer to that question you'll have to go to Ol' Pete himself. That is—if you can find him. Baseball hasn't been too good to him of late years.

But if you want to see his name engraved on a plaque, that's easy. Just go to Cooperstown, New York, to Baseball's Hall of Fame. You'll find his name spelled out in letters of gold—Grover Cleveland Alexander!

IT has been said that no other torture is as terrible as slow torture. A fellow known as Joe must have thought so back in 1941, when as he stepped up to bat time after time, day after day, the pressure mounted higher and higher.

Joe's ordeal started inconspicuously enough—since neither he nor any one else had the faintest idea that baseball's greatest consecutive hitting streak had been launched. It was not until he had connected safely in about twenty-five games that the eyes of the baseball world were focused on his streak.

Not Joe himself, a steady, quiet, unimaginative baseball machine, paid little attention to it. But he was only human, and as it lengthened and got more and more publicity he began to feel the pressure. And with each succeeding game that pressure mounted higher. The eyes of all fandom were upon him, and he knew it, and the knowledge came to be like a gremlin perched on the end of his bat.

Even if he could have somehow put the thought of his hitting streak out of his mind, the fans and the opposing players would not have let him keep it out. Each time he failed to make a hit boos resounded from the stands and catcalls from the enemy dugouts. So, every time, he batted under pressure.

As he neared Wee Willie Keeler's all-time mark of hitting safely in forty-four consecutive games, the pressure seemed to be near its peak. Then, in a double-header with the Boston Red Sox on July 1, before a capacity crowd at Yankee Stadium, he tied Wee Willie's record. People who had never seen a baseball game in their lives came out to see if Joe could do it—and remained to roar approval. The load on his mind that day must have been heavy indeed—and it was heavier still the next day, when he broke Keeler's mark by hitting safely in his forty-fifth consecutive game.

PERHAPS after that some of the pressure was lifted, but it is more likely that it continued to rise.

On the night of July 17, before a packed house at the Municipal Stadium in Cleveland, Joe failed to hit safely, and his streak ended. But Joe had engraved a record in the books that will probably never be approached. He had hit safely in *fifty-six* consecutive games! The pressure that he had endured for almost two months was off at last.

How did he feel when he was held hitless that night in Cleveland? Did the ending of his streak depress him or did he heave a sigh of relief?

For the answer to that question you'll have to ask Joe himself. Joltin' Joe DiMaggio is in the Army Air Corps now.

The foregoing are classic examples of ballplayers coming through when the pressure was on in the pinches. There is only one instance of a player deliberately and brazenly calling his shot beforehand—putting the pressure on himself—and then coming through precisely as he predicted.

THE scene was Wrigley Field in Chicago. The date was October 1, 1932. Once again a World Series was being played—Chicago Cubs versus New York Yankees. Once again thousands of baseball fans were screaming themselves hoarse. It was the fifth inning of the third game and the score was tied at four-all.

What a spot for a home run! And up to bat came the most famous home-run slugger in baseball. All day long the Chicago fans had been "riding" him. As he strode to the plate, every one of them in the ball park let go with a silent prayer. "Please don't let him hit a home run."

The big boy faced the Chicago pitcher. In came the pitch—"Strike one!"

A mighty yell went up from the Chicago fans, a yell which turned to boos as they tried to rattle the batter. But the batter calmly held up two fingers to show he had two strikes left.

Again the Chicago pitcher wound up, again the umpire called, "Strike!" Now the Chicago crowd was on its feet, yelling its head off.

The batter this time held up one finger—he still had one strike left—and from all sides the Chicago crowd showered its good-natured abuse upon him. The noise was terrific.

And then it happened—happened, to be talked about as long as baseball players can remember. For at the height of that infernal din the batter did a strange thing. He again raised one finger, but this time he pointed—pointed right out to the bleachers past center field.

There was no mistaking his meaning. He was showing the crowd that he was going to hit the next pitch into the bleachers for a home run. When they saw this cocky gesture, they redoubled their booing. But it died in their throats, for as the next pitch came sailing over the plate the batter swung, connected, and the ball went sailing out into the bleachers for a home run—sailing into the exact spot he had just pointed to!

For a breathless moment there was silence. And then that great Chicago crowd broke into a cheer—a rip-roaring cheer for the most astounding act of bravado ever seen on a baseball diamond. An act that had turned jeers into cheers.

But what about the big boy himself? Did calling his shot, and then coming through when the pressure was on in the World Series, thrill him, too?

I think it did. His name was Babe Ruth.

THE END

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Arthur Rowe dropped in at a charity bazaar in London, had his fortune told, won a cake—and almost at once became entangled in a strange and sinister web of mystery. So begins

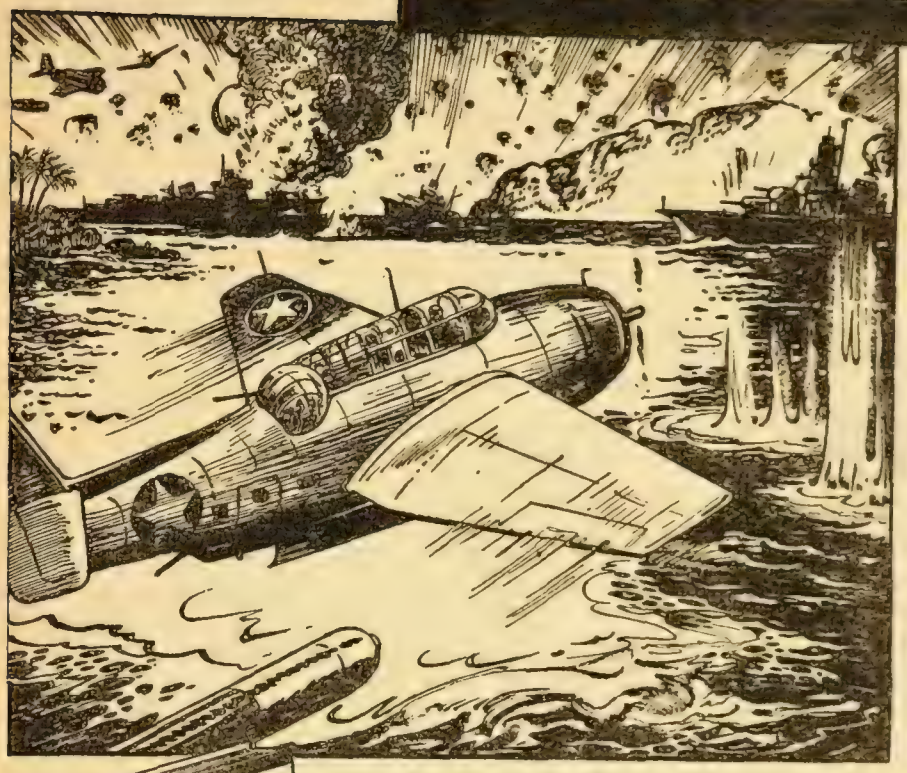
## THE MINISTRY OF FEAR

### By Graham Greene

who wrote This Gun for Hire, which became a top-ranking screen thriller. His new novel is a breathlessly exciting story of fifth-column treachery, of dark deeds in a blacked-out city, and of a man who could not be frightened. You will find it, abridged to an evening's reading time,

*In Liberty Next Week*

# TORPEDO 8



**The Story of Swede Larsen's Bomber Squadron**

**by**

## IRA WOLFERT

A Liberty BOOK CONDENSATION

READING TIME ONE EVENING

**The Japs wiped out Torpedo Squadron 8 in a few minutes in the Battle of Midway. Then it was re-formed, with two veterans of that battle, plus remnants of the squadron which had not got into action there, plus replacements.**

**And it changed its slogan then from "Attack" to "Attack — and Vengeance."**

**Torpedo 8's revenge is a legend of the kind that made epic ballads in ancient days. And this is the story of the men who lived that legend — the deadly young Americans who exacted a vengeance greater than any fiction writer would dare imagine.**

*ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN RICHARD FLANAGAN*

THE new torpedo planes took off from Norfolk, Virginia. This was in May, two months after the manufacturer had delivered them to the men of Torpedo 8, who had been detached from the aircraft carrier Hornet to put the planes into commission.

Putting new-type planes into commission for combat in two months is a record. The Navy had never done it before, nor had the Army, nor, so far as is known, had the Army or Navy of any other nation in the world. The reason for the haste was that this new plane—TBF, the Navy called it, and the manufacturer, having Pearl Harbor in mind, called it the Grumman Avenger—was such a beauty and handled so well and so fast that the men working on it hated to think of their friends back on the Hornet having to go into action without it.

Then, the fellow in charge, Lieutenant Harold H. Larsen, who at the time was Torpedo 8's executive officer, was a driver. He was a real hard man to work for. He admitted it. "I'm not very smart," he said. "I've got brains that work slow, and the only smart thing I ever thought of in my life is that—to realize that I'm not very smart, and if there's anything in life I want I have to work for it, work like hell for it, because I haven't the brains to get it easily, like some fellows. It's become a habit with me now to be that way—to work like hell for anything I want."

What Lieutenant Larsen wanted was to get the war over with. That was his idea—get into the war and get it over with, and do your fooling around later, when it would be fun, when you would have nothing hanging over your head.

As all the fellows admit, Swede is harder on himself than on anybody else. When his uncle Karl Stefan got elected to Congress from Nebraska, Swede gave up seeing him. He didn't want Uncle Karl to think he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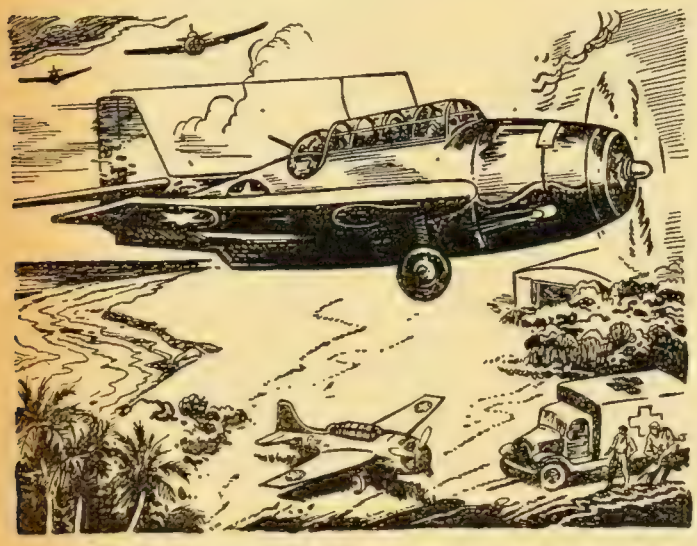
was hanging around expecting favors. And he was hard on his own football career. Swede, who got into six varsity games one season and missed winning his N by a few minutes of play, describes his adventures on the gridiron in this way: "I wasn't much good. I might have been. I did pretty good on the line in high school, but when I got to the academy I made a mistake. I decided to go into the backfield. I could run fast and I was big and strong, so I wanted to carry the ball and be the fellow who touched it down back of the goal line. That was the mistake. I could run fast all right, but only in a straight line, and all they had to do was spot the rut I was running down and put somebody into it and I ran right into him. It was always ended up with the both of us knocking each other down and the coach hollering, 'Swede, Swede, where's the brains for your feet?'"

Just about the time the fellows down in Norfolk were thinking up adjectives to go before the name Swede, he'd knock off work and take the squadron out



to tear all the kinks out of their minds with a party. They were not quiet parties. Everybody got up on his hind legs and roared. Swede was all for it. He wanted the fellows to feel, at the end of a night's uproar, all ragged and conscience-stricken and as if they had been away from work for a month and had a lot to make up for.

The fellows took their girls along. The girls had come from all over the country to be in Norfolk with their men during these last days before the war got them. The war wasn't biting very deeply into the country last May, but it was biting deeply into the hearts of those girls as they used up the last days and minutes. What they thought of Swede at that time is one of those unmilitary secrets. What they think of him now need not be a secret. They must know that it was the habit of working like hell for what was wanted that saved the lives of those who were saved.

Swede's wife, the former Sadie Roberts, came up from Birmingham, Alabama, with their two daughters, Melissa, then a babe in arms, and Swiss, a little less than three, and she went along on the parties. Swede calls her Missy, and everybody sang Missyssippi to her, and Missy you. They were that kind of parties—very good because everybody liked everything that anybody said or did. And John Taurman, a lad from Cincinnati, was the ladies' man of the gang, taking a kidding on that account. And Cookie (Ensign James Hill Cook of Louisiana) had just been married. He was twenty-one, the baby of the outfit, and he went around feeling sorry for every man he knew because they couldn't marry his Margie; they had to put up with second-best in the way of a wife. Frenchy (Ensign E. L. Fayle) had been born in France of American parents and had lived most of his life in France. He supplied French songs on the slightest provocation. And if there happened to be a moment in which he could be heard, Lieutenant Jack Barnum of Poland, Ohio, was sure to holler, "What's all the silence about? Party, party, let's have a party!"

When the day to leave Norfolk came, Swede sprang it on the fellows suddenly. He didn't want the good-bys to be too long. He knew what he was about. When a man takes off from those who love him, to meet the enemy and kill those trying to kill him, he has to pull a shade down in his mind, blacking out all thoughts of home. The fog of war will do it for him all right, but it's better if he helps things along himself. Then he has nothing to jitter his mind if he should be thrown up against it before the fog of war has got thick enough.

Swede didn't give his own wife any more warning than he let the other fellows give their girls. He just said, "We've done enough for here. We'll finish up with the rest out there." And said, "Good-by," and put his wife and two babies on the train to Birmingham and said, "See you soon, I hope." The leave-taking was abrupt and there was nothing in it of pleasure. "Swede, take care of yourself," said Missy, standing on the platform there alongside the train. "You're mine too," she blurted out unexpectedly, "not only the Navy's." He stood smiling at her awkwardly, and she thought, it was true, the Navy had had him first; he had asked for the Navy and had wanted the Navy before he had asked for her. "I hope so," he said.

### Swede Larsen Picks Six

The first thing the fellows learned when they got into Honolulu from Norfolk was that they were too late. They had not been expected that soon, but even so they were too late. The rest of Torpedo 8 had not been able to wait, but had gone out to sea on the Hornet with their old planes in an awful hurry, hotfooting it for some kind of a brew-up out there.

So the fellows from Torpedo 8 sat around waiting, wondering what was cooking and who it would be that got cooked. Then Admiral Noyes called in Swede Larsen and said he wanted six bombers to go to Midway and work out of there. "Me and five others," Swede said. "I think **not**," the Admiral replied. "I think you'd better stay here with the rest of the men and the planes." Swede thought many things, but he said, "Yes, sir," and walked away to give the fellows the news in the bare, bleak, raw-smelling room at CASU (Carrier Aircraft Service Unit).

Swede just said there was a lot of weather out on the Pacific, a whole front, and the Japs were hiding under it, coming along east with it, and Admiral Noyes had asked him to send six of the new planes to Midway to wait there for whatever happened. "The Japs are not coming for the ride," Swede said, "so something is pretty sure to happen. Maybe they're going for Midway, or maybe they'll bypass Midway and swing around and come right for Hawaii. Either way, it looks as if land-based planes on Midway will have a chance to get in there and make some noise for themselves. And there will be noise made at them. That's a point to consider, the noise made at them.

"Well, six planes are going and the rest are staying here. That's the orders. I don't like to have to pick out the six myself. I'd rather have volunteers, because I think there's going to be a battle and there's liable to be a lot of it. I don't think the Japs would come all this way just to throw confetti."

The fellows didn't think so either.

The talk was made in the afternoon. "You can hand in your names in the morning," said Swede. "That'll give you a chance to sleep on it, and I'll pick the six who go out of the names."

He stopped talking suddenly and decided to have another go at Admiral Noyes. This was his show. They were his planes. He had put them into commission for combat, and he ought to be with them when they got in their first shots.

The older people of the United States can be content with the young men they have produced and who are now away from home fighting the war. Most of these young men are astonishingly practical, very realistic and hard-headed in the midst of all the despera-

tions of battle, and when they are asked to volunteer for a particularly dangerous mission they do not become romantics rushing heedlessly to die for a dear old Rutgers. They examine the situation coldly, all the ins and outs of it, and independently of their officers arrive at decisions which are eminently satisfactory to those concerned both with the prosecution of the war and the nature of the Americans fighting it. They do not let the war down, nor do they let themselves down. They are altogether sound, good people.

On several occasions I was present on battlegrounds in the Pacific when requests for volunteers were made. There was always a pause for thought, and nobody looked at anybody else, but looked only inside himself. You could see on the faces of the men concerned the reflections of a debate going on inside their minds—a grisly kind of arithmetic that has never been taught in our schools, but which our men seem to know well, a private adding up of profit and loss; of profit to the war and their particular role in it and of loss to the war and their particular role in it.

Our men volunteer for suicidal missions, not to seem brave, not to win medals or promotion, but only when, independently of their officers, they decide the possible gain is worth the probable loss. They decline to volunteer only when their private arithmetic does not add up that way. They do things that seem crazy, but never for crazy reasons, almost always for reasons that stand the test of sound adult thought.

When Swede Larsen asked Torpedo 8 for six crews to volunteer to stand by at Midway for the Japs coming in, and gave the fellows a night to sleep on it, the process of deadly arithmetic began in the minds of everybody concerned. In this case, they all knew it was their duty to go, but they all knew, too, that the men in the squadron had been in training for varying lengths of time, anywhere from two months to eight months.

Some felt they were more ready for a fight than others in the squadron, and some felt they were less ready; and that, as it turned out the next morning, proved the determining factor. Not desire to show up as a hero, not a restless, reckless itch for action, not curiosity to see what a battle really looked like, not heedless lust to kill Japs. All the men wanted to show up as heroes, were restless for action, were curious to see a battle, wanted to kill Japs, but the volunteers the next morning were in almost every case the men who had had the longest training, and in that fact could be seen that the arithmetic of young Americans was good. It was practical and sound and evaluated a situation in an unemotional, matter-of-fact way.

THEN it was Swede's turn to be hard-headed about the thing. He had asked Admiral Noyes a second time to let him go to Midway, and had been turned down a second time. But he had had longer training than anybody else in the squadron, and he felt, further, that it was his place to be there. The third time he went to Admiral Noyes, the Admiral was very curt, and Swede had to say, "Yes, sir; very good, sir," in a stiff way and keep his thoughts to himself in a very stiff way. Then he went back to his bunk in BOQ (Bachelor Officers' Quarters) and picked the six crews to go from the long list of volunteers he had. He picked them unemotionally. Two were picked because, while they were good flyers, they were not as expert as others in landing and taking off from carriers, and there was a chance, if the battle went badly, the part of the squadron left in Pearl Harbor would join it from a carrier. Two others were picked because they were very close friends and worked well together. The remaining two got to go because they had had the longest training.

The six planes took off on the Tuesday morning of June 2. The flight to Midway was long and difficult and very hazardous. It was like hitting a dime from a mile away with a good rifle but with a bad cross-wind blowing. All the planes made it in fine shape. They hit the dime on the bull's-eye, and when Swede got the news he felt happy, really happy inside. That was Tuesday night. The fellows of Torpedo 8 on Midway spent Wednesday, the last full day of their lives, waiting for air plot to make up its mind, filling in the time by checking their planes. And Thursday morning all but two were dead or, as the Navy says when the bodies cannot be found, "missing."

**The Battle of Midway**

The men of Torpedo 8 who were flying the old planes took off from the Hornet at sea. The crews in the six new planes—the Grumman Avenger—took off from Midway. They were all in the air heading for the Japs before the taste of morning coffee was well out of their mouths. That was Thursday, June 4.

Back in Pearl Harbor, the men who had been left in reserve knew there was a battle going on and that Torpedo 8 was in it and there was a lot to it. That's all they knew Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and most of Saturday. The communications channels were jammed up with priority messages. In a situation like that, what has happened doesn't rate at all. It's the immediate future that counts, and the past has to take its place at the end of the line.

Swede Larsen stuck close to the command center, and on Saturday afternoon a commander in Naval Air Base Defense gave him the score on Torpedo 8. One plane had come back, he said.

Swede spent a moment taking that in. "Whose was it?" he asked at last.

Earnest's, the commander told him. This was Albert K. Earnest, a tall, dark-haired boy from Richmond, Virginia.

Swede doesn't remember much of what happened the rest of that day. He remembers he felt mad at the Japs. That was his first emotion—to get out and get after them. All the other emotions he had that day do not seem to have counted enough with him to remember them.

The story of the attack came to the fellows gradually. It had been a hands-down situation. The Japs had been a little over a hundred and sixty miles away. Everything in the situation was made to order for them, but it was a question of hitting them then, no matter what the conditions, or of not hitting them at all, so Torpedo 8 and some Army B-25s following them hit them.

The Japs had antiaircraft and something between twenty and thirty Zeros waiting for the attack. The weather was as if the Japs had thought it up. There was a low overcast and our fellows had to come in under the overcast and hustle along a rut less than a mile wide. That was all they had to maneuver in—less than a mile. It may sound like a lot to the infantry or artillery, but a mile is about twelve seconds to an airplane.

All the Japs had to do was park themselves along that rut and wait and the farthest away they'd be from any of our planes was twelve seconds. That's what they did: parked their Zeros along that rut and poured their antiaircraft fire down that rut, and our fellows, going in, got it from all sides, from top and bottom and head-on.

Our bombers had no help at all—no fighters to break up the Zeros, no dive bombers to divide and thin out the antiaircraft fire. That was the way the thing shaped up. But it was hands down there. It was something that had to be done, and Torpedo 8 and the Army B-25s went ahead and did it: stuck their chins out, and followed their chins on down along that terrible rut—and only Earnest's plane came out the other end.

Guns were working, and the big vicious bull-whip cracks of antiaircraft fire were smacking all over the place. Earnest was trying to line up his target. The turret gunner cried, "One down, Zero down," into the interphone, and cried some other things, but the chugging of the machine guns made it impossible to hear him. Then suddenly his voice was very clear: "One of ours down. No, theirs—theirs. The fourth of theirs down, hitting now. Good-by him. He's hitting like a ton of bricks."

Those were the last words he was ever heard to say, for right after that Earnest's plane got belted and the

plane lifted into the air crazily as if it had been kicked, and shied like a frightened colt and began to fall.

It couldn't jink any more and it couldn't corkscrew. That meant, for as long as it sat up there in the air, it would sit like a tin duck in a gallery. The air in the plane felt all smashed and smelled metallic. Manning, the turret gunner, was dead. The tunnel gunner, Harry Ferrier, had got hit in the head and was fighting dazedly to remain conscious. The whole instrument panel had been shot away from right in front of Earnest. His face felt torn open, but his mind kept ticking on steadily. He saw he was heading toward a cruiser, and he just kept going that way, falling lower and lower, struggling to keep the plane level so that the torpedo, if he lived long enough to drop it from where it would hit, would launch properly.

THE plane kept taking bullets all the time. There was no way to dodge them. But, by some miracle, it was all small stuff, and the plane kept right on going and Earnest's mind kept right on ticking and Ferrier kept fighting sluggishly, in a dazed way, to keep conscious and work the tunnel gun.

Then Earnest dropped the torpedo and found himself past the Jap ships. He knew he was past them because the antiaircraft fire wasn't coming in on his face any more. It was on his tail, and he looked around and saw that two Zeros were there too, out to finish him off. He was very tired and he didn't care much. There had been a big let down in him after the torpedo had got off. Besides, there wasn't much he could do about the Zeros. All his controls had been shot away. He was flying on his tabs. The tabs are the things that control the settings of the elevators and rudders and all the flight controls. It was as if the steering wheel of his car had been shot off and he was trying to steer with brakes.

The Zeros didn't get Earnest. They tried for about twenty miles. Then they ran out of something—neither Earnest nor Ferrier knows what—gas or bullets, or maybe just ran out of guts. Anyway, they went back to their ships and left the crippled plane and the wounded men alone to the sea and the sky.

The plane was still flying. Earnest's mind was still working. He didn't allow himself to hope he'd get back all right, but he thought he owed it to the plane to keep it going as long as it showed any inclination to.

Flying on the tabs was tedious and laborious work. When a man gets through a battle, he wants to fall asleep or let out a roar or do something to give off steam. To have to throw himself immediately into tedious drudgery of the sweatingest kind is really galling. It is much more strain than fighting. But Earnest stuck to it patiently, drove himself to it. He had no instruments left with which to find his way home. He just had to head down a bearing of the sun. But he hit Midway on the nose, all the same, with a job of dead-reckoning navigation that was first-class.

When he let down his wheels for landing, he found that only one would go down. The other was stuck. He decided to slide in on the belly of the plane. Then he discovered that the wheel he had let down wouldn't come up. The hydraulics had been shot up and the hand apparatus, too. So there he was, faced with the problem of landing on one wheel, the stickiest kind of landing known. But he did that, too.

When Coffey and the other mechanics and the crash wagon and the meat wagon, as the fellows call the ambulance, gathered around, nobody could figure out how the plane had stayed up, except that there were so many holes in it that maybe it had become lighter than air.

But two weeks later Earnest and Ferrier were back flying with Torpedo 8, and when they saw Swede Larsen's memorandum changing the squadron's slogan from "Attack" to "Attack and Vengeance," they each said, "That's where I come in."

Then Missy, sitting home in Birmingham with her baby daughters, started a letter to her husband. The newspapers had been describing torpedo bombers as the American answer to Jap suicide squads and to Nazi élite troops who ran singing into machine-gun fire from which they had no protection.

"Can you imagine poor dumb me?" Missy wrote Swede. "Here I was thinking you were as safe as in a church, and then I find out you're in the middle of a madhouse."

American women ordinarily get from their men at war a feeling of confidence in the machines with which their men are working. The women of fighter pilots, for instance, and fighter pilots themselves think that piloting a fighter plane—those whippy, snorting little platforms that carry guns up to the mouths of other guns at four hundred miles an hour—is the best and safest job in the war. Soundly trained tank-destroyer men are positive no tank can stand up against them. And soundly trained tank-corps men shiver at the idea of having to fight tanks and feel very sorry for their friends in the tank-destroyer battalions. And the women of tank-corps men feel glad their men are not in the tank destroyers.

These are natural feelings that arise from something very deep in Americans. Good morale is only a small part of it. The major part of it is an understanding of their machines, an understanding so complete that the men are able to communicate it to their women. For American war machines are all able to do not only the jobs of destruction for which they are designed, but the jobs of conservation, too. Everybody concerned with the making and using of our machines has insisted on the same thing—that an American war machine must not merely be able to destroy the enemy, but must also be able to conserve the life of the Americans using it. Their insistence is not because of some legislation somewhere that can be put aside in moments of stress or evaded when nobody is looking. It is, instead, fundamental in us, a part of our temperaments, a natural habit of thought growing out of the democratic process which is the American way of life.

So, when the news came through of the destruction by the Japs of all but one of Torpedo 8's striking force of machines, there was stagger and fear in the mind of Missy, and in the minds, too, of many of the surviving men of the squadron.

AT THE beginning there was no time for anybody to do anything about it. The Jap was running away and had to be pursued, and the remnants of Torpedo 8 were gathered up—all of them, the scared ones and the desperate ones and the fellows who had just shrugged it off and thought, "Hell, dying is something that happens to everybody once"—they were all thrown into the pursuit.

Torpedo 8 had no luck with their end of the chase. They were where the Jap refrained from going. And in this unhappy time of straining for action and of getting no action the thoughts kept cooking in them, and they had, to keep themselves going on through their thoughts, only a sense of obligation toward the war—a feeling for their "duty," as it is called, to their country.

However, that wasn't the way Swede wanted it. He didn't want his men to have to whip themselves to their work by their sense of duty. He knew duty would make the men fight, but he did not believe it could make them fight efficiently. For a man to best an enemy as resourceful, heedlessly tenacious, and implacable as the Jap had proved himself to be, desperation was not enough. Not only must his heart be on fire, but his nerves must be firm and in order.

Swede was not an orator, or a psychologist, or a skillful, tricky manipulator of men, able to prove brilliantly to the less clever that black was white. He was just a fellow who felt one way about something, while the fellows around him seemed to feel another way, and he thought if he explained how he felt, then the other fellows would feel the same way he did. It was the old-time cracker-barrel way of doing things. It implied a faith in your fellow man which is part of the democratic process, and it turned out that that faith was the best; better than any cleverness, or skill, or learning.

Swede just called the men together and began to talk. "Torpedo 8 still exists," said Swede; "and the way I

feel, it exists to get vengeance. That's what I see is our job now—revenge."

Then he pointed out, what everybody there knew, that it was a "rugged war." "A man has to be able in it and lucky," he said. "Nobody can do anything about his luck except ride along with it and hope for the best, but everybody can do something about being able. And my experience is, when a man is able he has a better than even chance to make his own luck. Getting able is just a question of working at it, and that's what we're going to do—work, work, and work, and then work some more. I'm not going to make myself popular with you. I'm just going to make you work.

"And then we're going to hit the Japs wherever we can. We're going to do what the situation requires us to do. If it's a hands-down situation, we're going to put our hands down. But the situations are all going to be good for us, because they're made to order for our job, which is vengeance. We've got a score to settle and a chance to settle it. Who can ask for more?"

Those are not the exact words Swede used. Swede doesn't remember his exact words, but this was the gist of it. Whatever the words were, they seemed to have been the right ones. They all, from that day on, committed themselves to vengeance. They stepped with their minds out of their familiar world and into a world in which their dead could live with them fiercely.

Revenge was their job. When they got to Guadalcanal, they worked at it relentlessly.

**A Day at Guadalcanal**

The first flight of avengers of Torpedo 8 took to the air over Guadalcanal in the black of the historic morning of August 7. There were no Jap ships around for them to torpedo, so they were carrying bombs.

Swede, who was leading the first flight, took off last. As he gunned his motor and let her go down the deck, a great gout of oil shot out of it. But Swede was hot to go, so he just kept on going. The oil was over his windshield and he couldn't see anything except oil, but there was no ignition switch on his mind that he could turn and make himself stop going.

Torpedo 8 had arranged to rendezvous in the sky, circling five minutes and then going on, leaving behind anybody who had not showed up by that time. Swede had not showed up, so the rest went on, Barnum acting as flight leader.

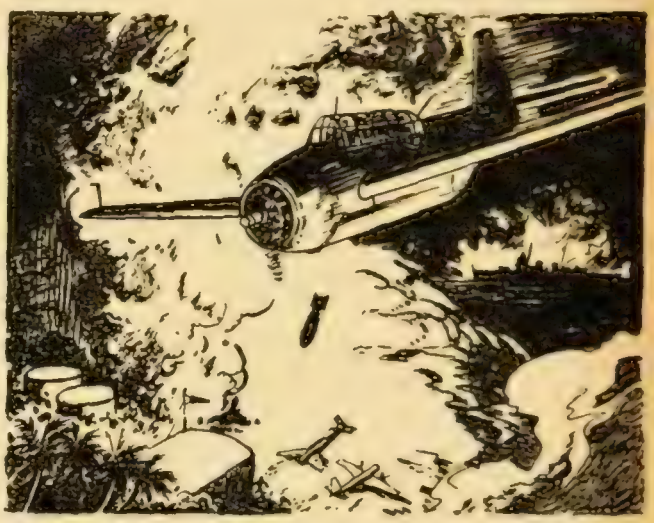
It was a soot-black, rainy, blowy morning, and Swede was in the middle of it, listening intently to his motor, hoping that whatever it was that was shooting oil would stop, and, when it stopped, wondering if he had enough oil left to keep his motor from grinding itself up. The indicator showed there was enough, and Swede thought, "Indicator, if you're lying, that's the last thing you'll ever do," which, as a matter of fact, was correct, since, if it were lying, it and everybody else would wind up in the water.

Nobody was using his radio then. That had been the orders—radio silence until the Japs were hit and made a noise. Swede knew where the target was, and figured to go on to it alone, and maybe get there before the others had finished it off. A torpedo bomber flying alone is a fox running in second place when fighter planes jump him, but that's a chance a man takes when he is hot to get somewhere and doesn't mind the manner of his going, and, anyway, there were plenty of clouds around. Swede figured, if he saw Zeros, he could jump into a cloud and wrap himself up in it, although how he expected to see Zeros with oil all over his windshield is something he forgot to take into account.

Then the oil started to clear off his windshield. The gusty wind blew fierce little squalls of rain against it. The rain cut like knives. Dawn was starting to scoop out the darkness, and radios opened up in the air all around. "There's the objective. Hit it," Swede heard suddenly in the soft, high voice of the American South, and the loneliness went all out of the foreign air around him and he felt at home and as if this were the start of a good morning at home.

Torpedo 8's objective was at the eastern end of Florida Island across the basin of water from Guadalcanal—that same basin which in a little while the Navy would learn to call "Iron Bottom Bay" and the Marines "Sleepless Lagoon." Down there, warships were walking a barrage up and down the beach and somebody was telling them to take smaller steps and walk more slowly. Swede could see the muzzle flashes through the thinning darkness, and could see bombs falling, looking like matches striking suddenly and flaring suddenly. And then he saw his own planes. "Hey, Barney," he called over the radio, "this is Swede. I'm on your starboard side. Move over."

At Point Purvis, Torpedo 8 found a Jap headquarters, and Swede waggled to indicate that here it was—the time had come to kill. The fellows didn't want to miss. They all went in very low in a type of bombing known as "flat-hatting" and dropped one bomb to a pass. Dropping on an enemy is not like dropping in practice, and they were all nervous and knew they were nervous,



and wanted to give themselves a lot of shots to make sure they'd get a hit. If they dropped a stick and that stick missed, then the show was over. But dropping one to a pass gave them a chance to correct for nervousness. Of course, the more passes they made, the more chances the Japs had to get them. But the fellows weren't thinking of being got by Japs, only of getting Japs.

Swede picked out the biggest house there and went for that. He wanted the boss. As he came in, he saw little black blobs of people scurrying and saw the tracers of his machine guns taking out after them. Then the boss house was set up in front of him, and he dropped on it, and there was a concussion that caught his plane in the tail like a vigorously placed boot. It lifted the tail up and slewed the plane around. He fought it back to level and looked around. The boss house was still standing.

So Swede went back to it, and this time dropped one right where the chicken lays the egg, and when he looked around there was no more boss house to see. Then he sashayed about a bit, looking for more work to do, found it and did it. That's the way all the fellows spent their time during their visit to the Jap headquarters—sashaying around looking for work, and finding it and doing it. When they missed on a pass, they made another pass, and finally, when half the bombs were expended and nobody could find any more work to do, they headed back.

HAMMOND was waiting for the flight to return. It was his responsibility to keep the planes in fighting trim. He had the expression on his face of a mother hen whose chicks have taken to the water. When he saw Swede, he couldn't control his emotion. "Are you all right?" he cried.

"No," Swede said. "I'm hungry."

"When I saw that oil," Hammond said, "I was so scared I didn't know what was going to happen."

There was chaffing about the bullet holes in the planes. Each plane had some holes in it, and nobody could remember seeing any Jap guns shooting at him, so some of the fellows said, "Hell, we must have shot ourselves, out of nervousness." But Hansen (Ensign E. R. Hansen, the gunnery officer) disputed that. "That's Jap stuff," he insisted expertly. "Our bullets make better holes than that."

"I wish I had seen them shooting," Ensign Aaron Katz said wistfully. "I'd have liked to blow their shooting back down."

And none of them said what they thought until Swede said it, saying, "Well, dammit, we got some of them today, anyway."

**The Japs Attack**

A torpedo plane carries the most devastating weapon the war has yet devised against the ship—the torpedo—and is therefore the most valuable airplane of the sea. So it is expended carefully, even frugally when ships are not around, and so, since the Japs did not at first set up any ships for us, Torpedo 8 frittered restively and powerfully along the edges of the Guadalcanal landing operations. They were like hungry sharks, prowling and nibbling along the shore, bombing the Japs because they couldn't find any to torpedo.

They spent the morning of August 8 helping the Marines by blasting at a hill where the Japs were holed up. Then late in the afternoon the carrier, its mission of attack accomplished, began moving out of the area. In the night of August 8-9 Jap warships moved down the channel, sneaked around Savo Island, surprised three of our cruisers—the Astoria, the Vincennes, and the Quincy—and the Australian cruiser Canberra, and knocked them over with an avalanche of fire.

But the Japs had been surprised by us in the first place and were not yet ready to exploit this great gain. Their task force killed our ships and killed our men, and then withdrew to the Jap bases in the west and north, where a large sea and land force was being thrown together hastily to take Guadalcanal away from us and keep us from ever getting it back.

The Japs eventually were to throw against Guadalcanal forces greater than they used against Singapore and the whole Malay Peninsula. But this first force of theirs was only as large as the one which they, in their arrogance, had assigned to the task of taking Midway and, perhaps, Hawaii. It took the Japs two weeks to gather this force from its stations in the north, from as far away as the Philippines and China, and put it into position to move.

Torpedo 8 spent these two weeks in patrols, protecting the line of communications feeding our hastily established bases in the Guadalcanal area, and in the course of these two weeks the squadron suffered its first dead. Ensign Cook's plane was the one the finger fell on. C. E. Thompson, a bombardier, died with him.

It was the wind that did it. The wind was in a querulous mood that morning. As Cook lunged down the deck of the carrier, his propeller scooped up wind and pressed it to the plane's sides. A gust edged him too far off center, and he found himself in a whirlpool of winds. The plane bobbed an instant helplessly on the whirling surface of the whirlpool while Cook fought forces too big for him. Then it was over. The plane went nose first into the sea, and kept on going straight down.

The whole thing was over in an instant, before anybody ever had time to shout. There was a turret gunner who popped up suddenly while the tail of the plane was still sticking out of the water and began paddling and blowing. There was another fellow who had not belonged to the squadron but had just gone along for the ride. He came up when the whole plane was all the way out of sight under the water. Cook and Thompson didn't have that kind of luck. They kept riding on down to the bottom with the plane.

Abruptly our carrier force changed its course and steamed north. The enemy had begun to move. As at Midway, the canny Jap moved with weather, hiding under dirty banks of it and converging with it on Guadalcanal. How much of him was there? More than eighty ships.

This was not a task force. This was a fleet. The fire power it contained staggers the imagination. To get some idea of it, take the rough Army way of approximating the battle strength of a battleship to a full and fully armed division. And this was not one battleship coming down from the north and west. This was a whole army of ships.

And how much of us was there? This is still information that is of value to the enemy. But there was not nearly so much of us that we could ever hope to sink all, or even most, of the enemy's fleet. We could not afford the losses necessarily involved in such an attempt. If we had won, it might very well have been our last victory in the western Pacific. The best we could do was fight defensively—prevent the enemy from attaining his objective and punish him as much as possible for attempting to do so.

The enemy had the ships to sweep the sea clean and land on Guadalcanal. He was carrying with him the airplanes he needed to exploit a landing and make it good.

This was an amphibious operation. The ships were no good to him once he'd got his beachhead on land. The planes were not much good to him until he'd got the beachhead. But if we could strip him of his planes

before he got his beachhead, then he'd turn his ships around and go away. It was the combination he needed —ships to blow the door down and airplanes to go on through it—and if we knocked out any part of the combination, we'd win. He'd go home. We didn't have the ships to knock out the surface power, but when you sink a carrier you knock out all the planes that depend on it. So it was the carriers that we aimed at in this battle—the second battle for the Solomons—as we had aimed at and hit them in our other great defensive victories of 1942, Midway and the Coral Sea. We did not destroy the Jap in those battles. By stripping him of his carriers we simply made it impossible for him to realize on any sea victories he might achieve, so he broke off his attempts to gain them. And that was enough for us in the very desperate days of 1942, when our Navy had had its back thrown up against the wall at the outset and had to fight from there with fingers instead of fists.

Late in the afternoon of August 23, a Sunday, a search plane radioed a report that Jap ships were only two hundred and seventy-five miles away from our force. Our planes got into the air at once, among them six from Torpedo 8 with Swede leading, but by the time they got to the designated area it was almost dark and no ships could be seen. The weather threw the planes around

and hid the sea more often than not. The planes searched until it was too late to go back to the carrier. Night landings on a carrier are not anything a man makes unless he has to, and this time, because we held Guadalcanal, the planes did not have to.

They headed, instead, for Henderson Field, and became among the first American squadrons to use Guadalcanal for the purpose for which it was taken—as an unsinkable aircraft carrier anchored in the throat of Japan's South Pacific conquests.

The first time Swede saw what was to become 1942's most famous airport, Henderson Field, it looked to him like a strip of lumpy tape an inch wide and five inches long. Landing lights were sputtering along its edge. They consisted of Jap mineral-water bottles filled with oil and rags that had been set on fire.

At night Guadalcanal, even at its most peaceful, looked ominous. There were so many men there, and they were all so quiet. They lived in holes and in tents beside their guns, and they all seemed to be holding their breath, even when they were not. There was a simple reason for this. Men habitually spoke in low tones on Guadalcanal, and even laughed in low tones, because everybody knew how important the sleep of others was, not only to the men sleeping but to those around them. For on Guadalcanal, more than on any other place on earth at the time, it was crystal clear to the average American that his life depended not only on himself but on the men around him. If sleeplessness clouded their reflexes, they would be dead, and he too. The men of Torpedo 8 found blankets and went to sleep on the ground under their planes.

**The Second Battle for the Solomons**

In the morning Torpedo 8 went back to the carrier, which was maneuvering into a better position to hit the Japs who were still skulking under the banks of weather out there somewhere.

Like so many of the great events of war, this vast, violent, venomous effort to strip the Jap battle fleet of its air power began on a squeaky, petulant note. There was a doubtful contact report. A search plane was radioing its base that it was seeing an enemy carrier force, and our people had intercepted the message.

It might have been spots before that unknown plane's eyes, but there the message was and it had to be looked into. Swede felt pretty sure it would be a wild-goose chase. He told Bruce Harwood that, and told Bruce he had had enough of chasing the goose the day before. This would have to be Bruce's goose. Bruce took off after it with seven planes.

Then, about twenty minutes later, confirmation of the contact report came in. There were actually Jap ships out there, one of the task forces into which the battle fleet had split up on coming into the arena. But the task force was not in the place where Bruce was heading, and there was Bruce, taking seven of the deadliest known weapons against ships at sea for an airing over empty water.

Right on top of that came the news that opened up all the radios. The Japs were throwing a Sunday punch. The Sunday punch was not only on its way but heading for the carrier. There was no point now in maintaining radio silence. The Japs knew where everything was.

So orders to cancel the strike were radioed to Bruce, and orders were given to all planes on board to get up into the air. Bruce never got the message, fortunately, because if he had, the Jap fleet might never have been hit in the heart, or, anyway, would certainly not have been hit that day, and so, instead of turning back, the flight from Torpedo 8 went hustling on its way. But the planes on board got their orders all right, and took off like a football from a boot, without waiting on the order of their going.

Up in the air, Swede counted noses. He saw that Taurman was flying his plane with his crew, and Frenchy Fayle, Barnum, and Ries were all mixed up, too, but there. That was the important thing at the moment. They were there. And they had been drilled hard enough so that they were all interchangeable. The particular machines they had to work with, and the particular men alongside them while they were working, did not matter so much—not when everybody knew his job, not when everybody knew everything there was to know about what he had to do—"I hope," thought Swede. "I hope, I hope, I hope."

As at Midway, there was no fighter support. The fighter planes were being left to beat off the Jap assaults on the American ships. And as Torpedo 8 said goodby to them out of the corners of their eyes, and got a "good luck, good hunting" look from them in return, they all thought that that wouldn't be where they'd put the fighter planes if they had any say.

THE way the Navy wants it, a lot of arithmetic goes into a torpedo bombing. There is the arithmetic of the attack, worked out in yards, feet, inches, and split seconds, and the arithmetic of the defense, worked out the same way, in equally split seconds.

The primary objective of the torpedo plane is to get a torpedo into a ship. A torpedo not only hits harder than a two-thousand-pound bomb; it not only hits where the ship can least afford to take it, on the line Davy Jones pays off on, but it also gathers the sea up to help in its work of destruction. The primary objective, then, is to stay alive long enough to get the torpedo in. The secondary objective is to come away safely, so that the Navy will have the use of you again.

For all its bulk and terrible destructive power—power enough to take a ship by the back and break it like a bone—the aerial torpedo is cranky and temperamental. Once it is dropped from the plane, it is on its own. It runs under its own power with a propeller of its own, the propeller winding up the infernal machine and cocking it. Unless it's been dropped right, with an eye for waves, wind, height, and distance, the torpedo may kick up its heels on its solo run and work itself right out of the picture.

The torpedo pilot has to give that factor Number 1 priority in his mind. He has to come in very low over the water to make the drop, and has to keep his plane at just the right keel and has to drop at just the right moment. A target that maintains even altitude and even keel is the answer to an antiaircraft gunner's prayer.

Then the pilot has to reckon on the vexing fact that his torpedo is only a little faster than a warship. The advantage in speed is actually no advantage at all, because a torpedo cannot maneuver and a warship can. In fact, as airplanes have discovered, a warship under steam at sea can be as exasperating as mercury on the flat of the hand, while the best the torpedo will do, when its temperament has been salved by the proper handling in the factory, during shipment, from the plane, from shackles, from wind and from water, is run straight.

So the pilot not only has to come in very low, but he has to go in real close, close enough practically to get his paint blistered by the heat of the gun's muzzles. That way, the torpedo's run is short and the warship has less time to use its talent for maneuvering.

It has been reckoned that the normal reaction time for one of those vigorous young Navy men is one tenth of a second. That is, it takes about one tenth of a second for him to do what he has to do after he sees what it is. The enemy, it's safe to say, has the same reaction time. He is a vigorous young man too, and a great many of those Japs are quite some men. Anyway, when you're up against them, it's wiser to figure on their being quite some men.

These petulant little fractions enter into the thing, too. For, once the torpedo plane launches itself into battle, it's all reflex from then on. It's reflex on the plane, and on the ship the plane is trying to hit. If a man's reflexes jam up in an action like that, it's the last thing they ever will do.

The arithmetic of the reflex gives it all to the war-

ship in dodging a torpedo, and if that were all there was to it there would be no point in sending a torpedo plane in. But the torpedo pilot feints and maneuvers before he drops. He tries to trick the ship into maneuvering into its own grave, and, since he cannot aim at where the ship is but where he thinks it will be when his torpedo gets there, he has a fair chance of doing it. At least, he has a better chance than if the thing were decided entirely by the arithmetic of the reflex.

However, outmaneuvering the torpedo is only the last shot in the warship's locker. It can do a number of other things before it is reduced to the desperation of having to get out of the way. Usually it has fighter planes as its first line of defense. Besides this, it invariably has a screen of other ships so placed as to be able to use the principles of converging fire to set up a wall of high explosives. They don't actually have to aim. They just set up the wall and let the torpedo plane run head-on into it.

Anyway, that's the theory. The torpedo plane, coming in low, not only sets itself up for fighter planes to dive down on it, but sets itself up for every gun on the task force against it, including even the big twelve-inch and sixteen-inch rifles. These rifles can fire into the sea and throw up splashes that can knock the plane down just as well as a shell itself. Besides this, torpedo planes, necessarily limited in number in the Pacific, where there are only such limited facilities as carriers or jungle airports available for handling them, cannot diversify their attack. They concentrate on one ship in the force, which means that the force can devote all its fire power to erecting only the one wall of explosives and does not have to thin its fire power out over more than the one wall.

AS ITS answer to these assaults upon it by its target, the torpedo plane jinks and corkscrews. Jinking is a wabbling, flipping motion, and corkscrewing is exactly what the term implies—a twirling spiral, the plane advancing by going up and down in forward-moving circles. This makes the torpedo pilot a very busy man during his run. He knows that, if his plane remains on even keel for as little as twenty seconds, the enemy will have as good a bead on him as if he were the side of a barn. But he has to keep his plane on even keel to drop his torpedo. More than that, he knows the ship's officers will know he is preparing to drop when he gets on an even keel, and, when they see him assume an even keel, they will throw their ship out of his path. So assuming an even keel two or three or even more times during a run is part of the campaign by which the pilot hopes to flabbergast the target into maneuvering itself into its own grave.

And there the torpedo pilots sits, throwing his plane around with both hands and both feet, his eyes flitting from enemy plane to enemy ships, to target, to waves, to altimeter, to speedometer, his brain racing through the arithmetic of destruction and the arithmetic of conservation, and struggling with fractions and with the immense complications of the arithmetical laws of probabilities, and with all his reflexes working at once, thrusting past, around, and through each otther, like the notes of some terrible symphony, an unwritten, unmemorizable, unlearnable one that he must conduct with the utmost precision and with utter flawlessness, knowing well that one flaw will kill him.

In the climax, when his massive task begins and he launches himself upon it, he finds himself confronted with a problem that makes all others look small in comparison. Like all soldiers in battle, he must suspend his imagination, or find his mind running riot and becoming incapable. But, unlike most men in battle, he must keep his mind busy with, and must think intensively about, exactly those things most calculated to galvanize his imagination. He must figure out, for instance, "They are shooting at me there now, and will shoot at me here next, so I will go right where the last shot landed," and then stop his mind from figuring out the rest of the problem—what would happen if his figuring was false.

To do this, to work the mind frantically and yet keep it in tight rein, to make it lunge from problem to problem with fierce recklessness but with iron-bound precision, cannot be taught by any one or learned by any one or acquired through luck or accident or hard work. Doing it involves the whole sum of a man's personality, which, in turn, is the sum of all that he is, and when a torpedo pilot goes in to deliver his torpedo he is putting his whole self on the line and asking it to come through for him. Some of the arithmetic in the situation is for him and some against him, some of the machinery is for him and some against him; but when the kind of person he is is against him, that's the end of the story. He is living his last moment.

THE flight of planes Swede was leading found a target at five minutes past six. The sea was darkening, but the light in the sky was low and the silhouettes of the enemy ships stuck up black against the light. The sunset there was tan and golden, and had big fat rolling curls of purple in it.

There was no carrier in the force. Swede would have preferred a carrier, but he was afraid to spend time looking. Nighttime does not come gently in the tropics. The sunset is very brief. The sun falls into the sea and the night pounces like an animal and blinds everybody in it.

This target had four heavy cruisers in it, plus six light cruisers, plus six destroyers. It wasn't anything to throw over the shoulder. It was quite a bird in the hand. In sort of climbing into a hammock with it and tussling with it there for five or six minutes, Torpedo 8 would be climbing into a hammock with a force that could throw out more tons of metal in those five or six minutes than a thousand planes could in a whole attack.

The four heavy cruisers steamed abeam in the center of the force. Three of the light cruisers were aft of them and three forward. The six destroyers champed and pawed around them in a rough diamond-shaped formation, so that, whichever way a plane came in, there would be hoofs in its face. And the sleek, truculent ships steamed along blackly behind their guns and stuck up against the light sky like toys.

"Get the nearest big one," said Swede over the radio, and threw the throttle over as far as it would go and pulled as much mercury as the motor would take. The plane bunched and sprang forward like a kicked horse. "Get the nearest big one" were the only words uttered by anybody during the whole attack. During the two months when Torpedo 8 had been waiting to get revenge for Midway, that was one of the things they had drilled on—to do without words. They had expected it would be useful not to have to spend fractions of seconds thinking of words, and had so indoctrined themselves with the teamwork of attack that each man knew instantly, by what the flight leader was doing, just where to place himself and just what to do there.

Torpedo 8 had been coming up from the southeast when the target was spotted. The sky around the target was fish-belly white and clear of clouds, but there was a purple-colored curl of cloud northwest of the Jap task force. It looked as if it had been draped up there in the sky by somebody who wanted to get those Japs, for it was in exactly the position it ought to have been. Torpedo planes coming out of that cloud would have the cover of it during fifteen or twenty seconds of the most dangerous part of the run, and then would come out of it on the nose to drop across the target's bow. Swede saw the cloud and headed for it right away, with all he had; and Taurman, Fayle, Barnum, and Ries tore right along with him.

Swede saw little orange lights flickering at him from the ships, winking on and off like fireflies, and knew these were the guns firing at him, and waited a moment in his mind to see how close they were coming. It takes what seems a long time to both sides of the deal, to the fellows shooting the gun and the fellows being

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Top Ringling clown, Felix Adler, with a Cristiani horse and four of the troupe.

J. J. STEINMETZ—P.P.C.

# ROYAL FAMILY OF THE BIG TOP

**Bareback riding is fun to watch and also fun to do—at least, to the fabulous Cristianis who make it an art and a lifetime study**

## BY BILL DAVIDSON

RECENTLY Robert Ringling of the circus Ringlings made a deal unheard-of in the annals of show business. He tore up the contract of his top-featured act, the Cristianis, and gave them permission to go into a forthcoming musical comedy on Broadway. The understanding was that if the show flopped, the famous acrobatic bareback riding family could return to the circus. If the show was a hit, they had an indefinite leave of absence until they got homesick for the sawdust and the big top again.

When some one asked Mr. Ringling what caused him to indulge in this strange bit of philanthropy, an unmistakably hero-worshiping look came into his eyes. "Would a producer who loved the theater refuse to give the Barrymores a release if they wanted to leave him to play Hamlet together?"

As it turned out, the show never opened and the Cristianis were called back to bolster Ringling's one-ring Continental circus, Spangles. But Mr. Ringling's statement just about sums up the attitude of circus folk toward the Cristianis. They are the royal family of the big top. As such, they get away with what few other show people have been able to get away with. In England, they kidded the Duke of Windsor in pantomime from the ring. In New York, they chided Mayor LaGuardia unmercifully for his big black hat. In Hollywood, they submitted to the frank idolatry of Wallace Beery, Joan Crawford, Joe E. Brown, Jack Oakie, George Raft, Franchot Tone, Jane Withers, and Leo Carrillo—signing autographs and letting the actors' youngsters ride the horses. In London in 1934 they piled Ethel Barrymore on top of a horse and rode her, dignity and all, around the stage of the jammed Palladium. They apologized to Haile Selassie for Italy's invasion of Ethiopia. And in Belgium they took the King out behind a tent and taught him how to do a somersault.

The Cristianis were in Munich with the Circus Krone when Hitler came to power in 1933. They were known to be anti-Fascists. In fact, they had had to leave Italy several years before because of a suspected connection with Mussolini's arch-rival Matteoti. As a result, several storm troopers in civilian clothes began to filter into the circus as prop hands and workingmen — especially after Lucio Cristiani saved a tiny Hungarian - Jewish midget named Leo from three Brown Shirts in a restaurant by proclaiming loudly that he, Lucio, was a good Fascist and that he was extremely insulted at the thought that they even suspected him of associating with a Jew.

One of the Nazis who hooked up with the circus was a big blond roughneck named Erich Christian.

This Erich Christian was walking around the arena one night, when he stepped right into the path of an onrushing Roman chariot. The oldest Cristiani brother, Oscar, saw this, let go with a mighty leap and pushed the German out of the way. Both tumbled to the arena floor.

The storm trooper got to his feet, covered with sawdust and livid with rage. "Why, you no-good spaghetti eater!" he began, and let loose with a stream of German invective. Whereupon Oscar let loose with a left hook and knocked the Nazi into the middle of the ring.

This started a free-for-all in which the Cristianis had to defend themselves against the entire cast of the circus. Herr Krone stopped the fight. The Cristianis, twenty-six strong, left the arena in a dignified procession. Soon after, they left Germany and never returned.

But a few months later, in Paris, they came across Erich Christian, the storm trooper who had started all the trouble. He was begging for a handout outside the Cirque d'Hiver. It had been discovered that his grandmother was Jewish.

If you have never seen the Cristianis—and the chances are ten to one that you have—the act consists of five Cristiani brothers, four Cristiani sisters, six Cristiani cousins,

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# IS CANCER HEREDITARY?

**Should people with cancer in their family histories marry? Need they deny themselves children? The latest scientific answers to these questions**

BY MOLLY SEAMAN

A GIRL and a boy faced a physician in his office. "We want to get married," said the girl, "but our parents, both his and mine, died of cancer. We don't know what to do. Please tell us if cancer is hereditary."

The scene is being repeated often in doctors' offices throughout the country. Yet no physician can unqualifiedly answer the question. Some light can be thrown on the problem, however, as the result of new facts which have been discovered about cancer.

Those facts, in the opinion of certain medical experts, indicate that heredity does play a part in cancer, that persons from families where there is cancer do take a risk in marrying, but that the risk is not overly great. Moreover, medical science is now able to deal with cancer if it is detected in time.

In order to understand what determines whether or not cancer is inherited, it is necessary first to consider the nature of the disease and its cause.

There are many kinds of cancers, differing widely in their make-up and behavior. Some are external, some internal. Some grow rapidly and spread quickly, others do not. Some are very dangerous and others are less harmful. All possess the common trait of disorderly growth.

Our body is made up of thousands of little cells, and certain of these cells, like gangsters refusing to conform to law and order, begin to grow independently of the rest of the body tissues. This new growth, or cancer, is at first very small and entirely local. As it increases in size, it causes trouble either by interfering with the function of important organs near it, by invading distant parts of the body, by itself breaking down and producing hemorrhages or open sores, or by discharging poisonous substances into the system.

Authorities agree that cancers are often caused by long continued chronic irritations. Examples are cancer of the tongue associated with a jagged tooth, cancer of the lip produced by a hot pipestem, and cancer of the skin occurring among workers in paraffin and tar.

But are such irritants the only cause? There has been considerable controversy among scientists on this subject. Some thought the evidence afforded by the association of certain irritants and cancer showed that environment *was* the only cause; others on the basis of experimentation believed that heredity played a part.

Among those who hold heredity is a factor is Dr. Mary B. Stark of the New York Medical College. Dr. Stark is the pioneer in the study of hereditary tumors in the fruit fly. The life history of this insect is very short, so that data can be accumulated more rapidly than in the case of mice or rats or other animals.

She places a pair of flies in a wide-mouthed bottle containing banana gelatin. Upon this gelatin hundreds of eggs are laid by the female fly. From these eggs hatch tiny larvae which feed for three or four days and grow to one fourth inch in length. Then they make for themselves a case, or pupa, within which they develop into an adult fly after an interval of four days.

IN a certain strain of flies Dr. Stark noticed in the larval stages the presence of dark bodies or tiny black specks. She also observed that all of the larvae showing these dark bodies died. Dr. Stark's scientific curiosity was aroused, and she planned experiments with the object of finding out the proportion of larvae containing these dark bodies and their sex.

A known number of eggs from a given female were placed on food in small glass dishes. The number of larvae hatching from these eggs were counted and examined at various ages. The magnitude of this experiment can be realized when it is considered that there were some four hundred eggs from each of about two hundred females, or some eighty thousand units.

Dr. Stark found by her tally that one fourth of the larvae hatching from these eggs developed the specks and died. Her microscopic examination of these larvae revealed that the dark bodies were tumors and that the larvae in which they developed were males.

"Since this tumor occurs in exactly one half of the males, it is sex-linked in inheritance," says Dr. Stark. "It is the same sort of inheritance as that of color-blindness, which is also a trait linked with sex. It is usually apparent in the male sex only and handed down to the grandsons by way of the daughters. Color-blindness in man is received from the mother and not from the father. The son of a color-blind man will inherit normal vision from a normal mother. The daughter will also have normal vision, but she would transmit color-blindness to her sons. Only if both the father and mother were color-blind, so that the factor promoting color-blindness originated from both parents, would the daughter be color-blind too. It is for this reason that color-blindness appears so seldom in women."

Dr. Stark points out this similarity that exists in the fruit fly, namely, that the factor which produces tumor

TAKEN FOR LIBERTY BY ROY PINNEY, AT MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, N. Y. C.

Mice, because they breed rapidly, have been of great value in cancer research.

must come from both the male and the female to result in a female with a tumor. Recalling that all males with tumors die in the larval stage, it is obviously impossible to produce a female with a tumor. Dr. Stark has established that this tumor of the fly not only is hereditary according to Mendel's law, but also supports an embryonic theory of development.

In the days when travel was possible Dr. Stark made numerous trips abroad. On one such trip she visited a small village at the foot of Nore Fjeld Mountain in Norway. All the families in this valley had histories of intermarriages and histories of cancer.

Dr. Stark says that certain family histories in man involving cancer show that it has appeared in succeeding generations. She concludes that these histories and the work accomplished in cancer in lower animals should convince one that if cancer is hereditary in certain cases in lower animals, why not in man? She believes, however, that it is not the cancer itself that is hereditary but the constitutional type which will respond to an irritant causing cells to revert to a wild primitive state and thus develop the cancer.

Supporting Dr. Stark's theory is Dr. Clara J. Lynch of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research. Dr. Lynch works with mice because their tissue is more like the human tissue. She deals particularly in the study of lung tumors and skin tumors, and in her laboratory is a colony of some six thousand mice.

The mice are identified by punching tiny holes in the ear. They are housed in clean glass jars and fed on bread and milk, dog biscuits, and oatmeal.

"Strange as it may seem," says Dr. Lynch, "they don't particularly like cheese. They really prefer bacon —but that would take too many ration points."

A life history of every mouse is kept in a card-index file. When a mouse dies, Dr. Lynch performs an autopsy to determine the exact cause of death. If a mass is found that is suspected of being a tumor, a thin slice of it is taken and mounted on a glass slide where it can easily be examined under a microscope. These slides are filed away to complete the records. Dr. Lynch can go to her card index and trace for generations the family history of any mouse.

A mouse may live two or even three years, but Dr. Lynch says that every laboratory has to guard continually against disease. Respiratory infections and mouse typhoid, for example, are contagious, and if an epidemic should occur, spreading rapidly through the mouse colony, a great many valuable animals would be killed off.

There are several types of tumors. Some appear spontaneously, and others are induced by treating with certain chemicals, one of which is found in coal tar and causes human cancer. Heredity is represented by the spontaneous tumors; environment acting upon heredity, by induced tumors.

Just as Dr. Stark found with her flies, by selective breeding for many generations it has been possible to develop strains of mice with different characteristics. Some strains have a high percentage of tumor, others almost none. It has been possible, by cross-breeding mice from these two strains, to show that the tendency to lung tumors is inherited. If in such cross-bred mice tumors are also induced, the pattern of inheritance will be the same, showing that heredity is at work. The percentage of tumors in each generation, however, will be higher than in the first experiment, because of the effect of environment.

Dr. Lynch, from long study, has concluded that both heredity and environment play important roles. She too believes that it is not the disease that is inherited but merely the weakness or susceptibility, and that susceptibility to different types is inherited separately.

The relative importance of heredity and environment is not the same for all types of mouse tumors and apparently the same rule applies to human beings. Certain rare kinds of human cancer, located in the skin or eye or intestines, are associated with physical peculiarities and have a strong hereditary basis. In the common types of cancer, though heredity

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# WHEEL OF

THERE was a long moment of thick silence while the bright moon shone down upon the stilled figures. Then one detached itself from the group—slight, scarcely more than a boy he seemed, in a cap that seemed sizes too large. Karen gasped.

"Oh!"

The officer's head turned in her direction.

"Your pardon, Fräulein. You cannot pass here."

He looked toward Kent, and stiffened.

"Vere didt you gedt dat hadt?"

Kent's hand moved involuntarily to the sailor's cap that he still wore. He had forgotten that he had it on.

"Gif it to me, please," the officer commanded.

Kent tossed it down. The officer caught it and turned it over in his hands, peering at it. One of the men behind him came forward. The beam of a flashlight knifed through the darkness into the hat. An exclamation escaped the officer.

"Pfister!"

He looked up again sharply at Kent.

"Zo! You are from der 'otel!"

He barked an order to his men. Kent guessed that there were at least a dozen of them. Four stood forward. Two slung their rifles by their straps from their shoulders. The officer looked again at Kent and Karen.

"Your handts above your headts put."

Kent let his reins slide to the ground and raised his hands. Behind him Karen did the same. The two men who had slung their rifles stepped forward, while the other two picked up the reins and held them. Kent felt expert hands pat him—his hips, his waist, under his arms, his chest, his back, searching for weapons. Behind him he heard a muffled gasp of indignation. He stiffened. The officer heard it too.

"Graebner!" he barked.

Kent relaxed. A feeling of relief flowed through him. It was Karen he worried about now. Satisfied that they were unarmed, the young officer stepped back and holstered his pistol.

"Now, den," he said, "if you please, aboudt-face!"

One of the sailors, his rifle ready,

"Keep your hands up, the three of you," the officer commanded.

# FORTUNE

**Kent turns the tables on his captors and stages a surprise of his own in this highly dramatic conclusion to a timely adventure serial**

## BY JOHN JENNINGS

ILLUSTRATED BY JULES GOTLIEB

led the way. One led Karen's horse, another Kent's. The fourth followed him, and the officer brought up the rear after a brief command to a subordinate left in command of the detachment by the trail. It took some time to get back to the stables. When they did the officer halted them and came around in front. Two of the sailors went into the barn.

"Please to go down," the officer commanded Kent and Karen.

They dismounted. The sailors came back out of the barn and spoke briefly to the officer. He looked at the hat, and then glanced again at Kent.

"Vat you didt vit' dis man?" he demanded.

"Suppose you find him," Kent replied.

"You vill nevere get vit' shtubbornness!"

KENT did not reply. The officer ordered all four sailors into the barn, while he held Kent and Karen with his pistol. Presently the men reappeared with Hans and the sailor, Pfister, ruefully rubbing their arms and wrists. They glared at Kent, who grinned back at them.

The officer spoke sharply, and both men answered at once. For a moment staccato German crackled back and forth among them. Several times the officer glanced curiously at Kent. At length he turned.

"I tink Herr Vogel vill inter-ested be to see you. Coom, ve to der 'otel go."

He told off the two sailors with the slung rifles to guard them, leaving the others behind, and they went up through the dark coconut grove. As they passed the cottages and came to the garden, the dull mutter of the Diesel, across the hill, came down to them, and Kent thought he could make out the purr of another engine somewhere out in the bay. He tried to see through the leafy screen between them and the water, but the submarine was not visible; only a shimmering line of ripples that might have been its wake.

They crossed the garden and came to the steps. The sailors thrust them up onto the gallery and pushed them in through the lobby doors. The officer pushed in past them as they halted.

The lights of the lobby seemed glaring after the darkness outside. Krause and Vogel were sitting at a little table near the entrance to the bar, their heads close together, their expressions worried. Fernandez was sitting on the couch, reading a magazine. Only Svend Christensen was in motion. He was pacing up and down before the desk, his hands clasped behind his back.

The effect of their entrance was startling. Svend whirled and put out a hand to steady himself. Krause and Vogel started up, Krause's chair crashing over behind him. At sight of Kent, Krause went white. His jaw dropped. Vogel looked puzzled. Only Fernandez seemed unconcerned. He glanced up from his magazine curiously and seemed to freeze. But his expression did not change.

The officer stepped forward three paces and clicked his heels. He raised his arm in salute.

"Heil Hitler!"

Vogel threw a quick glance at Fernandez, then shrugged, and raised his arm languidly in response. "Heil Hitler!" he murmured.

The officer made his report. Vogel listened, his eyes on Kent. Once his eyes strayed to Fernandez. Beside him, Krause was slowly gathering his wits. Kent could see the color flow back into his face. Once or twice his eyes, too, slid toward Fernandez, and, the last time, Kent saw realization beginning to dawn in them.

Nobody interrupted the officer. When he was finished, Vogel gave him a command. The boy saluted, clicking his heels and said, "Heil Hitler!"

He went out, and the two sailors followed him, after a stiff salute. Back to their posts, Kent thought.

For a long moment after they had gone there was silence. Kent moved closer to Karen. Vogel came forward slowly.

"What did you do with Herr Bosch?" he asked.

"You'd like to know, wouldn't you?" Kent asked.

"Where is he?"

"Where you'll never find him," Kent replied.

Vogel's sallow cheeks flushed.

"That is one more count against you, Herr Kent."

"What difference?" Kent shrugged. "What's one or two more or less? The result's the same."

Vogel nodded.

"Yes, you are right. The result will be the same."

Karen gasped. Vogel shot her a quick glance. Svend moved forward a pace from his place by the desk, but the dark German waved him back. Behind Vogel, Krause spoke:

"You did this!"

Kent looked up. Vogel turned. Krause's eyes were fastened accusingly on Fernandez. The Puerto Rican returned his stare blandly, but his very blandness seemed only to infuriate Eric.

"Don't try to pretend!" he shouted. "You sent Miss Christensen down to meet—him." He nodded in Kent's direction. "It was after she went for your cigarettes that she did not come back."

Fernandez looked blank. Vogel's thin lips twitched.

"It does not matter now," he said. "In any case he has seen too much. The result, as our friend here has said, is the same in the end."

He gave Fernandez a mocking grin. For a moment their eyes locked. Then Fernandez shrugged and grinned back. Vogel relaxed.

"Well," he said, almost amiably, "we all understand the situation. Shall we speak no more of unpleasant things? Perhaps, now that Miss Christensen has returned, we can have a game of bridge?"

"Cards!" Svend Christensen barked the word.

Vogel glanced at him sharply.

"Perhaps you had better sit, Herr Doktor."

SVEND'S shoulders sagged suddenly. For a moment he glared at Vogel. Then, with a gesture of impatience, he jerked out his watch and glanced at it. With the same jerky movement he thrust it back, then strode across the room and flung himself into a chair. Vogel smiled inquiringly at Karen.

"I don't think you'll have time for a game," Kent said. "Your pals are coming in now."

Vogel looked at him and smiled.

"You are really a very clever man, Herr Kent," he said. "I shall almost regret killing you."

"No!" Karen gasped.

Vogel glanced back at her.

"Ah!" he exclaimed with mock sympathy. "I am so sorry, Fräulein. It will be doubly difficult knowing that I cause you pain."

Karen buried her face in Kent's shoulder. His arm went around her. Suddenly the lights blinked

"That's your signal," Kent said.

Vogel looked at him and nodded.

"Come, Eric," he said. "Our friends are waiting."

(Continued on page 61)

# Sweethearts

## FORD MASS-PRODUCTION LINES DELIVER FLEETS OF WEAPONS

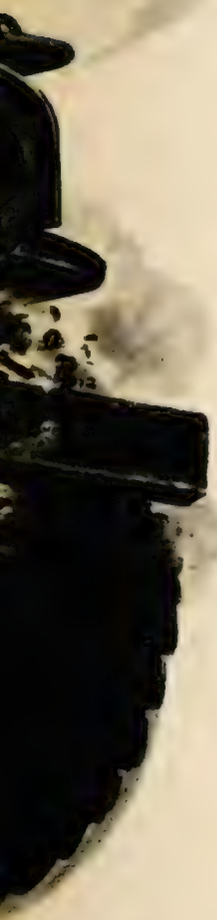
JEEPS • AMPHIBIAN JEEPS • M-4 TANKS • M-10 TANK DESTROYERS • PRATT & WHITNEY AIRCRAFT ENGINES • ARMY TRUCKS
CONSOLIDATED LIBERATOR BOMBERS • TRANSPORT GLIDERS • UNIVERSAL CARRIERS • TANK ENGINES • TRUCK AND JEEP ENGINES
ARMOR PLATE • GUN MOUNTS • AIRCRAFT GENERATORS • TURBO-SUPERCHARGERS • RATE-OF-CLIMB INDICATORS • MAGNESIUM CASTINGS

This list does not include other important Victory models now in production that cannot be named due to wartime conditions

**FULL PRODUCTION FOR VICTORY**

# of the A.E.F.!

## "Roughriders" of America's Armed Forces Admire the Tough, Sure-Footed, Ford-Made Jeeps and Amphibian Jeeps—Built to Charge Roughshod Through the Toughest Going Any Army Ever Faced!



JUST as a trooper loves his horse and a sailor his ship, America's fighting men in this mechanized war have come to think the world and all of the rough-and-ready, game little Jeeps! Mass-produced on the same lines that turned out automobiles, Ford has made thousands of both land Jeeps and Amphibian Jeeps, each built with the traditional precision and cost-saving skill acquired in producing more than 30,000,000 Ford cars and trucks.

They're sweethearts, say the soldiers! And it's no wonder they're hailed with affection by our armed forces everywhere in this global conflict!

For Ford-made Jeeps charge roughshod through thickets and jungles that would trap a less formidable vehicle. With their four-wheel drive, they scale slippery banks and steep hillsides, "turn on a dime," do fifty over corduroy roads and shell-pocked terrain—and do it all with a minimum of care and attention!

Together with such other battle-tried products as M-4 tanks and M-10 tank destroyers, Liberator bombers and heavy horsepower aircraft engines, these Jeeps give practical expression to the Ford wartime creed of *full production for Victory!*

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

### AMPHIBIAN JEEP

**The Ford-Developed Amphibian Jeep** is equally at home on water or land—can cross swift rivers, lakes and even traverse open seas for limited distances. If necessary the Amphibian Jeep can pull itself up a well-nigh sheer bank by means of a power capstan in the prow. The same steering controls are used without change for land or water operation and most parts are interchangeable with the quarter-ton Ford truck.

Ford

BROKEN RIVER—Continued from Page 13

still hung in the Museum, that boarded-up gingerbread mansion on Westburyport's Mortgage Hill. Rack slanted a look at Sara Bishop's red hair, the firm shape of her chin. Here, he decided, was a Bishop who belonged to Roarin' Bill.

"Your grandfather's a legend in Westburyport," he said. "The natives are still talking about him."

"How interesting," she said.

And there was acid in her voice. Rack wondered about that, frowning a little. She was angry and there was no reason, save his casual wisecrack. That wasn't so good, and still—there was little she could do now. The contract was signed and in the bag.

BROKEN RIVER'S lean days were over. They were done with scrimping and scratching and hanging on. The big break had come their way. They had a crack at God's Pocket now—at the Bishop spruce. Airplane spruce and as fine a stand as a man could want. Clyde Prio had swung it for them. He'd told Rack the hows and whys twelve hours before, in his cluttered Westburyport office. He'd put his feet on the desk and rumpled shaggy hair.

"The government needs that spruce," he'd said. "Not tomorrow or next week—but now. Beulah Bishop has hung onto it ever since the good Lord yanked Billy Bishop's option. She wanted to make a park out of that land, name it after Billy, and give it to the state."

"How'd you change her mind?" Rack had asked.

"I told her the truth. I gave her the facts and showed her the figures." Clyde Prio had gotten to his feet then, a big man in badly fitting gray. His brown eyes and his smile were warm. "She saw the light, Rack. Beulah's a good American. And a good Yankee. She drove a hard bargain. But she signed."

"And the job's ours?"

"Because you've got the railroad," Prio had said. "Because you can get to the spruce faster than any one else." He'd smiled then. "But there's more to it than that. Call it—well, call it one for old times' sake. I've known you Broken River people for years. You rate a chance at a decent show."

"The bank doesn't think so," Rack had said.

Prio had smiled. "They've been wrong before."

And now Sara Bishop drove slowly across a long flat. Huge fire-blackened snags stood like armless sentinels along the way. Far to the east the rugged hills were black against the sky.

"The camp's not far from here," Rack said. "There's not much to see today. It's Sunday and we're shut down. You'll have to come back again after we rig the sky line and start logging your spruce."

"If you do log it," she said.

Rack said. "So it's like that?"

"Exactly." She kept her eyes on the road. "We might as well have this out in the open, Mr. Tinker. My mother should never have signed that stumpage contract. She thought Mr. Prio represented a sound concern; she didn't know he'd turn the contract over to you."

"What's wrong with us?"

"I talked to the bank and the credit bureau," she said. "They don't think much of Broken River Logging Company as a business risk."

"I know that," he said cheerfully.

"All right!" There was anger in her voice. "You have little or no equipment, and no capital. How do you expect to handle a big logging operation?"

"We'll find a tree," Rack said, "then we'll cut it down. First thing you know we'll have a whole mess of trees on the ground—"

"That's not funny, Mr. Tinker!"

His brown face turned sober. "It wasn't meant to be. I could tell you how we'll build a sky line—a cable tramway—to bring your spruce

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**When Edward Everett Hale was chaplain of the Senate, some one asked him, "Do you pray for the senators, Dr. Hale?" "No; I look at the senators and pray for the country," he replied.—*Thesaurus of Anecdotes.***

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across Broken River canyon. But you're not interested in logging detail. You're on the warpath. Why, Miss Bishop? Is it simply because Broken River Logging Company's a small outfit?"

"No," she said.

"Then what's the rest of it?"

"You. You're a short-stake logger."

He grinned. "Sounds like you know the woods."

"I don't," she said, and now her voice was curt. "This is a matter of business routine. You don't give a stranger a free hand with spruce that's worth a fortune. Mother forgot that, but I didn't. I investigated. I learned you're not the man for the job."

"Because I'm a short-stake logger?"

Sara Bishop nodded.

"O. K.," he said pleasantly. "And now suppose you tell me what a short-stake logger is."

"A short-stake logger's a bum," she said. "He only works when he has to. He never stays on any job longer than a month. He's usually a drunk. He hates responsibility, and if he's saddled with it he waits until things are in a mess and then walks out."

"Clyde Prio's a pretty astute citizen," Rack said quietly. "Seems like he'd know better than to give a job this size to a short-stake man."

"You must know where he buried the body."

"Your gags are worse than mine," he said. "Clyde Prio's one of the better guys. He's known us ever since Big Red first moved to Broken River. We're on the ground—close to your spruce—and we've got the railroad. Bank balances and shiny gear don't mean much to Clyde. He thinks we can log your spruce."

Sara Bishop said, "And I don't!"

"But there's a contract. Remember?"

"Yes." She was cool and distant. "But contracts have been broken. I'm going to do everything I can to break this one. And I have that right, Mr. Tinker. Mother's given me her power of attorney."

"Prio writes them airtight."

"That's your idea," she snapped.

"You haven't changed."

"Just what do you mean by that?"

Laughter pulled at his mouth. There was something about the white slant of his smile that struck a chord of memory deep in her.

"I mowed your lawn," he said. "And, pup, you still owe me sixty cents."

"You're that boy?" she said. "You—"

The past trapped her then. Westburyport in '32. Granddaddy Bill's house, that huge and shadowed place, thick with the smell of velvet and of dust. And cold with the wind that blew always from the sea.

A big house and a lonely house. Her father saying, "Run along and play, dear. . . ." It was odd the way that phrase stayed in her mind, that phrase and another: "Gentlemen, name your pleasure!" And it was odd, too, that she should remember her mother's faintly worried: "We'll have to find some little friends for Sara. She has no one to play with but that Indian boy—"

HER father had agreed heartily. Dimly she remembered that her father had always agreed heartily with every one. But nothing was done. Only grown-ups came to the house. And in the morning—most mornings—she would dress, shivering, when she heard the whir and clack of the lawn mower. Her face, owlish and solemn in the wavy mirror above the washbowl; the freckles that would not scrub away. The kitchen, littered and deserted, where she made a peanut-butter sandwich and drank milk and talked gravely to the chef—the pretend chef who was her special property.

And then out the back and around the garage. Rack would be there, working there. He wore no shirt and he was slim and brown and wiry. He'd grin at her and say, "Hi, pup," and she'd say, "Hi, Indian." And that was a joke they had. It was hugely funny that any one should think he was an Indian just because he was so brown.

She'd trudge beside him, talking whenever he stopped to rest. "They don't mow lawns in England. They

cut them with one of those—scythe things." Once she said, "I can speak French. I learned in Paris." He listened, head cocked, while she tried her half dozen halting phrases. "Mmmm," he said, "sounds like French." And they laughed, for somehow that was funny too.

She thought about him a lot, afternoons and the days when he didn't come. She told the pretend people about him—the chef, the maid, and Roger, who drove the car. "He's two years older than me. He hasn't got a real father and mother; he's adopted. But he's nice. And he knows about you. I told him and he didn't laugh."

Maybe the pretend people were the cause of it. Thinking about him that way, things had gotten tangled and mixed. She was a grown-up lady and he was her gardener then. "I'll give you ten cents an hour extra," she said, "because you do such good work, Rack." She paid the difference from her allowance. He accepted the money soberly, saying, "Tell your old man thanks for me."

And then, suddenly, one day her allowance was all gone. She went outside, and Rack was putting the lawn mower in the tool shed. "Hi, pup," he said. She swallowed, but the hurting lump stayed in her throat. "Hi, Indian."

"HEY!" he said. "Is somethin' wrong?"

She shook her head and put the money in his hand. He looked down at it, frowning. "It ain't all here," he said. "I got sixty cents coming."

"Rack"—she swallowed again—"this week you did—extra good. So I thought—Rack, you can kiss me, because you're such a good worker."

"Huh?" He dug at the path with the toe of his shoe. "Look, pup, if it's all the same to you, I'd rather have the money."

For an instant she faced him, hot color burning in her cheeks. Then she turned and ran. . . .

But that was from the past. Now Granddaddy Bill's house—the Museum—was a boarded-up ruin. Now Rack was riding with her, his face still sun-darkened, his mouth still quirked in that easy grin.

They topped a long hill. The road dipped then, slanting down through scrubby spruce, through vine maple brilliant in the gaudy dress of fall. At the foot of the slope there was a row of sagging garages. Beyond these a huge log marked the road's end. Sara Bishop parked there.

"The camp's a mile up the track," Rack said.

"Wait." She fumbled with her purse, head bent. Her voice was not quite steady, and she damned this cool and smiling man for that. "Here!" She spilled silver coins from her purse. "Here's the sixty cents I owe you!"

He looked at her, the crooked grin stamped deep upon his mouth. "Times change, pup," he said. "I've got sixty cents now."

"Tell me the worst, Doc. What's the bill?"

Furiously she said, "Don't call me pup!"

He went on as though he hadn't heard. "But just for the hell of it—just to see how the other half lives—I'll take that kiss." His cupped hand was beneath her chin, an iron hand, tipping her face up. She saw his lips and his laughing eyes, and he kissed her then. "There!" he said. "That squares us."

"And how was it?" Her voice was icy.

"I should have taken the money. So help me, you haven't changed. Once a stuffed shirt, always a stuffed shirt." He grinned. "And on you it looks good."

"You—you'll regret this!"

He said, "I do. And I apologize."

He got out of the car and waited while she put on a jacket. She wore ski trousers and trim snub-toed ski boots, yet looked completely feminine. It was a shame, Rack decided, to waste such pleasant wrapping on such an acid package.

"Shall we go?" she asked.

They went down the steep path. The railroad was below them. Rack led the way east. They could hear the brawling voice of Broken River as they moved out on the trestle that spanned the stream.

"How big is your camp?" Sara asked.

"It was the biggest in this part of the country; your grandfather's property at one time. Others have owned it since. Big Red won it in a crap game."

Sara Bishop said, "Really?"

"Yes, in '32. The depression knocked logging and loggers flat. Owners were a hungry lot. Big Red won the privilege of buying Broken River's five sections of logged-off land for five hundred dollars. The man threw in a worn-out Shay locomotive, six flat cars, and an old donkey engine."

"Is your camp still like that?"

"No," Rack said. "They called the land logged-off because you couldn't get the timber left with the gear they had at the time. Not and show a profit. But cat logging—tractor logging—changed all that."

"And now you're prosperous?"

"Lady," he said, "spare the build-up. In Westburyport they told you Broken River was a gypo outfit. That's not far wrong. Our credit's lousy and we haven't much equipment. But there's no reason why we can't expand. We've got the men—as good as any in the business." He looked at her. "Maybe they told you that too?"

"They did," Sara admitted. "I understand they hold a number of logging records, and a few for getting drunk. It seems odd they'd stay here. Wouldn't they do better in a larger camp?"

"No—for a couple of reasons. It goes back to the depression. Most of them—Stump, White Hope, Swede Berg, Angel Murphy—came to Broken River when there was no work anywhere for wages. They didn't get money from Big Red; they got food and a place to live. Red could operate if he had no wages to pay. Profits went into a common pot and were divided."

"A co-operative affair," Sara said.

"That's right. Sometimes Red gave them shares in Broken River—not that shares meant much. But it made the boys feel they were working for themselves. They had a say in the way things were run; they put down roots. And now that the war effort has opened things up, they're making a bit better than wages." He smiled. "Your spruce will make Broken River a first-class camp."

SARA'S chin came up. "But you're not going to log the spruce. Remember?"

Rack's smile deepened. "So you say."

They topped a grade and below them was the Broken River camp: a few scattered shacks blending into the fall colors of the hillside; a water tower; some storage sheds along the track.

"Not very impressive," Sara said.

"Did you ever see a logging camp that was?" Rack made a wry face. Then, as they went past the storage sheds, he said, "You know, I

haven't told these people about the contract. Would you mind if I gave them the news alone?"

"Of course not," Sara Bishop said. "I'll have one of them show you the camp."

They left the track for the camp road. On the right, the edge of the road was marked by a picket fence. The fence abreast of them was down, weed-covered, the pickets rotting from the rails. But it came out of the weeds presently, to wobble drunkenly along. At the far end of the road it stood stiffly to attention, with new pickets and a shining coat of paint.

"We're coming in the back door," Rack said.

Sara Bishop smiled. "So I see."

"The work's in the hills beyond," Rack told her. "We live as close to it as we can get. That's Addie's place at the far end—her temper and Big Red's sweat keep it looking good. The fourth shack down belongs to Stump and White Hope. They'll do what they have to do about the weather, but they never hit a lick for beauty in their lives. So you have all kinds." He smiled. "But, as you say, the camp's not much to look at."

"Ramshackle," Sara Bishop said.

"I wouldn't call a woman ramshackle because her hair was gray, or a man because he'd lost a few teeth. Everything gets old."

"Things this old we bury," Sara said.

THERE were two men in the dooryard of one of the shacks. They were facing the Tinker cabin in an attitude of rapt attention. The taller one wore a cloth capelike around a pair of door-wide shoulders, a cloth bearing the faded words, Gold Crown Flour. The man had a magnificent head of black hair—hair that looked just now as if the moths had been at it.

"White Hope and Stump," Rack said.

"Dressed for a masquerade?" Sara asked.

"This is Sunday," Rack said. "Haircutting day."

Stump was the small one, a man of fifty-odd and no taller than Sara Bishop. He had a gnarled look, a thick bull neck, knobby shoulders, and bowed legs. His bald head shone in the sun as he turned and saw Sara Bishop and Rack.

"Whoa!" he yelled explosively. "Go back!"

The two stopped. Stump jumped the fence and went bouncing toward them. Behind Stump, White Hope looked cornered. He made a break for it finally, clutching the cloth tightly around naked shoulders, streaking for the cabin.

"Well!" Sara Bishop said.

Rack grinned. "Meet Broken River."

Stump approached then. "Go back!" he yelled. "It's Big Red—him an' Murphy. They're at it, an' Big Red's swearin'!"

Big Red Tinker's swearing came through when Stump ran out of breath. It was a deep rolling sound, filled with emotion. He swore at no one. He was calling upon heaven and earth to witness the ingratitude of man. He had a flair for words. The combinations he used were unique and eloquent.

Rack said, "Where's Addie?"

Helplessly Stump said, "I dunno. Not there, you can bet. I—"

And the swearing stopped suddenly. It was replaced by a woman's voice, loud and strong. She used no profanity, but her eloquence lacked nothing because of it. There was a clatter and a thumping inside the Tinker cabin. The door jerked open. A big man with a stiff brush of red hair burst into view. He crossed the porch and ran for the gate. Close behind was a man, small and dark, and behind him was a tall, very

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**A new father, evidently a little doubtful but wanting to be sure, recently left this note for the milkman: "Please leave no milk for two weeks—but then begin with ten or eleven quarts daily, or whatever a new baby needs!"**

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angry woman with a broom. The woman whanged the small man across the shoulders. When he cut to the side and vaulted the fence, the woman went on to swat the big one twice before he got the gate open and escaped into the road.

"Blasphemers!" Addie Tinker yelled. "Heathens!"

A lanky angular woman, Addie Tinker, all arms and legs—and strength, judging from the way she swung the broom. A strand of gray hair had pulled loose from the knot at the back of her neck. There was violence in her long, rough face, and righteousness. Her broom might very well have been the jawbone of an ass.

Big Red collapsed across the street, laughing. "Slack 'er off!" he told Addie. "You'll bust your butt riggin'!"

Addie snapped, "I'll bust your—"

She saw Rack and Sara Bishop then. Her violence gave way to a sudden happiness. "Rack—you ain't in th' Army!" She threw the broom in the general direction of the porch and came through the gate to meet Rack. "My stars and buckets!" she said, and caught Rack around the neck as if to squeeze him to death. Rack looked flushed and unhappy, and when he'd untangled himself, he introduced Addie to Sara Bishop.

"Bill Bishop's girl?" Addie stood back to look at Sara. "You've grown since I seen you last. An' see that hair!—regular crown fire, ain't it?"

Sara looked a little helpless.

"Now, there!" Addie was instantly repentant. "Now don't mind me. I get like this livin' in a camp full of tramps. You heard that fool man o' mine . . ."

Rack said, "We heard him."

Angrily Addie turned on Big Red. "You old rip!" she yelled. "With you actin' the way you do, it's God's wonder we ever have wimmin company."

Big Red's grin widened. "If that's Bill Bishop's girl, she ain't new to swearin'. I seen her gran'daddy cut loose once, an' he peeled the bark off'n a tree at thirty feet."

Big Red came forward, carefully circling around Addie, a huge man with the shambling gait and the indefinite proportions of a bear. He was bald to a line between his ears; behind that his hair stood fanlike, a red halo on the back of his head.

"DON'T mind her," he told Sara. "She's a Communist. They been tryin' to run her out of the woods for twenty years."

Sara looked at him. "And what are you?"

"A blasphemer," Big Red said cheerfully.

"That," Addie put in, with a full measure of disgust, "is the president of the Broken River Logging Company."

"Such as I am," Big Red said, "such as it is."

He took Sara Bishop's arm with an easy gesture. "Lemme introduce you around," he said.

By this time all of Broken River had gathered, expectantly waiting. Big Red steered Sara Bishop to the first of the men. "This walking stump is Stump."

Stump bobbed his bald head and grinned at Sara with bright blue eyes. "I kind of met her already."

"Stump's our head rigger," Big Red explained, "when we got somethin' to rig an' riggin' to rig it with."

A wisp of a man was next. One who seemed scarcely able to support his grease-stained overalls and jumper. He pulled an old felt hat from hair turned white by sixty years to nod at Sara Bishop.

"Swede Berg," Big Red said. "Donkey puncher."

And there was Roughhouse Hutchins. "Head faller." A man of forty-five. He had a straw stack of blond hair, a wide grin, and enthusiastic blue eyes. He took Sara's hand and pumped it. "I worked for your old man 'fore he went broke," he said. "Got drunk with him a time or two."

Sara Bishop said, "Did you now?"

The next was Angel Murphy. "The heathen," Sara Bishop said, for he was the small dark man Addie had hit with the broom. Mexican, Spanish, or Indian, or perhaps all three. He had round, smiling brown eyes, a liquid voice, and a shyly eager manner.

"Plays the g'tar," Big Red said, "an' paints pitchers when he's sober, which ain't often, 'cause he can make wine outa anything."

"What kind of pictures?" Sara asked.

"For Big Red, wood nymphs," Angel Murphy said. "For Addie, the holy scenes."

Big Red, seeing the doubt in Sara's face, said, "That's a fact. I ain't bought a speck of wallpaper since Murphy come to camp."

White Hope was next in line. "The head side of a buffalo nickel," Big Red said. And that was a good description, if you left out the feathers and the braids. White Hope had an Indian's sharp-cut face, though he wasn't all Indian. He'd put on a white shirt and a blue tie and wore them with considerable dignity.

"Our high climber," Big Red said of him, and then slanted a nod at Rack. "This one you already know. Rack Tinker, our logging boss."

"And your son," Sara Bishop said.

"Nope," Big Red said. "We adopted the brat." He looked down at Sara, grinning. "There you got 'em—an' you can see why they don't need no better president than me."

Addie took Sara's arm away from Big Red.

"Mr. President," she said to him, "if you expect any dinner, you'd better split some wood for the cookstove." And to Sara: "Land sakes! Come in where I can talk to you without a mess o' pants gawkin'. I don't see a female in a month o' Sundays."

Rack said, "Just a minute, Addie. Miss Bishop is here on business. Let's get that done first."

"Business?" Big Red said.

"I'll tell you about it. While I'm doin' that, Stump can show Miss Bishop the camp."

Stump grinned. "Do I got to comb my hair?"

Sara said, "You'll do fine the way you are. But there's something else: Mr. Horton of River Mill was to meet me here. If he comes, will you ask him to wait?"

Big Red shot a sober glance at Rack. "Sam Horton?"

"Yes."

SENSING something more than talk, Sara Bishop looked at Rack. His face had become a little bleak. "Is it all right?" she asked.

"Sure," Rack said. "I'll tell him myself."

She went with Stump to the speeder, parked on the track by the storage shed. While Stump was starting the speeder, she had a look at the sheds. The people of Broken River, gathering on the Tinker porch, heard her say: "Why don't you turn in your scrap?"

"Scrap!" Stump's voice was plaintive. "That ain't no scrap, lady. That's our riggin'!"

Big Red liked that very much.

"Attagirl!" he yelled at Sara. And to Stump: "Keep her outa the brush, Stump. That head o' hair could start a bad slash fire."

The speeder chugged out of sight.

Addie looked scornfully at Big Red. "Ain't you the lady killer!"

"I admit it," Big Red said.

And Rack grinned. The arguments between Big Red and Addie were as endless as they were harmless. Their beginning went back to World War One. Big Red, just out of the Army, had stopped to hear a religious group singing on a corner. A tall girl had caught his eye. Fortified by bottle courage, Big Red had pulled her aside.

"Ain't you the gal," he'd asked, "that used to dance at Boderick's, on Third and Stark?"

She'd lifted a long, firm chin. "I am!" she'd said. "I've danced in more than one den of the devil. But no more! I'm a changed woman. My life is devoted to saving sinners."

He'd taken her arm. "Lady, I'm the biggest sinner you ever come acrost. Have a try at savin' me."

"You're drunk!" she'd said.

Grinning, he'd answered, "Ain't that a sin?"

Put that way, it had been a challenge no true disciple could ignore—not Addie, anyway. She'd set out to save him. After three days of saloons and honkytonks, she'd finally brought him around to the Lord's way, sober and somewhat shaken. She'd realized then that here was a hard man to save—a life's work. She'd tackled it by marrying him that same third day. In those next years Addie had saved Big Red countless times. A cheerful sinner, he was fairly sure he wasn't going to heaven anyway.

He grinned at Rack. "So you wasn't good enough for the Army?"

"I never got that far," Rack said. "I met Clyde Prio and he changed my mind."

"Just think how good all this will taste next winter."

"What's the senator got to do with it?"

"He had a job for me the Draft Board figured was more important than fighting. I'm deferred for six months, whether I like it or not."

"The hell you say!" A quick and sober interest flooded Big Red's face. "What's this job you got?"

"It's for all of us." We're logging Bill Bishop's spruce."

Big Red's mouth came open, unbreathing. He looked blankly at the ground for a long moment. Then, slowly, he let his breath go.

"Great snares and bear traps!"

"Sakes alive!" Addie gasped.

White Hope went "Whoooeee!" like a steam siren. He left the porch at a dead run, jumping fences all the way to Angel Murphy's shack. He kicked the door open and disappeared. A moment later he came out with a bottle of wine. Sitting on the porch, he tipped the bottle up.

Murphy screamed, "Sacristo! You thief!"

And he ran down the street to tear the bottle away from White Hope, to tip it up himself, and then to hand it back. Rack grinned. It was indeed a great day in Broken River when Angel Murphy would hand any bottle back. Roughhouse and Swede hurried that way.

"That senator . . ." Big Red wagged his head. "There ain't a loggin' outfit in the Northwest that wouldn't give its last saw for that spruce. But he got it for us. We must be better'n I think we are."

"It wasn't us," Rack told him, "it was the railroad. And the six thou-

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sand earnest money Clyde put up. He went into hock for it."

"Oh!" Addie gasped.

Big Red turned to her. "He ain't standin' to lose it. That spruce'll put us all in clover."

"Maybe," Rack Tinker said, and his lean face was sober. "There're a couple of hooks that might hang us. Equipment, for instance. We'll need a couple of cats, twenty-six hundred feet of main-line, big cable, and a lot of little stuff. We'll have a job getting it, what with priorities and our no-good credit."

"We got to have a jammer," Big Red said.

RACK laughed. "Like we got to have three legs apiece." He shot a grin at Addie. "This's what comes of lettin' him read equipment catalogues all winter."

Big Red set his jaw. "They're a good rig."

"Sure," Rack agreed. "We could load a lot of log cars in a day with a jammer. But they're expensive chunks of machinery. Too expensive. You don't know it, but we're going to have a hell of a time gettin' enough logs across that canyon to meet the first stumpage payment."

"My Lord!" Big Red waved his hands. "For two years you been tellin' me how you'd log that spruce. Make mountains o' money, you says. Now you ain't so sure."

"I didn't figure on Sara Bishop."

"What's she got to do with it?"

"She's got her mother's power of attorney," Rack said. He told them what Sara had said on the ride to camp. "She's out to cut our throats. I'm not sure but what she can."

Big Red said, "That don't make sense to me. We got that stand of myrtlewood. An' as long's we got the contract we ought to be able to borrow money from the bank."

"Money trouble isn't the only kind of trouble."

"Damn! An' I had that Bishop kid figured for a nice little package."

"She is," Rack said. "But this is business. She thinks there's been a mistake made and that it's up to her to fix it. If the fixing busts us, it's too bad, but it's still business."

"Maybe we can talk her out of it," Big Red said.

"We can try," Rack said.

The speeder chugged into view. Rack and Big Red went to meet it. Big Red cornered Stump to tell him the news. Rack helped Sara Bishop to the ground.

"Did you like what you saw?" he asked.

Sara Bishop brushed dirt from her ski pants, looking up at him with cool eyes. "Not enough to change my mind about the contract."

"You're tough," Rack said.

"Yes," she said. "I have to be."

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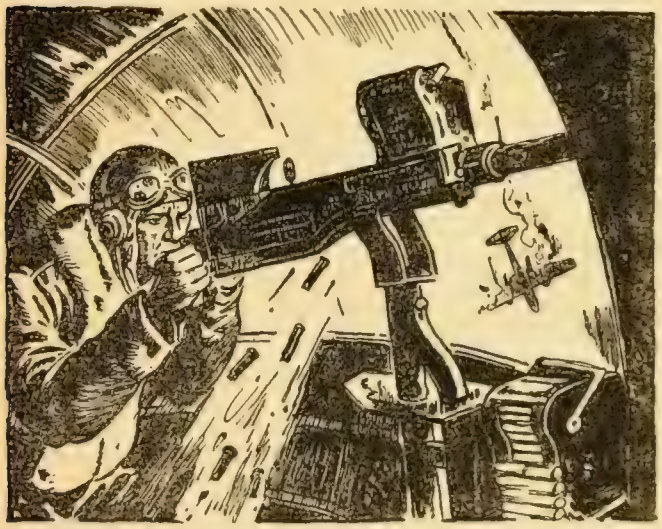
*Can Rack and Big Red get Sara to change her mind? And what is the dangerous secret the lanky man knows? Follow this unusual and exciting new novel next week.*

# TORPEDO 8

Continued from Page 32

shot at by it, for antiaircraft fire to climb up from muzzle to target. Two dive bombers had come up from the carrier with Torpedo 8, and Swede, while waiting in his mind for the shells to explode and show where they were, looked around for them, and saw little black specks off a way and saw them get bigger until they got as big as small birds, and recognized them for Zeros coming toward him—two or three or maybe half a dozen Zeros, maybe more, off in the west there, tearing along to head him off. Then strange black chrysanthemum-shaped puffs of smoke flowered in the sky directly ahead of him and began to walk toward him, each flowerlike puff with large hurtling chunks of steel for petals, and he began to jink and corkscrew and thought, "Where the hell are those dive bombers at?" and figured they must be climbing, and wondered bitterly why it was that dive bombers always felt they needed to dive off the top of the sky when eight or ten thousand feet would be enough to give them all the velocity possible.

He kept forcing his throttle over as far as it could



go, trying to push it past the farthest point, and kept one eye on the instrument panel and the other on those ominous puffs of smoke. He hadn't the time to worry about the dive bombers any more—just hoped that they would be riding their fly ball down into the glove when the time came, and hadn't the time to worry about the Zeros coming up. That was his gunners' job, to worry about them, and he'd know soon enough that the Zeros were there when he heard the machine guns working. That was one sound he would surely hear—the soft, insistent chugging of the machine guns.

Swede steered straight for the antiaircraft fire. That would keep the Zeros off. They'd run around the antiaircraft fire, he thought, and wait to pick him up when he came out of it. This antiaircraft fire was his funeral, he thought—why should they stick themselves into it?—and next thing heard a whiplike crack slam viciously against his ears. The plane flew out from under his hands. The tail went up, the nose down, then sideways, then up and down at once, wiggling, as the concussion from a near burst tossed it in its irresistible currents.

Swede fought the plane back into control and got it jinking and corkscrewing again.

The cloud to hide behind seemed a long way off. It didn't seem to be getting any closer. Swede wondered, agonizedly, if the purple-colored air of the twilight had thrown off his depth perception, if they would not have had a better chance going right head-on into the target instead of swinging around and coming in astern of it. But that cloud had looked so good! Maybe that was what had happened. The cloud had looked so good, he had wanted so much that it be in the right place, his hunger for that had thrown his judgment off and warped his depth perception and maybe even made him put a cloud where there wasn't any at all.

They were in the middle of the antiaircraft fire now. It was whipping and smacking all around them, ahead and under and over and behind them, and Swede worked on that. He threw his plane where the last shells had burst, figuring the gunners would correct their aim to where he had been, and did that a dozen times, each time being right—and then suddenly was in blank, utter quiet behind the cloud. The Zeros were out back somewhere, pouring on the coal and gaining.

Swede took this in at a glance, and took in the whole purpled-over peace of the air behind the cloud. Then he wheeled into a screaming power dive and hurtled into the cloud. The last thing he saw was the rest of the flight wheeling with him, and behind them a Zero with its tracer bullets reaching out ahead of it like wild, flinging fingers. After that the cloud closed around him. The cloud pressed against the window and muffled the plane, then thinned again into scud that raced like birds, and finally, abruptly, was no more. They were out in the open now and had hit their approach right on the nose.

### Vengeance for Midway

The Jap ships were dead ahead of them. Swede thought of that for a moment. He had that moment. The Jap guns had been reaching for the planes in the cloud but had been firing too high. The planes had gone up to the cloud at seven thousand feet, and had been in the cloud about fifteen seconds, and had come out of it skimming the water. Those planes were so low down now that a man could hang his hat on them. And the dive bombers were not there. No, God knows where they were, but they were not there, and it was going to be like Midway—just like Midway, with a rut to travel along, and the Japs having nothing to do but pour enough steel into the rut to drown a plane, no less hit it. The thought rose screaming in Swede, and he fought it down and looked around. The whole flight was right up there with him, and Zeros too. The Zeros were hot to get them and were riding the antiaircraft with them, two, three, five Zeros streaking out of the clouds with scud streaming off their wings like the smoke of battle.

He had time to count five Zeros, or think he had counted five, when again the steadily jinking corkscrewing plane flew out of his hands, its pedals butting roughly at his feet. The Jap gunners had dropped down on him and were bracketing him. For a minute, in his despair over the rut he was traveling down, he thought, the hell with it, and went straight into the fire, and saw the smoke of the explosion coil lazily over the windshield, and saw it torn away by the speed with which he was moving. Concussions were grabbing at his plane steadily, now, as with hands, and his head jounced so that it was hard to see his instruments. But he had been shaken out of his despair.

"That's good," he thought of the concussions; "they make me harder to hit"—and began diving toward bursts, first to one side, then to the other, and up and down, hoping that the Jap gunners would be smart enough to correct their aim, counting on them to be smart enough, knowing that if they were too dumb to do that they'd kill him sure.

The Jap ships were close now. Swede had a big black cruiser right up against his eyes. All the ships were keeping formation, waiting for torpedoes to drop and pumping their guns steadily. There must have been twenty thousand pairs of eyes there, straining to see what he was going to do and straining to act on what he was going to do. He leveled off and held level ten seconds. The ships wouldn't break formation. They didn't believe him. He leveled off again, and held it and held it until his brain felt so full of fright it seemed bursting. Still the Jap ships didn't break formation. Those Japs were tough, the toughest they could be, and fooling around wasn't going to get them.

He was past the light cruisers now, in between them and some destroyers. They were throwing broadsides at him from both sides, and stuff was going past him from both sides and killing Japs. But they didn't care about that. They couldn't, not then, not with a torpedo hung up there in the belly of a plane for them to shoot at. That was the thing to get—the torpedo.

Then the whole set-up swam sluggishly into focus for Swede, and he let go of his torpedo and swung away. He saw the Jap ships break formation, and saw the little

bubbling streak of the wake of another torpedo going through the water like a pencil stripe, and wishing it the best of luck, he threw himself into the job of getting away from there. The Jap guns were still after him, chasing him, even overrunning him, and he whipped and ducked and sashayed along like a little boy pumping his legs so fast they became bowlegged.

And right in the middle of that, a voice startled him, saying, "Nice work, Swede. You got him square in the belly," and he looked around open-mouthed before realizing the words had come through the earphones and the voice was Jack Elders', one of the dive bombers.

Most of the antiaircraft fire had stopped now. Only the heavy stuff was reaching this far. That meant the Zeros would be on him to chop him down any minute now. He looked around him. He couldn't see any Zeros. He couldn't see anything, not ships or any planes. The sky had darkened so rapidly in those five or six minutes of the attack that it was practically night now. It was very quiet.

"Is everybody all right?" said Swede into the interphone.

"O. K. here, sir," the tunnel gunner said.

"O. K. here, sir," said the turret gunner.

"That's good, because it was some piece of business down there and I didn't know—I mean, hell, well, I'm glad we're all right now."

Once the planes had dropped their torpedoes, the team broke up and it was every man for himself. The doors in the joint were all knocked down now. Each man chose his own exit and trampled the air down getting out through it.

Frenchy Fayle was going so fast, he thought if he ever turned he'd break his plane in two. So he threw himself right over the cruiser his torpedo was aiming at. His gunners worked a lather up on their machine-gun muzzles, blowing down buckets of bullets at the ship. Then the fellows came out of it, they didn't know where, somewhere, all alone in the middle of the quiet empty evening.

Taurman couldn't get his bomb-bay doors up. They had opened all right and the torpedo had dropped through them all right, but then they wouldn't come up. Something had hit them and snarled them, and Taurman had to go lumbering along like that through all that stuff, like a man trying to run with his pants fallen down around his ankles.

Then he saw what looked like Barnum and Ries going along ahead and above and far from him, and he wallowed and lumbered in their direction. He knew Zeros were around somewhere, probably looking for more fight. Unless he was up in formation with the others, the Zeros would not get much fight out of him. They'd just be potting a pillow sailing clumsily in the wind.

Swede made out the two dive bombers high above the clouds, going off to the north where the last light of day still clung in a pale, tired way. He caught the final blackly twinkling flicker of them as they dipped themselves into and twirled through some evil brew of their own. A battleship, he heard over his radio—a Jap battleship that seemed to be trying to help out a burning Jap carrier. He knew now why the dive bombers hadn't come in with him on the cruisers. They had been high enough up to see the other fatter target, and had wanted to grab it up, and had felt Swede's fellows could take care of themselves.

Then Barnum and Ries came into place alongside him. He asked them if they were all right. They could hear him, but they couldn't answer. Their radios had been shot out. They waggled and waved an "all O.K." and the three planes circled some more, giving Fayle and Taurman another chance to join up.

Fayle and Taurman kept groping around through the darkening night. They couldn't find anything. Swede kept calling them. They never heard him, because their radios had gone too. Swede was still calling them when machine guns started to chug. There was a Jap biplane with twin floats hitting at them. Lawrence, the tunnel gunner, had his guns working good. Swede could see the tracers flying out into the night like cinders from an engine stack, hitting the Jap in pelts and ricocheting off him. That meant real slugs were going into him.

But he kept coming on. He was a very cheeky Jap. He made a rush low down, and Swede saw him try to come up under, and threw his tired mind into this new battle. He swung his plane in a tight turn. The guns were silent a moment, then started chugging again, hesitantly, and then fell silent. The Jap was gone. He had either been shot down or had got swallowed up by the night. And then Swede said harshly, "Let's get the hell out of here." He was sick over Taurman and Fayle.

FAYLE was adding up his gasoline. He knew he'd never get home now. He had no radio left, and without a radio he couldn't find the carrier. He was trying to figure out how much more time he could give his luck to find him something to sit down on.

Taurman had sent the tracers cindering up the sky and lumbered after them desperately. Then a lone Jap, on the prowl, jumped him, and Taurman wheeled over and took bullets in the belly of his plane, and squared off, like some dying bulldog, for the fight. But the Jap was gone. He had pressed past his prey and had lost him somewhere in the night. The whole night was like that, electric with a death that groped blindly for victims. And when Taurman got to where he had seen the tracers, everybody was gone and he was alone again.

The exhausted men flew on in their separate ways, Swede with Barnum and Ries, Taurman and Fayle alone.

Taurman was the first to go into the water. He found the island of San Cristobal, and went along it low to see if there were Japs on it. Nobody shot at the plane. "Well," he thought, "that means yes, or no, or maybe. Either there are no Japs or there are Japs and maybe they are afraid to shoot." He passed back the word to the crew to guard their small arms, and lowered the plane into the water so gently, so expertly, that nobody was hurt or even jarred very badly.

Then Frenchy went down. He found an island, too, a small one, and was afraid to leave it. He found it when he had only a few minutes' gasoline left, and circled there, thinking, "Well, now it will be easy; now all we have to do is live until we die." He was very reluctant to sit down. A dead-stick landing in the water with a land plane is no job for an exhausted pilot. Still he was reluctant, and clung to the air, and clung and clung, until at last he was very close to the water, and then suddenly

was in it, scrambling for a raft that was bobbing alongside the drowning plane.

"My mother told me never to get my feet wet," the turret gunner remarked as they lifted themselves into the raft.

While Taurman was going along San Cristobal to see if Japs would shoot at him, and Fayle was bobbing dully in the milk-warm sea, Swede, Barnum, and Ries put their planes down safely on the carrier.

Bruce had a story to tell. He told it laconically. He had found the carrier Ryujo with some Zeros around it. The rest of this carrier's force of planes were off hitting our carrier. They had hit it, too, but not badly—not so badly that it would not be back in action again soon.

The Ryujo had not been so fortunate. Torpedo 8 had left it smoking and burning.

"Was it tough?" asked Swede.

Bruce took a long time answering. He seemed to be searching for words at the bottom of his mind. "What do you think?" he replied at last.

"I think we got this thing licked," said Swede; "don't you?"

"It looks like it."

"If we can do this without any help, what are we going to do when we get help—dive bombers, fighter support, co-ordinated attack? It will be a picnic. We'll go over them like ants over a picnic!"

### Tackling the Tokyo Express

THE official war diary of Torpedo 8 discloses that on August 28 news was received that John Taurman and crew had been retrieved from their tropical retreat intact, and that on August 30 Frenchy Fayle and crew were recovered. August 31, the diary declares, the carrier got "pickled."

This is the quaint Navy way of reporting that a submarine blew a hole into the carrier with a torpedo. However, life belts were not needed. The torpedo had had no luck. It had blown a considerable hole, but had killed no one and had not actually done anything a shipyard couldn't undo. After that the carrier went home for patching, and Torpedo 8 flew to a New Hebrides base.

Two battles for the Solomons had now been fought. Three more remained to go before the Japs would finally admit that Guadalcanal was not for them. In the first battle we had gained the island and lost four cruisers. Then the Japs had tried to do business on land and failed, and tried to do business on sea and failed.

Now the Japs changed their tactics. Now they decided to concert their attacks and let loose a whole symphony of destruction, with planes as the wind instruments, ships as the brass section, and troops for percussion.

Through August the Marines had been ranging over the island in a bushfighting war. Japs would land in relatively small parties, and parties of Marines would take out after them and wipe them out. But toward the end of August and in September the Japs put into operation their famous "Tokyo Express"—a sea train which ran nightly in the dark of the moon and landed troops in such quantities that small parties of Marines could no longer do anything against them. Now it was no longer bushfighting but war, engaging all the forces available.

This posed a problem for us. Our available forces were required to protect Henderson Field. With the sea open to the Japs, we could not send our land forces chasing their land forces all over the island. We had to keep bunched up around the airport. All the Japs had to do was throw a line around our bunch and build up their strength behind that line with the Tokyo Express.

The Tokyo Express ran in the dark of the moon and used destroyers, frequently with a cruiser escort. They'd dump men and supplies on the beach a few miles up or down from Henderson Field. Then the warships would steam over to Henderson Field and "throw rocks"—as our fellows used to describe it—trying to blow up the air force so that there wouldn't be anything looking for them when daylight came.

When daylight came, the Jap ships would be far away. The planes would go after them, but they seldom had any luck. There was too much weather to hide under, and too many tree-sheltered island coves to duck into.

Henderson Field was so situated on Guadalcanal that ships heading for it, whether from the east or the west, had to pass through a long relatively narrow channel between islands. This channel became known to Marine and Army flyers as "the slot" and to Navy flyers as "the groove." Our flyers spent hazardous moments there mauling the Tokyo Express.

Torpedo 8 went hustling up the groove the morning of September 16, going like a bee that has suddenly found out where the honey is.

There were dive bombers along, and this time it figured to be the picnic Torpedo 8 had been waiting for. Not really a picnic, just the regulation line of work. But a regulation job of work, the kind of job a man expected to get and was trained to, always seemed a picnic in those wild early days in the Pacific, where everybody had to do what had to be done, not what he was supposed to do. And when anybody got to do what he was supposed to do he had that riding-on-plush feeling.

The honey our fellows were looking for was made up of three Jap light cruisers and four destroyers. The target was located at nine forty-five in the morning, up there somewhere between Bougainville and Choiseul. The three cruisers were in a column and the destroyers were splayed out skittishly around them. There were good clouds for Torpedo 8 to hide behind, but Swede decided to play it cagy and not hide at all, and just go in slow and casual in a friendly way.

The torpedo planes held back. The dive bombers hit first. With the cruisers steaming in line, Swede maneuvered to come in on them on the bow. That way they could turn only to port or starboard to evade the torpedoes, and either way they turned, they would be lined up broadside for the attack.

The squadron came in straight. They did not jink or corkscrew. They hung in the sky like the side of a barn for any Jap gunners who cared to fire. But the ruse was working. The Japs concentrated on the dive bombers and decided the torpedo planes were friendly, or, anyway, would go into a cloud before launching their attack.

It was very nervous going along like that, wide open for an attack, about to become a dead pigeon any time any trigger on any one of the hundreds of guns down there was pulled. But Swede stuck to it, and the fellows stuck with him, floating along—when, wham! the trigger was pulled and the whole sky boiled up and thrashed and erupted under antiaircraft fire.

Then Torpedo 8 raced. They were only three thousand yards away from the ships by then. That was what had given them away—the fact that they had come so close and were still coming. But at that distance there were only fifteen seconds to go before the torpedoes could be launched, and the Japs knew it. The Japs are lightning calculators, too—as good as we are at the arithmetic of death—and seemed to know that even if they killed off every plane of the squadron it was too late now to stop the torpedoes from dropping. They had waited too long. They had been tricked too well, and the arithmetic seemed to unnerve them. Their guns hit nothing. The Jap cruiser command seemed all unnerved, too. For the three ships in line wheeled a stately line to starboard, clinging in their turn to that same foolish fatal line. The vision of the last cruiser was obscured by those ahead of it, and that was the one that got all its insides torn out and was left gaped open and floundering awkwardly in the water like some disemboweled fish.

The fire was heavy on the way out, but all the planes were out of it, and they all had a good time riding the breeze back home and thinking what a picnic life is when there's enough stuff on hand to do an attack up right.

### Fast and Furious

THE Japs kept coming at night and kept trying to hide by day. Our planes would go all over everywhere looking for them, and, when somebody would spot a Jap force, the aviators had a job of work on their hands and ran to it.

Torpedo 8 lived in tents they had put up themselves in a coconut grove. There they learned some things about war that a man can't learn flying around in the air looking down at the subject. The coconut grove was nicely pruned of brush and creepers so that you could count on seeing snipers before they got to where they could hurt you. But bombs falling there, and shells, had a bad habit of hitting the trees and bursting in the air overhead and showering their stuff in a downward spray instead of upward as when they hit the ground. That made the holes you lay in small protection. Fellows lying in holes out in open ground had to have a direct hit to get killed, but when you were under trees you had a good chance of getting it from shrapnel.

Then the men acquired a more accurate appreciation of bombs and of the difficulties in the way of doing damage with them. They found out how astonishingly little damage bombs can do, particularly to people. The guns we had on Guadalcanal in those days didn't have any of the latest gadgets on them for blind shooting, but during bombings they generally managed to kill more Japs in the air than the Japs did of us on the ground.

IN THE meantime, between bombings and shellings and searches for targets that weren't there and hits at targets found by accident, Swede got dengue fever, and lay cooking in it while Bruce Harwood took over.

On October 1 Engel, Dye, Divine, and Ries had a go at four destroyers that were legging it up the groove.

Two days later Ries again, and Evarts and Mears, found a heavy cruiser and two destroyers in the groove, northwest of Russell Island, and went in on it. The cruiser was left smoking and listing in the water.

Every one of these missions meant hot fighting, but actually weather was the worst of it. The weather blinded the men in the sky. They, of course, had instruments to "see" with, but flying on instruments is not a joy in enemy country and over islands mapped only in hit-or-miss patches as war missions carried planes over them. Particularly it is not a joy where you have to go low, sometimes skimming the water, to give yourself a chance to see ships and keep out of those muscular thunderheads. And when you go low you find out that black clouds there have a habit of sitting right on the water, and mist has a habit of gathering around the feet of an island and covering those feet so that the island seems to be a black cloud suspended in gray air. And altogether it's hard to be sure, sometimes until it's too late, whether you're up against fluff that can't hurt you or a volcano or mountain that is going to kill you.

The nights were even tougher. There were nights that were so thick a fellow taking off into them was flying on instruments before he got to the end of the runway. Finding your way home on such a night was a job to make anybody gray. For, about fifteen seconds or so, plane time, south of Henderson Field were eight thousand feet of mountains, and a man groping around low, looking for the field, say with his instruments thrown all out of whack from the jarrings of machine-gun fire, knew he had only those fifteen seconds to fool around with. If he banked too soon he'd never find anything, and if he banked too late he'd knock his brains out.

All this searching and probing and acting with God for a guide must be about what happened to John Taurman and the two fellows with him on the last night they ever spent in the air. The night of October 6, about ten o'clock, Taurman went up to Cape Esperance with Esders and Doggett to bomb some newly landed Jap supply dumps on the beach. They did glide-bombing and Esders got a direct hit, a regular boom-boomer followed by fires.

"I think I'm a little high," Red Doggett said. "I'm going down to have a look."

His landing lights dipped into the blackness, and then dipped more steeply. Esders banked around, and suddenly he saw a reflection of Red's exhaust stacks bouncing and bobbing on the darkness and streaking along it. Red couldn't see the reflections. They were back of him. It took Esders a moment to realize that the reflections were coming off the water, and that Red, still going down to see where he was, was going right into the water.

"Red!" he screamed into the radio. "Red, for God's sake!" And then Red's plane hit the water a smack, and bounced a hundred and fifty feet into the air, and turned over on its back before dropping into the sea again.

Lawrence and Hayes were in the plane with Red. Esders sat still, holding himself in, waiting for Red's plane to blow up or catch on fire. But nothing like that happened. The darkness below remained dark. Then Esders began to circle, going lower and lower, looking for Red. Taurman had been with him at the start. Then Taurman was gone, groping off by himself somewhere in the darkness, and Esders circled alone before finally coming back in.

Finally all the planes were accounted for, except John Taurman's. Bruce said, the hell with sweating, he'd go out and bring him back. Some of Lou Kirn's dive-bombing boys said to count them in on that, and they all took off together, going on instruments before they got to the end of the runway.

The planes all kept together at first and about twenty minutes out ran into a crystal-clear patch of air with, right in the middle of it, a Jap destroyer that opened up on them with all its guns at once. Kirn's fellows had bombs with them. Bruce's plane wasn't loaded. He had just taken the first Avenger that was at hand, not figuring to run into anything. So Kirn's men grouped themselves for an attack and Bruce went on by himself. Then the weather swallowed him up.

It was very eerie there, like being in the middle of a cave filled with cotton. He kept talking to John through the radio, and then, abruptly, John aswered him. "Bruce," he said, "where in the hell are you?"

"I'm here," said Bruce. He felt so happy at finding John that for a moment he couldn't make sense. "Where are you?"

"I'm here, too, but I don't know where here is at."

The planes must have been very close together, but they couldn't see each other. Bruce gave him a course. "Just follow me in," he said.

"I don't know whether I'm following you or going away from you or going into you or what."

"Just keep talking, that's all. There's clear weather about ten minutes from here, with a dead Jap in the middle of it."

"How do you know he's dead?"

"Dead or dying. Kirn's boys are hitting him."

"If he's dying, he's got company. That's the way I feel now."

"Don't talk like that," said Bruce—"but keep talking." He knew that, as long as they could hear each other, they were not going away from each other.

"I've had so many narrow escapes tonight going down low to look where I am that I think I've used up all my luck," said John.

THOSE were the last words heard from John.

Lieutenant John Taurman, R. J. Bradley, A. R. M. third class, and J. Robak, seaman first class, went into the water finally somewhere in the vicinity of San Cristobal. Their plane had run out of gasoline. They were all pretty well dead beat by then, but John had iron in him and fought the plane to a perfect landing in the trough of a wave, and the three got out and into a rubber boat.

Some time later in the night they heard a plane overhead. It might have been Bruce or it might have been a Jap. The fellows shot off a flare anyway. Something went wrong with it, and instead of shooting into the air it shot right through the bottom of the boat, tearing the bottom wide open.

The rim of the boat kept afloat and the three young men sat on the rim, their feet in the water. They had no food and no water, and nothing at all to substitute or keep the sun off. Everything they had taken along had gone down with the bottom of the boat and that crazy flare. If they wanted to sleep, they had to sleep in the water with one arm clutching the raft.

They went on like this for two days. The sun was very hot in the daytime and the wind was chilly raw at night. They could see land far off every once in a while. That was the worst of it. The current there carried them

in a big ellipse, swinging them along the shore and close to it, then out to sea, then back to shore.

After two days of it, Bradley said he was going to swim. "At least," he declared, "you have a chance that way. This way, we'll be riding around on a merry-go-round until we're skeletons. Then our skeletons will be riding around on the merry-go-round."

By that time Taurman and Robak were too weak to argue with him. Bradley went over the side. "Keep your chins up," he said. "I'll send help and a case of ice-cold beer."

Bradley swam across the current. For a long time he couldn't get very far. He used up the best of his strength and still was close enough to the boat to hear the queer sucking noises the water made as it splashed against it. But he kept on. His arms seemed to weigh tons, and when he kicked his legs the pain of doing so traveled all the way up to him into his head.

After eight hours of that, he fainted, and drifted like a corpse in the sea. Then a miracle happened to him. He had got past the ellipse into a new kind of current, and this current carried him along over the coral reefs and washed him slowly onto the shore.

Natives found him there. His body was a mass of pain. Where it had not been burned into blisters by the salt water, it was cut by coral. The natives were puzzled that he was still alive.

When Bradley told about the boat caught in the ellipse, the natives put out after it in their canoes. But they couldn't find it, and nobody ever did find the boat again, or Taurman or Robak.

Swede got the news the next day, and climbed out of bed. "I want to go back up there, sir," he told Admiral Fitch, commander of air in the South Pacific, "and put some planes together and do some damage."

He and Earnest flew back to Guadalcanal together, six hundred miles by dead reckoning because they couldn't wait for a navigator. Swede always flew with Earnest, the veteran of Midway, when he could. Earnest was rock steady in a formation.

They hit Guadalcanal on the nose. It seems to have been quite a thing to do. Two more planes tried it the next day and got lost and had to sit down in the water. After that Admiral Fitch stopped that kind of business, rush or no rush.

**Airmen Can Fight from the Ground**

DURING the night of Tuesday, October 13, starting at about eleven o'clock, a Jap battleship force stood off Lunga Beach and bombarded Henderson Field. They threw high explosives in diameters ranging from five to fourteen inches for more than three hours. Then they steamed jubilantly away.

There were men who, to ease their nerves by giving themselves something to do besides crouch and quake, tried to count the number of shells fired per minute. But the explosions were so intertwined their task was impossible. General Vandergrift's estimate is "something between fifty thousand and one hundred thousand."

The Japs rapidly walked their shells up and down and back and forth across an area about two miles long until there wasn't a single blade of grass that had not felt at least the hot breath of an explosion. It was the most concentrated bombardment Americans had endured in this war up to that time, and, according to veterans of both wars, matched anything the Germans visited upon the Americans in France.

Swede was wondering how many planes would be fit for flying in the morning. There were fires going in patches all over Henderson Field, and in the clear lavender-colored light of Jap star shells smoke could be seen piling up into the sky.

"Well," thought Swede, "anyway, we made them sorry they pulled the trigger at Midway." Some Marines had come back a little while before with a report on territory they occupied immediately after Torpedo 8 had bombed it. They had had to bury four hundred and seven Japs there. And there had been dead Japs on every ship they had hit. Then there was the strafing they had done and the land bombing. Nobody would ever know the score Torpedo 8 had made, but it was respectable. That was sure; very respectable.

When the bombardment was finished, thousands of Army men, Marines, and Navy men crawled out of their holes in the shelled area. They were green-faced and damp with the sweat of agony, but unhurt. Only eight of them had been killed and eighteen wounded. The rest were anxious to kill any Jap they could get their hands on.

However, in the morning Torpedo 8 discovered it had no planes left. Some had suffered direct hits, and of these only holes could be found to mark the places where they had once been. Others had been minced up into a hash by shrapnel, and Peterkin and Hammond, after careful investigation, decided that with the best of luck only three torpedo planes would ever fly again.

It looked like Bataan all over again. Some of the fellows said it and more of them thought it. The Japs were landing brazenly up the beach within sight of our positions, and they had a line out to keep our ground forces from getting at them.

Major Jack Cram of the Marines made a suicide torpedo run in a PBY on two Jap transports. The PBY, a dignified, portly, and leisurely plane, jinked like an old lady in corsets trying to do a Highland fling. But we were using everything we had that day and the next, including unarmed guts, and Major Cram got away with it. He delivered his torpedoes and came home.

A dive bomber went rattling and groaning up to the tee, then paused. A major came running to find out what was the matter. "My hydraulics and hand crank both have been shot up," the pilot said. "I can't get the landing gear up, or the flaps."

The major had to scream to make himself heard above the motor. "You see those Japs there?" He pointed over the hill to the beach. "They're coming here to kill you and me. It's a question of killing them first."

"I know," the pilot said. "I wasn't complaining. I was just telling you."

Then the dive bomber took off. With the landing flaps down, he couldn't get up any speed. His plane went a few yards down the runway and then swooped up into the air like a badminton bird. Everybody ran to the hill to see how he made out against the transports. He dropped on them like a feather. He couldn't dive at all, not power-dive with his landing gear and landing flaps

sticking out into the air and holding him back. But he came down vertically just the same, twisting slowly and gently like a falling feather, and he dropped square and came home, too, without knowing just how or why.

Swede thought it looked like Bataan, too. He had orders to evacuate all the Torpedo 8 crews he could not use. "Hell," he said, "we don't need planes to get Japs. The Japs are coming to us now. We don't have to fly after them. All we have to do is stay where we are and shoot them down."

Some of the fellows left on the destroyer MacFarland. The Japs dive-bombed it before it started to move, and knocked off most of its stern. Bert Edmonds got killed that way, making Torpedo 8's ninth fatality since Midway. The rest of the men on the destroyer helped in the saga of its homeward voyage. But that's another story, a remarkable one, but not a tale of torpedo bombers.

"Well, fellows," said Swede wryly to those who were left, "you are going to have something to tell to your grandchildren, after all." He had been given Tommy guns, rifles, and hand grenades by the Marines and he distributed them to his men. Then he moved them up to the line, where Major Mahoney, Captain Aaronson, and Lieutenant Wallace welcomed them hastily.

They were given secondary positions, and Captain Aaronson helped Swede space his men and told him what to watch out for. "It's very ABC around here," he said. "Just wait until you see a Jap. Then kill him."

**Back Into the Air**

Major Mahoney, who was living his last days while the plane in which he was to die was being repaired by Hammond, and Captain Aaronson, who was to distinguish himself shortly when wounded by getting off his stretcher to knock out some Japs bothering friends of his, were the very best of hosts.

The fellows in Torpedo 8 remember their land fighting mostly as a blur of shooting and throwing grenades in the direction of sounds, though they couldn't see who was making them. During the day they'd go back to the airfield to see how the maintenance men were making out with the planes, and at night they'd go up and drowse through the gunfire on the line.

So it was quite a relief for Torpedo 8 to get back into the air. The first plane to come off the Peterkin-Hammond reassembly line looked like a homemade bird. It had wings from one plane, an engine from another, and patches of tail from a third. Hammond and Ike Hallam both agreed it wouldn't fly. One of the wings seemed out of line to them.

But Swede tried it, anyway. Anything at all was better than nothing. Swede used up the whole runway for his take-off, and then, when he finally wabbled into the air, he found that one wing dragged a little. But at least he was flying. And he flew well enough to mop up a Jap gun position that had been bothering us.

Then he made another attack on another gun position, and in the evening Hansen took over the plane. It was a clear beautifully moonlit night, and it was believed the guns would show up in it. Or, if they didn't, their muzzle flashes would.

His first trip out, Hansen hit some Jap ammunition and lit a fire that everybody on Henderson Field watched with interest. Then Major Mahoney, who had come down the line for a visit, said it took a land fighter to spot gun positions and offered to go along and help.

Francis and MacNamara made room for him and Hansen took off again. They went along pretty high in plain sight of the field. Then suddenly they could be seen diving for an attack, disappearing into the darkness behind a hill.

Everybody waited for the plane to reappear again. There were sharp sounds of firing and the rumbling *crump* of falling bombs. Then silence. And still the plane did not come back up over the hill.

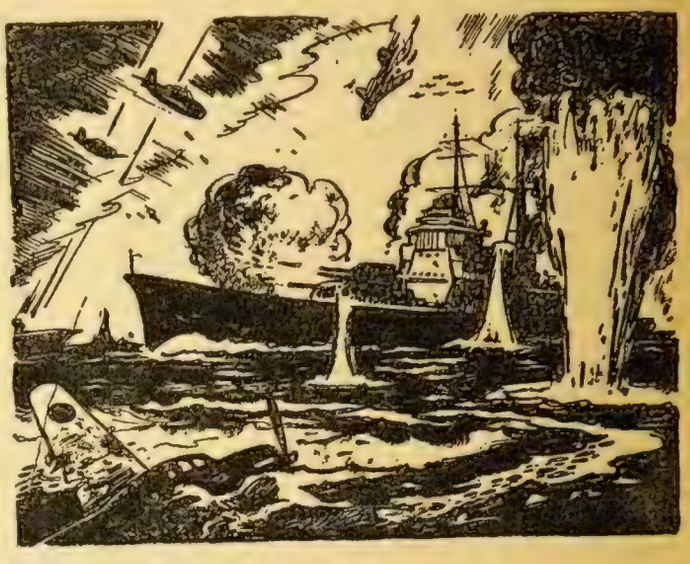
Then there could be seen a flicker of fire, like a flaming onion, whisking briefly along the trees and disappearing into the sea. The Japs had set Hansen's plane on fire, and Hansen, too low for anybody to bail out, had crashed his plane into the water before it had time to explode.

Hansen, Francis, and MacNamara got out of the drowning plane practically unhurt, but Major Mahoney went all the way down to the bottom with it.

The battle raged steadily from October 22 to 27, but our forces would not flatten, so the Japs broke off the action and set the Tokyo Express rumbling to bring in reinforcements.

Torpedo 8 and the Tokyo Express got going in different directions on the same track at the same time: five twenty-five, November 7, a Saturday night. There were eleven enemy ships in the party. There were twenty enemy planes there, too, and Torpedo 8 consisted of three planes—Divine's, Evarts', and Larsen's—although Torpedo 8 was not all there was of American contribution to the festivities. Major Joe Sailer (now listed as missing in action) brought Marine dive bombers along, and there were fighters too.

Swede led the attack. As against the other cruiser on that August twilight which now seemed so many life-



times past, there was a cloud hanging behind the target out of which the planes could dart and be right on top of where they were going. Swede headed for this cloud. Then suddenly he saw Joe Sailer cut athwart him, Zeros on his tail, and signaled him to join up. But Joe wanted to solve his own problems without interfering with the torpedo attack, and refused to join up, and instead zoomed upward, his rear gunner flailing out and all around him.

The brawl going on upstairs—as the aviators call it—tumbled down the stairs now and was all around the torpedo planes. An air fight, Roy Simpler once said, after coming out of one of them, is like a dozen bees in a glass jar. Swede and Evarts and Divine went steadily through all the bees, and Divine had bad luck. Two Zeros jumped him.

Divine had R. L. Shively as his tunnel gunner and C. E. Monroe as his turret gunner. Monroe got one of the Zeros and saw it hit the water, and was looking around for the other Zero when Shively screamed through the radio, "Oh, the dirty bastards!" and the plane dived into the cloud. "I'm hit," said Shively.

They all kept going. That was the theory they had—whatever happened, to keep going until stopped. But they were not in formation any more. The dogfight had split them up so that each man was on his own.

This Jap cruiser was craftier than the other had been. As soon as the torpedo planes went into the cloud, it swung over toward it too, and was waiting under it when Swede came out. It threw up a whole fanfare of stuff to greet him, and Swede saw that he was too close to drop and made a big U-turn back into the cloud. It was like a thing by Charlie Chaplin, with Chaplin, on the run, getting into the wrong place, jittering around on one foot, and running out again as fast as he had come. But it didn't seem funny to Swede at the time, and it didn't seem funny to the Japs, who must have known how ordinarily fatal it is to give a plane two chances to get a bead on you.

There was an unworldly stillness in the cloud. It seemed as remote from the battle on its edge as heaven is from hell. The stillness came right up to the plane, and the propeller thrashed at it and ground it up and seemed to mince the cloud into a thin spume, until finally there was the cruiser, plain before Swede, spitting death at him.

Thirty million dollars' worth of cruiser. Thirty million

dollars' worth of death. Swede pressed the trigger and swung and ducked low. The antiaircraft fire climbed up into the air where it had expected him to be, and then dropped low as he booted himself high into the sky and got himself swallowed up in the unearthly stillness of the cloud. Then in a minute Swede was out of the cloud. Divine's plane was all right. He looked down. The cruiser was crawling like an animal with a broken back. There was a destroyer with flames coming out of its starboard side and fantail, and far off was a torpedo plane, hugging the water low, with tracer shells racing after him and dropping short of him. That was Evarts getting away safely. The water was pocked with the corpses of burning planes. There were thirteen dead planes there, one of them ours.

Then, just as Swede was reaching the horizon, he heard two explosions tremendous enough to reach over all that water and carry above the noise of his own plane and into his sealed cabin. He looked back, startled. The explosions, one on top of the other, had come from the cruiser. The cruiser was enshrouded in smoke.

When Intelligence got the score figured out, they gave the dive bombers hits on one destroyer and counted all three of Torpedo 8's wallops as having landed—two on the cruiser and the third on a second destroyer.

**Farewell to Guadalcanal**

At the end the Japs gave Torpedo 8 a visual demonstration of a torpedo-bombing attack that made the fellows very thoughtful.

Some of the men were down on the beach November 12 to see if any of their friends had come in on the four transports there, when the Japs threw a force of thirty-three planes at the vessels, most of them torpedo bombers.

It was a gray day. There was an overcast, and mottling it were huge accumulations of mouse-gray clouds that made perfect ambush territory for pilots. But only one of the Jap planes lived through the attack, and that one was a Zero, not a torpedo bomber. The twenty to twenty-five Jap torpedo planes managed to live long enough to launch four torpedoes. But these torpedoes hit only the water. The only damage done was when a Jap torpedo plane exploded so close to the cruiser San Francisco that its debris killed eighteen men and burned several others.

The attack was a complete catastrophe for the attackers. The Zeros came over above twenty-five thousand feet, trying to pull our fighters up there and keep them off the torpedo planes. They succeeded, but not for long enough. They got themselves shot down too fast. And then our fighters dived for the torpedo planes, plummeting for their prey at terminal velocity.

The case of Captain Joe Foss, a Marine ace from South Dakota, who raised his kill to twenty-one planes in the course of the day, was typical. He shot down a Zero at twenty-nine thousand feet, dived down to less than three thousand feet, and ended the careers of two torpedo bombers. He drove so rapidly as to defy the laws of physics and was working on his third victim before his first had completed its fall into the sea.

As soon as the alert came, the four transports and their escort pulled away from the beach. They were traveling in column abreast about six or seven miles from the beach when the Jap bombers came out of a cloud about four miles down the beach from where the ships had been. They had used a cloud, but they had used the wrong one, and from where they were they had a run of almost two minutes to their targets, and, in addition, had to run a gantlet of fire from the beach.

This was not yet an inevitably fatal mistake. But it wasn't necessary. There were clouds near the ships that could have provided the Japs cover until the last seconds before the assault. And when the Japs came out of their cloud and saw that their leader had led them into a serious mistake to which they all might succumb, they all, in one way or another, gave way to despair. One actually circled so that his plane looked like a man wringing his hands, and kept circling until a Grumman fighter blew him up. Others scattered out of formation and became easy prey. Still others just gave up jinking and flew to their deaths as if frozen in fear.

It took less than ten minutes for the sound of all firing to stop and a great unnatural quiet to settle upon the gray-colored arena. At the end of that time all the Japs were dead except three—one Zero on his way home, and two others who had survived the crash of their plane and had allowed themselves to be taken prisoner, after killing their officer when he tried to prevent them.

Going back to the airfield, Hammond shook his head. "Gosh," he said, "is that the way you guys make your living?"

"Hell, no," replied Swede. "If that's what we did for a living, we wouldn't live any longer than they did."

"Transports is hitting sitting ducks for us," said Evarts. "Those fellows just threw themselves away."

"They lost their nerve, that's all," said Swede. "If they had just kept on doing what they had to do, they'd have had six or eight seconds' start on those fighter planes. All those fighter planes were sucked out of the play at the beginning by the Zeros."

"They came back into it fast," pointed out Hammond.

"Yes, but in a good torpedo attack fast is never fast enough. If you're a fighter trying to break up an attack, you got to be there when you have to be. Any time you spend getting there is too much time."

DURING those inexorable November days and nights, spotted bloodily by hours and half-hours in which thousands of men died, Henderson Field buzzed and swarmed with activity. Reinforcements came from everywhere and for everybody—for the Army, the Navy, and the Marines, and even the inveterate crap-shooters on Guadalcanal got reinforcements.

In the middle of the battle Torpedo 8 got the news that its long awaited relieving squadron was on the way. But, in the meantime, it still had some loose ends to pick up. A Jap battleship, crippled by cruisers the night before, lay smoking and floundering within sight.

That was November 13, a Friday, and a little after noon Larsen, Evarts, Divine, and Engel, joined by two planes, went up to put some torpedoes into it. The problem was comparatively simple. Although five destroyers were guarding the battleship, there was good cloud cover near it. But Swede was not the man to take chances, not on a Friday the thirteenth, on what was likely to be his last attack mission before going home. So, before taking off, he synchronized watches with Major Joe Sailer, who was leading dive bombers against the ship.

The writer saw Swede go off on that attack, and saw him come back a few moments later, and then took his picture. Swede was carrying his gear when he left. His hair was freshly brushed and he was freshly shaved, as a man should be when he starts off to work. He was smiling, too. The news of the battle was all good. The Navy reinforcements that had come in included many old friends of his, and there was so much gossip back and forth about what So-and-So was doing and what So-and-So had told the Commander, that a man had no time to think of what lay ahead when he got into the air.

Swede was smiling, too, when he got back. His hair was only a little rumpled where his helmet had sat, and he seemed eager as he came up the hill to the ready tent. He said he was eager to hear more gossip. The chances are against that being exactly true. Young men are resilient and recover very rapidly from the shocks of battle. But they are not that resilient. They do not have rubber bands for hearts.

And for a second there, when he was very close to the battleship, it had looked to Swede as if he were not going to live to get his leave. The approach to the target had been planned perfectly. When Swede got into the cloud he had picked as his springboard for the assault, he heard Joe talking to him.

"Mark one," said Joe, and Swede, loitering, held his wrist watch up before him. "Mark two, Mark three, Mark four, and—and—and go!" Then Joe went, and Swede went, their formation following on behind.

A Jap gunner got a bead on Swede. Swede knew it, but he didn't panic. He remembered the Jap torpedo planes on the day before. He saw Joe's plane diving, and thought, this was split-hair stuff, this was walking tightrope on a split hair, and kept throwing his plane around,

jinking and corkscrewing. That Jap gunner wouldn't get off him. He followed Swede's every move, and Swede knew that when he leveled off to drop his torpedo and gave the man a steady target, it was going to be bad business.

But what had to be had to be, and Swede leveled off at the time he had planned to, and at the time he had figured on with Joe, and dropped his torpedo. Then nothing happened. Swede got away all right, as did all the others, and Joe and the dive bombers, too. An officer, flying over the scene as an observer in a scout plane, reported that Joe's thousand-pound bomb had hit the battleship amidships a few seconds before Swede's torpedo had hit it there. The torpedo had gone in right under where the bomb had hit. Which meant that Joe's bomb had wiped out the gunner who had been about to get Swede.

When Joe and Swede heard this, they said, "Well, why not? We've got very good watches."

THE last day Torpedo 8 spent on Guadalcanal was November 15, a fine, gentle, very sunny, windy Sunday like a late spring day back home. And Swede got up a picnic for his men. He took all the Torpedo 8 that was left on the island—Peterkin, Engel, Hammond, Hallam, Pop Lawrence, Rich, Bartlett, King, and Liccioni—for a sight-seeing sky tour of the battlefield. Two planes from Scoofer Coffin's squadron (Lieutenant Albert D. Coffin of Indianapolis) went along.

There were seventy miles of wreckage to be seen along the groove—debris of ships, corpses, oil streaks, life rafts, and an occasional burning hulk.

When the fellows got back to Honolulu along about Thanksgiving, some radio company put them on the air for a broadcast and sent messages to the home folks, advising them to listen in.

Missy got one of the telegrams and grouped her children and herself around the radio. She sat for a half-hour waiting. The children became restless, and Swiss wandered off and Melissa crawled off. Then Missy heard Swede's voice. She sat frozen. She had not really believed he would ever be safe again. Swiss came running, wide-eyed, back into the room. The telephone started to ring.

It was friends who had tuned in on the program by accident and were afraid Missy did not know about it. Missy did not see Melissa standing there. She did not hear the telephone. She did not even hear the words Swede was saying. She just heard his voice.

THE END

# BOOKS IN REVIEW

## By E. A. PILLER

FOR those who like their books flavored with homey atmosphere and peopled with crinoline characters, let me recommend a Life-with-Father kind of novel called **Centennial Summer,** by **Albert E. Idell.** (Henry Holt & Co., N. Y. $2.75.)

Father was a Quaker and mother an Italian nobleman's proud child. Zenie, their eldest daughter, was beautiful and haughty; Julia, the next, was pretty and pious; and the twins, Henry and Georgina, lively and mischievous, and quite in the tradition of what younger twins should be. They lived well in a good solid Philadelphia house, but Mr. Rogers never tired of be-

*Albert E. Idell*

laboring President Grant and the Republicans for the hard times which were laying the country low.

Into this household came Aunt Zena from Paris, rich and harmlessly flirtatious, and her nephew Philippe. Aunt Zena came to witness the famous Philadelphia Centennial and Philippe to supervise the French display in it.

The Rogers family were never the same after their coming. Though she already had two beaus to her string, Zenie decided that marrying Philippe would be more fun. Julia fell in love with him the minute she saw him. Aunt Zena annoyed mother by

*Pal Kelemen*

adoring father just a little too much.

It all makes rather pleasant, sometimes humorous reading and it has a quiet charm we associate with the period it describes. It is good Americana and will be, I am sure, a bright spot to those who have been asking their booksellers for "something besides the war."

THIS year has seen the publication of a work which is likely to live and be found useful long after most of us are no longer here to appreciate it. Thus it deserves a passing word of praise. This is **Medieval American Art,** by **Pal Kelemen.** (Macmillan, N. Y. $22.50.) Monumental is the word to apply to it.

It is not likely that the average reader will casually phone his bookstore for a set, but it is more than likely that it will be available in public libraries throughout the country and anybody can profitably spend time with it.

It is a history, both cultural and artistic, of the Aztecs, the Incas, and the Mayas, who preceded us on this continent and who perfected a civilization unrivaled in their own time and not greatly surpassed since. A reading of it, even a skimming through it, will give any of us a better historical perspective, considerable knowledge, and a more accurate sense of the relative importance of things in this world.

THE return of the mystery novel to a new place of prestige and popularity reminds me of another American literary specialty which similarly deserves a renaissance. It is the Western, and a good example of it has just come this way. **Range Rider,** by **W. H. B. Kent.** (Macmillan, N. Y. $2.) It is a well written, fast-paced story properly flavored with romance.

An eastern lad's love for the West leads him to sign up as a rider on a ranch where a pretty girl is boss and the neighboring cowhands are tough hombres, ready to pillage and shoot. Their looting is stopped after considerable brain and trigger work and some pretty swift riding.

# WILLKIE GOES A-WOOING

Continued from Page 15

Broadly, it goes to the fundamentals of politics, which is, if you please, a business and a science, with its own rules, its own customs, its own taboos, all of which have grown up through the years, and spring from the experience of democracy in action.

Wendell Willkie has broken many of the rules.

A breaker of precedents wins favor with the populace but seldom with the party machine. For the machine uses the precedents to protect itself, to maintain its power, and, in turn, protects and nourishes them, whether in politics or other pursuits. And the mandates of the men who control the machine percolate down to the precincts.

Willkie's nomination at Philadelphia in 1940 was unique in American politics, though there are some similarities in the nomination of Herbert Hoover in 1928. Willkie was not a politician. He had not held public office, either by election or by appointment. He had come straight out of business and the law office. He did not become a candidate until a few weeks before the convention. Other aspirants for the nomination had been working for months, making alliances through the regular political channels, offering themselves, some of them, to the voters in Presidential preference primaries, playing the game by the rules.

They resented the high-pressure promotion by which Wendell Willkie was sold to the American public and, after the convention was assembled, to the delegates. There was a lot of telegraphing and telephoning from big people with influence to the proper little people with influence upon delegates from home. The campaign utilized the most up-to-date techniques of advertising and publicity, and seemed, somehow, just a bit inappropriate in the old-fashioned business of politics—that is, seemed so to the orthodox politician. Perhaps, too, there was a strain of jealousy. This sort of thing just wasn't done. Surely there was still something sacred about politics.

THIS outsider had breezed into the convention like a traveling salesman off his beat, smashed all the rules of the game which the others had followed so assiduously, and got the order right out from under their noses. It was humiliating. It was embarrassing.

But Republican leaders accepted the inevitable. For this brash fellow had somehow stirred up the American people, and Republicans wanted to win the Presidency and get back into power.

Bewildered and puzzled, they took him.

Old-line Republicans instinctively resist glamour in political figures. Hoover was the glamour man of that era. Republican regulars have their fingers crossed in the same way about Willkie as their predecessors did about the politically uninitiated but "fair-haired" Mr. Hoover. Wendell Willkie is the "wonder boy" of this era. They are never sure what Willkie will do next.

Annoying it was, too, in 1940—and still is—that he had once been a Democrat; annoying especially to the stalwart brand of Republican. He had grown up and consorted with the boys across the railroad tracks, figuratively speaking. His only political experience, such as it was, had been with Democrats. He was associated with the Democrats politically in Ohio and he had once been a member of a Tammany committee in New York City.

Some pewholders in the orthodox Republican church, like the man of whom I spoke in the beginning of this article, still can't take this.

Tradition is too strong.

Wendell Willkie's "letter from another church" was accepted, and he was received into the fold for careful watch against backsliding. If he had consented to be bound by the rules and precepts, he might not have piled up the trouble which now comes back to haunt him in these days when he wants to rise up again as the Republican champion.

Of course, if he had been elected, much might have been forgiven. That, too, has its part in his story.

The politicians had little to do with Wendell Willkie's nomination, except to go along with the inevitable. So he did not consider himself beholden to them. He seemed to draw what might have been the obvious inference from his nomination, which was that the politicians were not so all-powerful and important as they held themselves up to be.

As he went along he evolved the belief that the public was weary, was fed up with the old-line professional politicians, and that it would be popular for him to assume the role of the champion of the people against them. He had seen President Roosevelt step into this role at times with effect.

Consequently he ignored them in a rather studied manner.

He had never met his running mate, Senator Charles McNary of Oregon, until after the convention which nominated both of them, and Senator McNary was Republican leader of the Senate. This was indicative of Willkie's lack of familiarity with the party into which he was being inducted from the top. After the formal meeting he did not see or consult with the Oregon senator for weeks. Nor did he make the usual and easy gesture to such other party figures as Senators Robert A. Taft of Ohio and Arthur H. Vandenberg of Michigan, the former runner-up for the nomination, the latter a recognized force in the Senate with a substantial bloc of supporters in the convention. He waited and waited before he invited in Herbert Hoover, the party's only living ex-President, and Alfred M. Landon, the 1936 candidate. The delay was patently by design, and was so interpreted and noted at the time. He took no pains to erase such an impression.

THERE was another and a deep-seated reason for his studied neglect of the politicians of the Republican Party. He regarded them as being behind the times in their thinking. He did not agree with them, particularly on foreign policy. They did not follow him as to the things he thought the United States must do in preparing to meet the Hitler threat. Most Republicans in Congress were against the projected draft bill, then pending. They were afraid he would endorse it. Intimations from Colorado Springs, where the candidate was writing his acceptance speech, sent emissaries in haste from Washington to the West to set him right. He listened to them, and then came out for the draft bill in his acceptance speech at Elwood. Most Republicans now would like to forget their stand on that measure; Wendell Willkie has no apologies.

These party leaders who sat on the platform at Elwood and heard him proclaim his own personal program for the campaign shuddered, despite the withering heat, as he clocked off for approval numerous New Deal measures; as he called up, as familiar spirits of his education and thinking, the late Senator Robert M. La Follette of Wisconsin and Woodrow Wilson—the one a renegade Republican, the other a progressive Democrat.

He was going his own way, proudly and openly.

The very nature of the amazing popular upsurge that gave him the nomination tangled him up with politicians in another direction—that of organization for the campaign. Willkie Clubs popped up overnight all over the land like mushrooms.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

**The late Justice McKenna, of the United States Supreme Court, was an earnest but poor golfer. Deciding that his game might be improved, he hired an instructor to teach him the finer points.**

**One day, while practicing on a golf course near Washington, he missed teeing off. He tried three or four times, but each time his club hit several inches behind the ball. His instructor watched silently. Finally the Justice, becoming disgusted, glared at the still stationary ball and muttered, "Tut-tut!"**

**Gravely the instructor walked toward him. "Sir," he said, "you'll never learn to play golf with them words."—*Thesaurus of Anecdotes.***

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

These were the "amateurs," enthusiastic and zealous folks who were banding themselves together to put Wendell Willkie in the White House. They regarded him as their special creation. They too were disregardful of the regular party politicians.

When I came back to Washington for a few days after the Elwood ceremony, I found the lobbies of Congress fretful with Republicans' complaints about their candidate. He was neglecting them. He wasn't consulting them. They didn't like the competition of the amateurs who were trying to take over, and who seemed to be closest to the candidate's ear —and, presumably, to his heart.

When he lost the election, the politicians were quick with "We told you so," and were ready to lay his defeat to his failure to consult them, to follow their advice. Few defeated candidates have many friends in those black hours that follow the bad news. Willkie was no exception. Among the politicians he perhaps had fewer than normal. In the postmortem there must be a scapegoat. It is easy, where one or two politicians get together, to find solace in blaming the candidate. That was Wendell Willkie's fate.

The least they expected from him was contrition. Perhaps he might go so far as sackcloth and ashes.

But Wendell Willkie is not that sort.

He intended to keep right out in front of the stage. He did. He went off to England, and outraged Republicans had to look at his picture in the newspapers every day and at least once a week on the movie screens. They didn't have to read about his adventures, but they could hardly avoid the pictures.

HE came back trailing clouds of glory, and what did the impudent fellow do but go before a Senate Committee and endorse, with a few mild reservations, President Roosevelt's lend-lease bill, which most Republicans were opposing strenuously! Again they complained that he was nothing but a Democrat, and they were more convinced of it when he began to turn up at the White House to see the President, and were dead sure when he went skipping off, as a sort of unofficial emissary of Mr. Roosevelt, on his flying trip around the world.

He had sailed clear out of sight of the lowly politician, like a comet of the first magnitude, and had become a world figure. He was speaking from the mountaintops and with the voice of authority, for he had consorted with dictators and princes. He did not get entirely out of range of the politicians, however, for they buzzed-buzzed about him when they forgathered down below.

But now is coming a time for reckoning, and Wendell Willkie is coming back down to earth and trying to learn the language of the politician. For he is very anxious to become President of the United States. He is taking back nothing in his views about world affairs—they are spread all over the record for anybody to see—but he needs the politicians.

Whether this repentance will lead to salvation remains to be seen. At the present time it is still the purpose of quite a number of unreconstructed Republican leaders to beat off his challenge and keep him from the nomination. They are searching for a champion. This explains the early—and, it may turn out, premature—boom for Governor John W. Bricker of Ohio, that solid, conservative, amiable gentleman. It explains the re-emergence of Governor Thomas E. Dewey of New York, despite his oft repeated disclaimer that he is a candidate. It explains the secret yearning looks toward General Douglas MacArthur.

Maybe Wendell Willkie will discover, too late, that it is still a fatal error to ignore the politicians too much—and too long.

THEIR case is an old one, but they hold it is still good for American democracy. It is, they argue, absolutely essential for preservation of the two-party system—of which, they remind you, Wendell Willkie is a frequent champion—that there be party discipline and, as far as possible, some general agreement on policy. For this, they contend, it is necessary that the leader of a party have a reasonable respect for the views of other members of the party, and certainly that he respect their work for the party, no matter how humble; for it is this dull day-by-day routine of the party hacks down below, their faithfulness, their vigilance, that accounts for the outpouring on Election Day decade after decade.

Local and state leaders and members of Congress follow the rules and work through the organization.

Wendell Willkie, they say, can be no exception. He might as well learn his lesson.

The lone wolf is rare in politics.

Can Wendell Willkie drop back and run with the pack? Will the pack accept him? Or will a great popular movement surge up behind him despite the politicians, and sweep them along to accept him again as they did in 1940?

He still seems to command wide attention as a public figure. His book about his trip around the globe—One World—has had the most amazing sale in publishing history. Over 1,600,000 copies have been sold in little more than three months after publication, a figure never before approached so quickly by any book published.

Willkie's name and his views are familiar topics of debate about the households and the gathering places of America. One thing is certain. Wendell Willkie is and will continue to be a potent factor in our next Presidential election.

THE END

## IS CANCER HEREDITARY?

Continued from Page 35

seems to play a part, the degree of its importance has not been adequately worked out. This problem is difficult to solve, since human beings cannot be kept in glass jars and the influences of heredity and environment controlled. A definite mode of inheritance has not as yet been demonstrated for the common types of cancer. Scientists at present are engaged in trying to identify the substances or conditions that induce cancer, so that, by their avoidance, any inherited predisposition would not be brought to light.

Professor Francis Carter Wood, former director of the Crocker Institute for Cancer Research at Columbia University and one of America's foremost authorities on human cancer, agrees with Dr. Stark and Dr. Lynch. Says Dr. Wood, "There is presumably some malformation of structure in the tissues, and it is this malformation that is hereditary and renders it easy for cancer to begin."

Dr. Wood believes that if there is a history of cancerous parents it is advisable to have periodical examinations in order to catch any cancer in its early stages. "This rule applies to every one, regardless of their heritage," he says, "for cancer is curable if caught in time."

DR. STARK does not believe that people with cancer histories should marry. She states: "A proper conscience in the matter of marriage—the same sort of conscience universal today with respect to cousin marriages and matings into families with obnoxious hereditary defects—should be developed."

But to John and Jane Doe some medical authorities would say, "Why not marry? Cancer is chiefly a disease of old age. You might well die of some other cause before cancer ever strikes you."

Dr. Lynch warns: "Seek medical aid the moment your suspicions are aroused. Persons with a history of cancer on both sides of the family, especially of cancer in the same organ, should be doubly on guard."

"By all means get married and have children," says Dr. Wood. "This question of heredity is like the shake of the dice, and the chances are all in your favor. With our knowledge of science and medicine today, no one should fear cancer."

In the December, 1942, report of the American College of Surgeons, 386 approved cancer clinics were listed. The American Society for the Control of Cancer, which has branches all over the United States and of which the New York Cancer Committee is one, advises that if there is not one of these approved clinics in your neighborhood, you seek help from your local hospital.

THE END

## ROYAL FAMILY OF THE BIG TOP

—Continued from Page 33

ten assorted Cristiani in-laws, one father, one mother, a stray dwarf named Baghongi, and six beautiful horses, including a huge old sorrel Percheron known variously as Polo and the Aircraft Carrier. The present act is streamlined to nine Cristianis and six horses in order to fit the requirements of a normal-sized stage when necessary.

The riding Cristianis range from the oldest brother, thirty-seven-year-old Oscar, to the youngest sister, fifteen-year-old Corcaita, who is cute and still in high school. In between are Daviso, Lucio, Machaquita, Cosetta, Mogador, Hortense, Parayito, and June (née Winston), Lucio's wife, with whom Lucio flirted from the ring once too often in the Chicago Stadium a few years back. She hooked him—by her own admission—at the soft-drink stand. Machaquita is the dark, beautiful ballerina of the troupe. Hortense is an acrobat and a blonde. She is the kind of blonde whose appearances have to be curtailed because she distracts the males in the audience.

Since Papa Cristiani merely holds the whip in the ring, and Mama Cristiani stays home and cooks spaghetti, slight, sandy-haired Lucio is the professional head of the family. Although he is not the oldest, this is not surprising, for Lucio is credited with being the greatest bareback rider in the world. He rules with an iron hand, thinking up new stunts, arranging the acts, devising training methods, and even regulating the home life of his brothers and sisters in order to get the maximum athletic efficiency out of them. One of his recent ukases dealt with the subject of rationing. "From now on," he decreed, "we will all drink milk instead of coffee—and save every lump of sugar for the horses."

BELMONTE was the best rider in the act, next to Lucio. The Army classification experts looked over his record and scratched their heads. Belmonte begged for the cavalry, would even settle for a pack mule in the mountain artillery. He ended up as the star tumbler in This Is the Army—without a horse.

No one seems to know where the dwarf Baghongi came from. He attached himself to the family about eighteen years ago. Now his voice ranks second in authority only to Papa Cristiani. He bawls every one out, and gets infuriated when there's a mistake in the ring. At least a hundred times Baghongi has angrily packed his little bag and left—for good. The Cristianis wouldn't think of signing a contract without a bit of work for Baghongi included in it.

The backbone of the act is, of course, Lucio. Lucio is credited with being the founder of the modern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school of bareback riding, which is a combination of acrobatics and the ballet. The Cristianis' current routine begins with the rest of the troupe, attired in dazzling costumes, performing at first with a single horse. They do "tail tricks" on the ground while holding onto the horse's tail. After that, they mount, climb onto each others' shoulders, and do somersaults and back flips. Then, on the trotting horse's back, Machaquita does a solo ballet, which usually brings the house down.

Finally, Lucio makes his entrance. He comes in from among the audience, dressed as a tramp drunk and wearing a pair of enormous shoes. After a few minutes of comedy routine in which he tries to mount the horse and flops all over the place, Lucio strips off the ridiculous clothes and really gets to work. He does somersaults and full twists from horse to horse, from horse to ground, and *vice versa*, until the audience is dizzy. He leaps around like a gnome, diving over horses and various members of his family, and hopping without effort onto a fast little white mare named Alba, whom no one else can mount.

The principal feature of Lucio's act is a double back somersault. Three horses circle the ring, with the neck of the second horse alongside the flank of the first, and the neck of the third horse alongside the flank of the second. Lucio does a back somersault from the moving first horse to the second while passing a hoop over his body, and then, without hesitating, another back somersault from the second horse to the third. "This is," according to Wendell Willkie, "an absolute impossibility. But, damn it, I saw him do it myself!" John S. Clarke, historian of the circus, calls it "synchronization brought to perfection." Clarke says, "Lucio is a wonder—one of those rare circus artists who succeed in doing something for the first time. His solo act is the most daring one in circus history, and has, as far as I know, never been successfully achieved by another horseman."

The Cristiani horses, by the way, have been around for years and know the act in their sleep. They even move over to make the catch if they feel the rider is not coming down in the right place. Old Polo was carrying Lucio about the same time Man o' War was running in the Preakness, and immense 2,300-pound Baby was picked up in a farmers' market in Asti, Italy, nearly eighteen years ago. Polo loves babies, and transfers his affection to each Cristiani newcomer as soon as it is born. He nuzzles the child with his soft nose, and then whinnies with delight when the baby coos back. Absolutely nothing upsets old Polo. When one of Frank Buck's tigers got loose and caused a dressing-room panic in Madison Square Garden a few years ago, Polo imperturbably placed his tremendous bulk in a passageway and prevented the other horses from breaking away and running wild.

The history of the Cristianis as a circus family goes back to Emilio Cristiani, great-grandfather of the present troupe. Old Emilio was royal blacksmith to Victor Emmanuel II in Rome. He was a wonderful blacksmith, but circus-mad and eccentric. Every time a circus passed through the city, Great-grandfather Cristiani would go on a terrific binge, wherein he would dress up all the king's horses and disappear with them for a few days, functioning as a sort of auxiliary act for the touring show. Also, he would take the present king, Victor Emmanuel III, along as a stableboy.

THE old king got a great kick out of this unorthodox activity, but finally, because of political pressure, he had to fire Cristiani. He fired him publicly, then took him aside and slipped him a huge bonus to start his own circus, plus an order authorizing him to swipe a few camels out of the royal zoo. "The only stipulation," said the king, "is that you drop around to Rome every once in a while, so that *I* can see your blasted show."

That's how the Cristianis got into the circus business. They haven't gotten out of it since. Before the war, Europe was honeycombed with them. Great-grandfather Cristiani had twenty-four children by two marriages, and a circus over there just wasn't a circus unless a dozen or so Cristianis were around.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

**Most people are three different ages at once: the age of their years, the age of their looks, and the age of their feelings.—*Berta Ruck.***

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The present and most famous troupe got started when Papa Ernesto Cristiani broke away from the family, about forty years ago, and struck out on his own. Although he was one of the best tumblers in the world, he was so smothered by talented relations that he just didn't believe there was any chance for advancement in his own father's circus. He set out with a tumbling dog named Annunzio. A short time later he married Mama Cristiani (who was then a pretty fair actress specializing in Shakespeare), and proceeded to have children all over the Eastern Hemisphere. Oscar was born in Budapest, Daviso in Paris, Lucio in Portugal, Machaquita in Spain, Mogador in Morocco. Each child was given a first name common to its land of birth.

Soon, however, the family got top-heavy and Papa Cristiani found it increasingly more difficult to drag them along on his circus jobs. "What to do?" said Papa Cristiani. Then he saw seven-year-old Lucio executing a hand stand on the front porch.

"Aha, I have it!" said Papa Cristiani. "A family circus!"

So Papa Cristiani bought a few lions and elephants, and by 1925 he had the biggest circus in Italy. Its popularity was probably helped along by the fact that in the great Messina earthquake Papa Cristiani gave refuge to 4,000 homeless people under his big top, and entertained the population ceaselessly until all danger of panic was past. For that he was made a *Cavalleria de la Corona*, which was tantamount to being knighted in England.

THE children were given a strict religious education. During the winter they attended convent schools. During the circus season Papa Cristiani merely hired a string of tutors to carry along with the show. Signor Neymon taught them grammar, arithmetic, history, and geography. Signor Ferri taught them music. A rich old retired bareback rider, Signor Bedini, taught them riding.

Signora Neymon taught them ballet. This they all hated. Invariably the ballet classes would be held in the open, where the kids of the town could watch and make audible comments. The boys, led by the even then irrepressible Lucio, tried to cut the ballet classes; but after Papa Cristiani had inflicted his own peculiar form of punishment a few times, they decided it wasn't worth it. The punishment consisted of yanking the culprit from his special feature part in the show. The youngsters alternated at the part, which went something like this: At the end of a long pantomime struggle during which a prop gorilla finally gets the girl away from a clown, a little boy comes out, beats the gorilla over the head, and takes the girl away for himself.

It was the hated ballet, however, which gave Lucio an idea a few years later. By this time the kids had become pretty fair bareback riders. A Frenchman named Courteau had done the first somersault on a horse twenty-four years before, but there had been no new developments since. Bareback riding was still nothing but acrobatics on horseback, with no grace or science involved at all. Lucio was sixteen then, and studying physics. He began playing around with such incomprehensible things as center of gravity, centrifugal and centripetal force. Every morning at 5 o'clock he would get the grumbling old groom, Faccini, to hold the whip for him while he performed his experiments.

Finally he had it.

First, he spread his feet wide to establish a firmer base and a lower center of gravity. Second, instead of throwing his body clumsily forward when somersaulting, he leaped straight up, letting centrifugal force carry his body along with the horse. He found that he landed only two inches behind the take-off spot. He could execute a quicker turn and

come down with infinitely more grace. With this solid foundation, he then instituted ballet movements. Bareback riding was no longer a clumsy feat of strength. It was an art form.

At first the other Cristianis refused to try Lucio's new methods. They remembered the kids' taunts when they were learning ballet. But finally, when Lucio had taught little Mogador to do a somersault in four months instead of the usual two years, they agreed to chance it at the Cirque d'Hiver in Paris.

They chanced it. The audience went wild. Lucio was called "an equestrian Nijinsky." And Paris Soir ran a full front-page article describing in detail "this elegant new way of working."

That was 1931. In a year the Cristianis were the sensation not only of the European circus but of the European theater as well. Papa Cristiani, who had given up his own circus, took to managing the troupe. Soon Lucio had added somersaults from horse to horse through a hoop,

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

**A man of sixty has spent about twenty years in bed. A man of the same age has spent over three years in eating.—*Arnold Bennett.***

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

and a tandem somersault done by three of the Cristianis from one horse to another. None of these feats had ever been attempted before. Even now Lucio comes up with an occasional impossibility for himself, like a full twist from horse to horse, just to throw imitators off the trail.

In 1933 Pat Valdo of Ringling Brothers induced the Cristianis to come to America at a fabulous salary. After four years of bolstering the Ringling-owned Hagenback-Wallace and Al G. Barnes circuses, they became the first act to be featured alone in the center ring of the Greatest Show on Earth.

This year theatrical producer Milton Bender finally persuaded Lucio to take the Cristianis into the musical comedy Miss Underground, which Paul Gallico, another rabid circus fan, had written entirely around the family. The opening of the show was delayed, however, and the situation deteriorated into what is now known in theatrical circles as the Great Wait. Every one sat around and waited. Bender waited for angels to come across with the required folding money, the drama critics waited daily communiqués on the status of the production, and the Cristianis merely waited every week for the certified pay check—reputed to be in the vicinity of a thousand dollars—which Bender was paying them for doing nothing.

Finally the whole thing folded, temporarily at least, and in three days the Cristianis were back with the circus. It was too late for Robert Ringling to put them in his main show, so he added them to the somewhat wobbly Spangles, the big new one-ring Continental circus in Madison Square Garden. Immediately thereafter the attendance spurted noticeably, a satisfactory condition which will probably continue during thirty-two weeks on the road.

Today all the Cristianis are American citizens, and all except the youngest are married and have families of their own. On the road they live together, but now, in New York, they have their own various apartments clustered on the well-to-do western fringe of Central Park. About twice a week, however, they get together at papa's house for a good old-time dinner.

This invariably begins with Lucio standing up and raising hell because mama has set the table with noodles Bolognaise, ravioli, veal scallopini, and rum cake, instead of milk, vegetables, fruit, and eggs, which he insists is the essential diet they all must follow for graceful bareback riding. Then they sit down, and an argument immediately ensues between Lucio and Oscar about the relative merits of noodels Bolognaise with clam sauce and noodles Bolognaise with meat sauce. This will develop into a general ear-splitting debate on such unrelated topics as the rearing of children, the Red Army, and the farm-labor shortage. Without fail, one of the brothers will get up and leave the table, swearing he will never come back. He will come back, however, in approximately five minutes. The argument will continue until Mama Cristiani pounds the table and shouts, "*Basta!*" (Enough!) or little 5-foot-5-inch Papa Cristiani says mildly, "*Parlare di politica. Non guadagnate nulla.*" (Stop talking about politics. It will get you nowhere.) Immediately every one stops arguing. The family then sits back to enjoy the meal.

THE Cristianis, who flawlessly speak French, German, and Russian in addition to English and Italian, train every day between shows. Before the show went into rehearsal, they kept in shape by jumping, rope-skipping, shadow-boxing, tumbling, and road work. This routine, Lucio insists, is little different from the scientific program laid out for a top-flight prizefighter. "Except that with us," he says, "rusty timing might mean something more serious than a knockout."

Last spring they trained in a private riding academy on Central Park used ordinarily for indoor polo. After each game the players would stay behind and observe the Cristianis with open mouths. One of the polo players, a well known horseman who had spent years with Tommy Hitchcock and Cecil Smith, watched Lucio for a few minutes, emitted a long low whistle, and then walked slowly to the locker room.

"I am," he said, "giving up polo for gin rummy."

THE END

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Pete," Alice said. "Tell him we've signed to fight Banjo Brown."

For a minute I thought maybe somebody had slipped a Mickey in my cocoa and I was hearing voices. Then, when I saw they weren't fooling, I got sore.

"Where do you get that *we* stuff?" I said to Alice.

"Just that," said Alice. "We—Pete and I. He's going to do the fighting and I'm going to train him. And not only that"—her red hair glowed like a subway signal—"but I'm going to be his second in the ring."

"You're wacky," I said.

"Oh, am I?" she said. "When Pete joined the Army, you and he were finished. Uncle Sam's his boss now."

That gave me an idea. "Really?" I said. "And I suppose you think Uncle Whiskers is gonna let Pete go back in the cauliflower business just on your say-so."

Alice smiled triumphantly, and she was so pretty and sarcastic it made me think of her mother. "Certainly," she said. "They've been asking Pete if he'd take on Banjo for a USO benefit. He always wanted to, but he put it up to me. And I've given my permission."

"Is that right, Pete?" I said.

He looked kind of happy and uncomfortable at the same time. "Yes, Baldy. And if I beat him, it's settled for me to fight the champ, and . . ."

"And he's beaten the champ once, and he can do it again," said Alice.

"Yeah," I said, "but Brown . . ."

"Brown will be a pushover," said Alice calmly. "That is—with my help."

So there I was between two loony people. One was my daughter, the other was my meal ticket, and between them they were murdering my future. I didn't know what to do. Nothing like that had ever happened to me before. So I did nothing.

TWO weeks passed. Alice was friendly enough, but I couldn't get her to talk about the fight. She didn't seem interested, but kept plugging away at her optometry and drawing diagrams. Sometimes her actions were downright peculiar. From time to time she'd get up, stare in the mirror, make faces, and go back to her books. And twice I caught her trying to look at herself while standing on her head. I didn't say anything; merely asked her how she expected Pete to win.

"Science, daddy dear," she said, "just science."

By now I was disgusted with the whole business. I'd been out to see Pete a couple of times alone, and he'd been giving me the same kind of stand-off.

"Listen, honey," I said. "The only kind of science that'll help Pete is plastic surgery."

Alice didn't even look up. She had her finger on the tip of her nose and was staring at it cross-eyed. But I went right on:

"Because Pete is a counterfighter, and he's made to order for a guy like Banjo Brown."

"Really?" said Alice.

"Yes," I said. She was beginning to annoy me. "You've seen enough of these bums to know it yourself. A counterfighter is trained not to lead until the other guy throws a punch."

"Correct," said Alice solemnly.

"But Banjo is cockeyed as a swastika. You can't figure his punches, so you can't get set to counter."

"Correct again," said Alice.

"So Pete hasn't got a chance unless he slugs it out—and that's not his style."

"Daddy, you're wonderful," said Alice. "Now I know whom I take after."

That got me boiling. Alice is a smart girl and all that, but trying to put on that she knew more about the fight game than me was ridiculous. And then getting sarcastic about it—that was too much. So I just let it go.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

**A marine engineer first class sends us this one from Sunderland, England:**

**"While at sea an electric cable had burned out inside a steel pipe which twisted and turned through decks and bulkheads and would require endless time to dismantle. It looked quite impossible to thread the new cable through. At this time the ship was infested with rather large cockroaches about one and a half inches long. One of these was caught, and after a thread had been tied to its body it was inserted into the pipe. Before long, out it came, trailing the thread from the other end. A strong twine was drawn through next, and then a wire, and after this the new cable was inserted and drawn through. In a very short time the job was completed."**

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When the papers announced, a couple of days later, that Pete was going up to train at Madame Baba's place on Greentree Lake, I didn't make a move. And when Alice packed a bag, kissed me on the skull, and breezed out, I didn't even ask her where she was going. If she wanted to make a sap out of herself, and Pete was dumb enough to listen, O. K. I was finished.

Meanwhile the papers were having themselves a time. "Daughter Ousts Baldy Benson as Manager" . . . "Petticoat Pattern at Pete Prior's Training Camp" . . . and other hooey like that. I didn't give the sports writers a tumble. I knew that no matter how I opened my mouth, they'd put my foot in it. I moped around the house, got mad at my ulcers, and took my revenge by eating pickled herring for lunch every day at Lindy's. I even won seventy-five bucks playing klabiash. Life wasn't too bad.

Then it suddenly occurred to me that I was a dope. The tip-off came when Joe Bronson and Ace Black, two good light-heavies I'd had under contract, refused to sign again with me. I asked them why.

"Ah," said Bronson.

"I dunno," said Black.

But even though they couldn't spell it, I could translate. It was Alice's fault. She'd got every one thinking I was a boob. And the topper came when she gave an exclusive interview to the Times in which she said she'd been master-minding all my fights for the last three years. The Times man knew it was baloney, but he was only quoting, and it made swell reading.

There was only one thing to do. Go up to the training camp and take over. Even if Pete didn't have a chance, there were certain things I could tell him that might help. What he needed was advice. I wasn't worried about his condition. Uncle Sam and Pete's job as a physical instructor had taken care of that. But he needed a definite plan of how to handle Banjo Brown. The trick was to stay away from Banjo without making it look like he was stalling. I had watched this cross-eyed pile driver often enough to know how it should be done. But there were only two days left to teach Pete how to do it. My stake in the fight was even bigger than his. I couldn't have people say I walked out on my boy because I wasn't getting a fat wad of dough, or that I was just a stooge for my daughter.

BUT when I got up to Madame Baba's it looked as if I really was a stooge. I'd known the Madame for twenty years. His name is Al Papakoulopis and he used to be a rubber in a Turkish bath before a customer made him a present of this place on Greentree Lake. My fighters always trained there. He's collected enough from me to grow a third chin. From the way he greeted me, though, you'd never suspect it.

"No rooms," he said, shaking his bottom chin loose from his chest.

"Whadaya mean?" I said. I could see the place was deserted.

"No rooms," he said. "Sold out."

I caught on right away. Alice had been expecting me and fixed it.

"O. K.," I said.

I drove over to Greentree Village, hired a room, and came back. I looked the place over. All I could see was Madame, his wife, and the Chinese cook. There wasn't a fighter on the premises. The outdoor ring was soggy with old rain water, all the apparatus was down, and the indoor gym was empty. Madame waddled around after me, completely deadpan. The whole set-up looked phony.

"Where's Alice and Pete?" I said.

The Madame pointed to the big double garage on the other side of the cottage. "In there."

As I came near I could hear the smacking of a light bag, and Alice's voice: "Pull your chin in, Pete!" The

door was closed and there were boards over both windows. I banged on the door. "It's me, Alice."

"Scram, dad," she yelled. "No visitors allowed."

I hung around. For a while the bag punching continued, and then I heard her say, "All right. Now I'll put them on with you." There was an exchange of wallops, and I heard Alice grunt very unladylike and mumble something, and then Pete, apologetically, "I'm sorry, darling."

This was too much. I looked at the Madame, and he shrugged his belly. I picked up a piece of wood and banged on the door. Finally Pete opened. I pushed my way in.

"HELLO, daddy dear," said Alice. She was standing in the middle of the floor, wearing a pair of tights and sixteen-ounce gloves. She had a beautiful shiner. Pete followed me and sat down on a bench with her. The Madame remained outside.

"Listen, baby," I said, and as I started talking I could feel myself getting dizzy. Every time I opened my face, dozens of faces kept yapping back at me. Then I suddenly found the reason. The whole joint was lined with mirrors—the ceiling, the walls, and even the floor. The only spot that didn't have one was the center, where they'd set up a regulation ring and a light bag. And what made me dizzier were the drawings or charts or whatever the devil they were. They hung in every corner. Drawings of big eyes and little eyes and medium-sized eyes—all as cockeyed as Banjo Brown's.

"Don't pay any attention to the interruption," Alice ordered Pete. "Get up there and do some shadow boxing." Pete gave me a kind of silly grin but did as he was told. Alice turned to me. "As you were saying . . ."

I stuffed a cigar in my mouth to keep from laughing. I saw the drift of the whole set-up now, and it was ridiculous. Evidently Alice was training Pete to get used to crossed eyes staring at him. That was her idea of science. But funny as it was, this was no time for starting arguments.

"Listen, baby," I said. "I've come up to give you a hand. There's only two days left and I could help you get Pete in condition . . ."

"Pete's in excellent condition, as you can see," said Alice.

I looked toward the ring. She was right. Pete looked swell. He danced around like a froth on a New Orleans fizz, and the speed of his jabs was like exploding bubbles.

"Yes," I agreed, "Pete's in great shape." I tried to be tactful. "But looking at cross-eyed pictures isn't enough. He needs a definite plan of campaign when he gets in there with Banjo. Now I say this: Instead of looking at Banjo's eyes, he should watch his feet. It's not as good, but there's always a clue in your opponent's stance and . . ."

"Pete knows all about that," said Alice politely.

"That's funny—I was just going to bring *these* to *you*."

"That's fine," I said. "The next trick is to throw lots of punches. Even if they don't land, it makes no difference. People won't be able to see he's stalling."

"And, of course, the judges will give Pete the decision for trying," said Alice sarcastically.

"Well, no, not exactly."

"Look, dad," said Alice. "I appreciate your interest, but your whole idea is corny. Pete's going to win, but he's going to do it scientifically. Now please excuse us."

Her ingratitude almost floored me. "You mean you want me to get out?"

"Exactly," she said.

"I won't do it," I said.

Alice smiled mischievously. "Madame!" she called.

Madame Baba waddled in.

"Madame," said Alice, "my father is in a hurry. Please help him to his car."

I knew the Madame's technique for showing guests out, but I wasn't fast enough. Before I could move, he was behind me, bouncing me forward with his belly. The faster I went, the faster he bounced. As I caromed through the door, he picked up power, and by the time I reached my car I was making seven-foot jumps.

Alice and Pete were standing outside the garage looking very sympathetic when I drove away.

Alice wasn't fooling when she told me she was going to be in Pete's corner on the night of the fight. The crowd at the Garden almost tore the house down when she swung up the aisle, looking very nifty in green sweater and slacks, and lugging the bucket, sponge, and smelling salts. But she was strictly business and didn't give the customers a tumble.

If I weren't so sore, I would have been proud of her the way she looked over Banjo Brown's gloves, squawked about an extra layer of tape, and made his seconds take it off.

But after the bell rang for the first round I didn't feel so proud. Because if Pete was doing what she had told him to do, he was a cooked goose. In fact, right now his ribs looked as if they'd been parboiled already. He was doing the worst thing he could possibly do—countering Banjo's leads. But there were no leads to counter. Banjo just belted him from all directions. And the more Pete stared at Banjo's crossed-up peepers for a clue, the more confused he got. The round ended with Pete falling on his panties while trying to duck an imaginary right cross. It was just Banjo pausing to scratch under his left armpit. The crowd howled.

PETE scrambled up and plopped onto his stool. Alice rubbed him down without saying a word. Banjo, meanwhile, had the crowd in stitches. He wouldn't sit down. He just leaned on the ropes and mugged at Alice, shaking his head and sighing. He looked like a gargoyle with a bellyache.

The next two rounds weren't much better, even though Pete changed his style. Instead of countering, he tried leading. At first it worked pretty well. He nailed Banjo with two lefts and a right to the head that sent him against the ropes. Then, as Banjo bounced off, he belted him with a straight right flush on the chin.

I forgot my peeve and jumped up to cheer. But I throttled it. Banjo rolled with the punch, bounded along the ropes like a three-cushion

billiard shot, and landed in the center of the ring. Pete stared at him for an instant. Then Banjo feinted with his eyebrow, drove Pete back with two lefts under the heart and waited flat-footed for him to return. The blows had jarred Pete. Instinctively he went back to his natural style. This was just what Banjo wanted. And when the bell rang he had Pete looking just as silly as he did during the first round.

The mob was yelling for action now. Fun was fun, but they were out to see a kayo. And it was clear the way Banjo was toying with Pete that he could put him away if he got to work and quit clowning.

BANJO, who was a great crowd pleaser, knew what they wanted. And evidently he was set to oblige them. He was squatting on his stool now, listening carefully while his trainer mumbled in his ear.

From where I sat behind Banjo's corner, I couldn't quite make out what Alice was up to. Whatever it was, though, it didn't make sense. Pete was leaning way back and she seemed to be fussing with his head. He hadn't been cut about the face at all, so I couldn't imagine what she found to work on. Finally I saw her bend over, take something out of the bucket and poke at Pete's eyes.

As the bell rang, Pete arose slowly and came to the corner of the ring, where Banjo was waiting. I looked at Pete's face. What I saw almost made me grab my hat and run for a squirrel doctor. I was positive I had gone nuts. But when I saw the silly looks on the other people around me, I realized we were all seeing the same thing. It was true—something had happened between rounds, and now Pete was as cross-eyed as Banjo Brown, only worse. For while Banjo's peepers just went southeast and southwest, Pete's pointed direct to the tip of his schnozzle.

But if the effect on the ringsiders was dizzy, it was nothing compared to what it was on Banjo Brown. He dropped his jaw and guard at the same time; the front of his stomach sort of drew in, while the back of it bulged out; and he just stood and gaped. Pete gaped, too, kind of imitating him. Then he picked one off the floor and clouted Banjo square on the button. Pete punches like a middleweight, and if it had been any one but Banjo, that would have been curtains then and there. But Banjo's skull was on the concrete side. He went down and wobbled up, looking very surprised and hurt.

Even at that I figured it was the end. For when Pete has an opponent going he's a terrific finisher. But nothing of the kind happened. No sooner did Banjo flop than I saw Alice jumping up and down near Pete's corner, yelling and waving a green handkerchief. That must have been a reminder of some kind. Pete backed away with a dopey grin and let Banjo take a breather. I saw right away what was up. Alice had instructed Pete to square things with Banjo for clowning.

The referee motioned for them to mix it and the circus began. Banjo looked at Pete. Pete looked at Banjo. But being cockeyed by nature gave Banjo no advantage. He got the signals crossed just the same, ducked wildly, spun around and found Pete behind him, leaning on the ropes. Pete stared at the clock and belted Banjo in the kisser. Banjo closed his eyes and rushed into a straight left under the heart. He doubled over, straightened up, and found Pete in front of him. Pete seemed to be looking at the referee's shoe laces. Banjo tried to play smart, and feinted. Then Pete, shifting his gaze to the ceiling, drove over a left and a right cross. The double action knocked Banjo sideways, and as he turned, Pete gently smacked him on the rump. The crowd howled and Alice let out a hysterical giggle. Banjo was completely haywire. Hopping up and down like a monkey on a pogo stick, he rushed at Pete. "Box him!" shrieked Alice above the noise. Pete didn't hear her. The silly grin was gone. He stepped forward. There was a goulash of arms, two solid thuds, and then Banjo lying on the canvas.

THE mob was still bellowing for Alice and Pete when I got up to his dressing room. He was stretched out on the rubbing table. Alice was holding his hand and he was looking as happy and satisfied as a man can look with his eyes staring at his nose.

"It was very sudden."

"Hello, daddy dear," said Alice pleasantly.

After the training-camp episode, this was very encouraging. I was really worried about Pete. It was a cinch he would beat the champ now, and become my son-in-law. But although I like champs in the family, I'm always worried about cross-eyed relatives. I wanted to find out the particulars.

"How did it happen?" I said.

Pete leaned up on one elbow. "Science, Baldy," he said, "just science. I caught him with a left, and . ."

"Sure," I said, "I know." Then I put it delicately, because I didn't want to hurt Pete's feelings: "But how about the side-winding optics?"

"Why, daddy," said Alice patiently, "Pete's just told you. It's science."

THE double talk was beginning to get my goat. "Science your Uncle Darwin!" I said. "What crossed up Pete's peepers? A kick from Madame Baba's mule?"

"Certainly not," said Alice. "I did. Just wait a moment and I'll show you." Taking a little stick with a rubber suction cup out of the bucket she'd used in the ring, she bent over Pete. He lay back on the table. Opening each eyelid, she poked the little stick in and removed two objects.

"There," she said, dropping them in my hand. I looked at Pete. He was sitting up and grinning, his eyes as natural as they'd always been.

Alice pointed to the two objects I was holding. "Contact lenses," she said. "Eyeglasses that you wear inside your eyelids. They're unbreakable. You can get them transparent or in any color you want. Out in Hollywood some of the girls change them every time they dye their hair."

It still didn't make sense to me. "These things are cockeyed," I said. "How could Pete look through them without getting woozy?"

"It's like this—" said Pete.

"Never mind," said Alice. "It cost daddy a thousand a year to send me to optometry school, so maybe he'll feel better if I do the explaining. When we decided to fight Banjo, we knew you were right. Pete couldn't beat him in a straightaway battle. The thing to do was to outfox him. These lenses did it. They're just like any others, except that the pupils are a little larger and off center. The pupil is the part of the eye that you see with. When Pete wore them, his vision was perfectly normal. But to every one else—and especially Banjo—he looked fantastically cross-eyed."

"Sure," I said. "But why the hocus-pocus with the mirrors and the charts up at Madame Baba's?"

"Strictly educational," said Alice. "The charts were part of my lessons. The mirrors were to show Pete how he'd look at all angles so that he could train accordingly."

"Smart girl, eh?" said Pete admiringly.

"Certainly," I said. "It's in the family."

THE END

## WHEEL OF FORTUNE

Continued from Page 37

Krause hesitated, looking from Kent to Karen to Fernandez.

"What about these?" he demanded.

"What about them?" Vogel asked. "What harm can they do! Where can they go? Everything is closely guarded. They will be here when we return."

He walked over to Fernandez, flipped back his coat and took out the automatic from the holster beneath.

"I will keep this, señor," he said.

FOR a long moment after they had gone the only sounds that penetrated the stillness were the ticking of the big clock on the wall above the bar in the adjoining room and the hum of the Diesel across the hill. Then all at once Karen burst into sobs and, turning, hid her face unashamedly in Kent's breast. Awkwardly he put his arms around her and tried to comfort her.

"There, now. It's not finished. There's still a chance."

He tried to sound more optimistic than he felt. He received surprise support from Svend.

"Yes, there is life. There is yet hope."

He pulled out his watch again and stared at it. For an instant Kent thought he was going to say something more, but he shook his head, returned the watch to his pocket, and sat back once more. Fernandez glanced at Kent with raised brows.

"What happened?" he asked.

"They had guards on the road," Kent told him.

"I never thought of that. It just goes to show—you should try to think of everything."

Kent and Karen moved over and sat down on the couch beside him. He leaned forward. Svend gazed somberly across the room at them.

"Well, gentlemen," he said, "I suppose you think me very stupid—very much at fault—to be—so—"

"Not at all." Kent shook his head. "Your friend Eric is a smooth article. But this afternoon he bragged to me of how he had fooled you."

"You had every reason to trust him," Fernandez said.

"Yes." Svend nodded heavily. "He was the son of my old friend, Halvor Krause. I saw him grow from a boy. I thought I knew him."

He lapsed into moody silence. Fernandez leaned across to Kent.

"There is still a chance," he said.

Kent looked at him inquiringly.

"There is still the bay. With luck, a good swimmer—"

"No, no!" Karen gasped. "No! You couldn't! The barracuda—"

Kent ignored her protest.

"It's a chance," he said. "I'll go."

"No, Alan, no! I can't let you!" Karen whispered.

Fernandez smiled at her.

"Miss Christensen is right," he said. "I think it is my turn. Besides, I doubt if you are strong enough to make it. It is a long swim."

"But I—" Kent protested. "After all, my carelessness got us into this. And in any case—"

He meant to say that in any case he had not long to live. But for Karen's sake he could not bring himself to that. Fernandez nodded but lifted his eyebrows slightly.

"I see what you mean. But this is no time for sentiment. It is our last chance, and the strongest must go."

He stood up.

"I think I will go to bed," he said in a tone loud enough for possible listeners. "Good night to you."

"Good night," said Kent gruffly.

Karen said nothing. Svend was deep in his own thoughts. He had heard nothing. He did not look up as Fernandez went out.

It was some time later that Krause and Vogel returned, bringing a number of officers with them. Introductions were made casually, as if there were nothing out of the ordinary. The Germans clicked their heels and bowed to Svend and Karen, ignored Kent. One of them settled himself on the couch beside Karen, who shrank away from him toward Kent. Vogel came over, smiling his thin smile.

"Since there is no longer need for secrecy," he said, "we thought it might be more pleasant for our friends here. It is a dreary existence on a submarine."

The officer smiled at Karen.

"What we miss most, Fräulein," he said, "iss the sight of a predty face."

It was Krause who first noticed Fernandez' absence. He stiffened with an exclamation, and put down with a bang the plate of sandwiches that he was carrying. Vogel swung quickly in his direction.

"What is it?" he demanded.

"Where is Fernandez?" Eric exploded.

Vogel froze. He looked accusingly at Kent.

"He said he was going to bed," Kent said.

Vogel went to the door and spoke rapidly to a guard who had been posted there. Every one waited in silence until the man returned. He came in and spoke briefly in German to Vogel, who looked again at Kent.

"He is not in his room," he said accusingly.

"Well, what do you know!" Kent grinned. "The little cuss!"

VOGEL looked at him darkly. Then he shrugged. He turned abruptly to the door and issued a string of staccato orders. Kent could hear the sounds of running footsteps outside. Vogel returned.

"He will not get far," he said.

He smiled confidently about the room, and the tension broke. There was a movement toward the table where the sandwiches and drinks had been set out. Krause alone did not move. He glared at Kent.

"Why do you keep him here?" he demanded. "Why don't you finish with him? What is the good of this?"

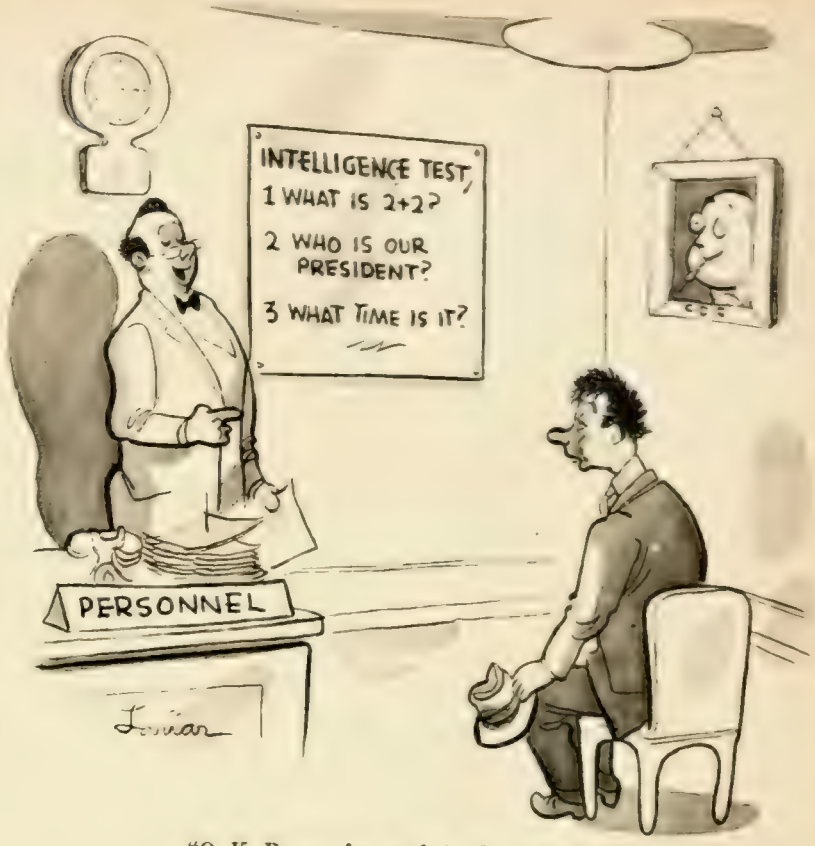
Vogel looked at him blandly.

"There is no hurry."

Krause's underlip thrust forward, but he said no more. Vogel sat down and smiled at Kent.

"Everything in good time, eh, Herr Kent?"

## THE HOME FRONT




"O. K. Report for work in the morning!"

Kent shrugged. Krause had already gone to see that the officers had all they wished to eat and drink.

"You're pretty clever, Vogel," Kent said. "But there's one thing you haven't thought of."

Vogel's black eyebrows rose.

"Have you thought," Kent went on, "that a man who has turned coat once might do it again?"

Vogel's eyes slid across the room to where Krause was talking to two of the officers.

"So?" he said softly.

What else he might have said was interrupted by the sound of scuffling on the gallery. Two sailors appeared, dragging Fernandez, wet and dripping and clad only in a pair of bathing trunks, between them. He had evidently suffered rough handling, for one of his eyes was puffed and he weaved unsteadily on his feet as they jerked him to a halt.

Vogel rose, and the sailors poured out a torrent of rapid German. When the report was finished Vogel glanced at Kent.

"You are persistent at least, gentlemen," he said. "Unfortunately Herr Fernandez was discovered by one of our patrols before he was halfway across the bay."

Fernandez looked apologetically at Kent and Karen.

"Sorry," he said.

Kent shrugged. Beside him he heard Karen give a tiny sob. Fernandez looked at Vogel.

"May I dress?" he asked.

"If you like." Vogel shrugged. "I shall have to send a guard with you. We can risk no more breaks."

There was little conversation after that. Fernandez returned presently, escorted by his guard. It was he who asked the only question that seemed to matter any more.

"What do you intend to do with us, Herr Vogel?"

The dark German shrugged.

"As far as you and Herr Kent are concerned, we have no alternative. We shall have to shoot you."

"No!" Karen gasped.

"As for Miss Christensen and the Doktor," Vogel continued, "they will go on board the submarine. They will be taken to Germany."

He glanced across the room at Krause.

"They will be hostages for the good behavior of our colleague," he concluded.

Krause stared at him.

"You can't do that!" he flared. "The girl is mine. I—"

He broke off abruptly. Vogel only shrugged and turned his back on him. Krause wilted. Kent smiled wryly to himself. He had accomplished something, anyway. But at what cost!

IT was a long time after that—Kent judged it was about half past two in the morning—when the lights blinked again. At once Vogel rose. The others followed suit.

"There is the signal," he said. "Herr Kent, Herr Fernandez, I am afraid the time has come."

Karen turned suddenly and threw her arms about Kent's neck with a little stifled sob. In the corner, old Svend stood up and looked once more at his watch. Karen turned to Vogel.

"Please!" she begged. "Not yet!"

Vogel bowed.

"As you wish, Fräulein," he said. "I shall wait until you have gone on board."

KAREN took Kent's arm and clung to it as they were herded from the room. They went around the wing of the building in a body, and started up the steep slope toward the gate. Karen hung back, slowing the procession, until Vogel turned on her with sudden savagery.

"I must ask you not to delay us any longer, Fräulein," he snapped, "else I shall be forced to break my promise."

After that, walking more rapidly, they went on up through the gate. They had reached the crest of the hill, where they could look down into the cove, when the night burst into brilliance with blasting suddenness about them.

Somewhere down in the bay a great door seemed to slam. A burst of orange flame blossomed in the cove below. Then, all at once, all hell seemed to break loose. Guns banged in the bay. Shells burst in the cove. A machine gun began to chatter below, and a stream of tracers squirted out toward something outside the point beyond their sight. The mountains on the other side of the bay caught the echo and flung it back at them. Motors roared in the night, behind and overhead. Men shouted. From across the ridge, in the direction of the Eastend road, came a burst of rifle shots.

It came so suddenly that for a moment the party on the hill stood rooted to the ground. Then abruptly the U-boat commander and the sailors started to run forward. The rest of the officers followed. Krause stood gaping. Fernandez' eyes popped. Even Vogel seemed stunned. Only old Svend was smiling, as if he had been expecting this.

Fernandez was the first to recover and to act. So swiftly that Kent did not see him until it was done, he turned upon the slack-jawed Krause, seizing him by the wrist and forcing the gun in his hand down and away. At the same instant he spun, bringing Krause's arm over his shoulder and, bending forward sharply, flung the man over his head in a perfect flying mare. Kent gasped. He had not suspected the little Puerto Rican's strength.

Krause landed with a tremendous thud in the stony pathway, and his gun clattered off into the brush. Fernandez leaped for it. Krause twisted and came up on one knee, scrambling to reach the weapon first. Beside Kent, Vogel swung his heavy pistol toward the Puerto Rican's back.

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"A buck to two-bits, his next order's 'double time'"

"Look out!" Kent shouted, and lurched against the German.

Fernandez dropped automatically, only a split second before the gun cracked. Beyond him, Krause stopped rising and a look of intense amazement spread across his features. One hand went up to his chest and then came away. He looked down at it, staring dully. Then slowly his knees gave and he fell forward on his face.

Kent did not actually see him fall, however, for he was grappling with Vogel. The pistol cracked again, close by his ear, but the bullet whipped past harmlessly. In the next instant Fernandez, too, was leaping in to help.

Kent caught the German's gun hand beneath his left armpit and bent forward, twisting the arm down and over. At the same time Fernandez caught the man from behind, crooking his elbow about his neck and endeavoring to pull him over backward. Kent heard the pistol clatter on the stones of the path behind him as the German's grip was broken, and he turned and sought to meet this new onslaught. A surge of elation flowed over him as he felt the man give way slightly. But Vogel was slippery, and Kent's elation gave place to consternation as he felt the man twist in his grasp and seem to slide away before him. At the same time a stone rolled beneath his foot, and Kent went down on one knee. Vogel seemed to bend double and strike out backward with his elbow. Kent heard Fernandez give a grunting gasp and at the same time a fist caught him squarely on the side of the jaw. Kent staggered, and before he could recover himself Vogel was away, leaping down the pathway toward the warehouse.

There was bedlam in the cove below, and Kent scarcely heard it. He groped for the gun that Vogel had dropped and found it at the same instant that Fernandez did. Together they straightened, and the Puerto Rican surrendered the weapon to Kent. There was something reassuring in the feel of its grip nestling in the palm of his hand. Neither Karen nor the doctor had moved, so swiftly had things happened, but Kent scarcely saw either of them now. Fernandez shouted something and gestured down the pathway. In the uproar Kent could not hear what he said, but he understood. They must catch Vogel before he could reach the warehouse.

TOGETHER they raced along the path. Overhead a plane roared low and a machine gun chattered. They could see the tracers streaking overhead and down into the cove before them. So low did the plane come that they could feel the blast of its slipstream in their faces as it roared beyond them and zoomed away. A hundred yards down the path they could make out Vogel's figure, leaping and dodging, racing downward, clearly outlined in the glare of the star shells overhead.

## COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY *(Unabashed)*

**FOREIGNHAND:** Necktie worn by an alien.

**G-R-R-RTH:** Distance around a bulldog's middle.

**SELLEBRITY:** A movie star who sold millions of dollars' worth of War Bonds.

**OURMADA:** Part of the U. S. fleet.

**EARITATION:** Kostelanetz listening to an off-key chord.

**COOPON:** Ration point for a dove.

**CHORUSPONDENT:** A dancing girl who interferes with a marriage.

**FOURBEAR:** The mother of quadruplets.

**MELTITUDE:** A lot of people on a hot day.

**SHANTYCLEER:** A rooster crowing on a broken-down hen house.

Kent began to despair of catching him. Yet he knew that it was useless to shoot. He could never hit that flying figure. He was already running as fast as he could, but he could not see that the gap between them was closing. Kent muttered a frantic prayer between his teeth as he ran, and, as if in answer, a gun slammed out in the bay and a shell exploded squarely in the path not twenty yards in front of Vogel.

The German faltered, and then turned and flung himself behind a rock beside the pathway. Kent hesitated and then went forward more slowly, his gun held ready.

Some one came up behind him, and Kent assumed that it was Fernandez.

"He's gone to ground behind that rock," he shouted. "Careful he doesn't slip away. He may have another gun."

When there was no answer, he looked over his shoulder and saw that it was not Fernandez but Karen who had come up with him. The little Puerto Rican was farther back along the pathway. The doctor was nowhere in sight.

"Go back!" he called. "Go back, Karen! If that warehouse is hit—"

Out of the corner of his eye he saw something flicker by the rock. He spun just in time to see Vogel dive out upon the pathway once again.

He flung up his gun and fired—once—twice—three times in rapid succession. Vogel staggered and went down, then tried to scramble back into the shelter of the rock. Kent raced forward and flung himself upon him, striking at him with the barrel of the pistol.

He was still whipping at him and the man was still when Fernandez came up and pulled him away.

"That's enough!" he shouted, putting his lips close to Kent's ear to make himself heard. "He can't do any more harm now."

Kent stood up a little sheepishly.

"I didn't mean—" he stammered.

Fernandez nodded and pushed him gently up the path in the direction they had come. Karen came up, and he turned her about, too, pointing up the path.

"Go back!" he shouted. "Go back to the hotel. If that warehouse—"

Kent nodded, and then glanced at the still figure of the German, lying there in the path.

"What about him?" he demanded.

FERNANDEZ bent and rolled the man over. He straightened abruptly.

"You don't have to worry about him," he shouted. "He was dead before you reached him!"

Kent stared at him, aghast.

Fernandez pushed him impatiently. "Get going!" he cried.

They ran then, matching their pace to Karen's who was in the lead. Only once did Kent speak between the rock and the gate.

"Your grandfather," he called to Karen, reaching out to touch her shoulder. "Where is he?"

She glanced back over her shoulder.

"I don't know," she replied, and he could see that she was worried.

"Gone back to the hotel, probably," he shouted, more to reassure her than because he believed it.

They did not pass the old man on the path. As they reached the top of it, Kent paused and looked back. He could look down into the cove from here and see out past the point. Everything below was clearly outlined in the light of the shells. One of the submarines had swung half across the mouth of the cove and was heeled over in a sickening position. The other lay alongside the wharf and there were figures on her deck, still manning the gun there. Out in the Hole, beyond, Kent could make out the long, slim outline of a destroyer slamming shells one after

another into the cove. Great geysers of mixed water and flame and smoke were rising from the cove's surface.

As they dipped down on the other side the bedlam from the cove side was somewhat muffled by the hill between. There they could hear the sounds of rifle and machine gun fire from the direction of the stables. Tongues of flames flickered on the hillside below, beyond the hotel, and here and there they could make out dim figures moving cautiously up the hillside toward them.

It did not occur to them to hide themselves until a submachine gun began to chatter on the hill below and bullets whined viciously about them, kicking up little spurts of dust all around.

Kent flung himself forward and pushed Karen down to the ground, flattening out on top of her. The firing ceased, and Kent rose on one knee and flung up his arm, waving frantically, the while he held Karen down with his other hand.

"Hey!" he shouted. "Hey! Don't shoot! Friends!"

He stood up and flung both hands above his head, standing clear in the open so that they could see that he was unarmed. The figures came forward, and Kent saw that they wore the bucket helmets and dusty khaki of the marines. He felt some surprise that they should appear so quickly, but then, he reflected, they had undoubtedly landed on the hotel beach, and met with little resistance from that quarter. The first man came up and thrust a gun into his ribs. Kent flinched involuntarily.

"Hey!" he said. "Hold it! We're Americans!"

A sergeant eyed him grimly.

"Yeah?" he said. "What're you doin' here, then?"

Karen stood up, and the men eyed her appreciatively. She had a smudge on her cheek and the front of her dress was dirty and covered with bits of brush. Her hair was awry, but she was not less attractive for that. Fernandez, too, edged into the group. More soldiers appeared. Kent looked at the Puerto Rican.

"This is Mr. Fernandez of the F. B. I.," he said.

The sergeant did not smile.

"F. B. Nazi I.!" he grunted. "That's more likely. Keep your hands up, the three of you."

He jerked a command over his shoulder.

"Fetch th' lieutenant!"

One of the men separated from the group and went plunging along the hillside. After a moment he returned with a young officer.

"What's this?" the lieutenant demanded.

"Got us a couple o' prisoners, sir," the sergeant replied.

The young officer glanced at Kent.

"I'm Alan Kent," Kent said. "This is Miss Christensen, whose grandfather owns the place, and this is Mr. Fernandez of the F. B. I."

The officer continued to stare at them, but made no reply. Kent turned to Fernandez with a shrug of impatience.

"Show him your card," he said.

The Puerto Rican grinned slowly.

"I can't," he said. "I destroyed it down there when they took me!"

Kent's jaw dropped. The officer grinned.

"All right," he said. "I reckon we can check up on you-all later. Sahgeant! Take 'em down to the hotel and hold 'em there till this is over. Keep your eye on 'em."

"Yessir!" The sergeant saluted.

The officer glanced at Karen.

"Sorry, ma'am," he apologized. "If you're all right, you'll be able to prove it when it's over. You'll understand surely we can't take chances."

Karen reassured him with a smile. He turned back to his men.

"All right," he shouted. "Let's get going!"

"Lieutenant!" Kent called.

The officer turned toward him.

"There's a detachment of Germans out on the Eastend road, between here and Coral Bay," Kent said.

The lieutenant nodded.

"They're not there now," he said. "There's a detachment gone up thataway. The colonel planned this well. Makes good practice!"

He turned and went off up the hill. The sergeant jerked his head toward the hotel. They turned and went down the pathway, followed by half a dozen marines, who walked warily, keeping them covered carefully with their submachine guns. Behind them, beyond the hill, there was no diminution of the uproar.

At the hotel they were crowded into the lobby, while the sergeant stationed himself at the door outside.

"Sit tight," he commanded, "and be good, an' we'll have no trouble."

There was no sign of Dr. Christensen. Kent saw that Karen was worried, but there seemed nothing he could do about it. They did not talk.

IT seemed to take a long time for the gunfire in the bay and beyond the hill to die away and finally stop altogether. It was even longer before the sound of steps ground on the gallery outside and Svend entered, followed by a colonel of marines and a man in a naval officer's uniform. Several other officers crowded in behind them. Karen flew to her grandfather.

"Gramps!" she cried. "Gramps! Are you all right?"

The sergeant who had been on guard outside the door thrust his head inside.

"These all your people?" he asked. "O. K."

He withdrew as quickly as he had appeared. Svend stroked Karen's hair as he smiled down at her.

## COOK'S TOUR

Ah, leave me in the twilit gloom
Here in the dentist's waiting room,
The while my raptured eye careens
Through all his ancient magazines!

How fascinating to peruse
Old ads for Perelmeyer's shoes,
McWilliam's coffee, Taffy's sweets,
And Parkinson's inspected meats!

Ah, lovely pictures! Let me dream
Of shortcakes drowned in whipping cream,
Assorted sausages in groups,
And pyramided cans of soups!

Oh, clove-pierced ham and sizzling steak!
See, how beside this frosted cake
A charming girl looks up to utter
Her simple credo, "Cook with Butter!"

Ah, lock the office! Leave me sitting
With all these charming folk, unwitting
They waste their pictured testimony
On one who dines on macaroni!

—MARY WARD.

"Everything is all right now, my dear," he said. "Excuse me! You know Colonel Hamilton. Commander Weaver, my granddaughter, Karen, Mr. Kent, Mr. Fernandez."

They shook hands all around, and the other officers were introduced.

"It's all intact?" Fernandez asked.

"All intact, Mr. Fernandez," Colonel Hamilton assured him.

Fernandez rubbed his hands together. "Good! Good!" he beamed. "Then we will be able to pick them up one by one as they come in."

"There are others, then?" Commander Weaver demanded.

"Others?" Fernandez laughed. "My dear sir, you do not know."

He began to tell them. The colonel turned to the doctor.

"I understand we have you to thank for the information. You'll have to explain it to us. There's a lot we don't understand even yet."

KENT looked at the old man.

"So it was you!" he exclaimed. "That was why you kept looking at your watch. But I don't understand how—"

He broke off. Svend smiled almost shyly.

"It was simple. You heard me ask Eric for the boat?"

Kent nodded.

"Yes, but—" he began.

"When I could not get the boat," Svend interrupted him, "I just walked to Coral Harbor and sent Mister Willie Marsh to the commissioner with the message."

"But the guards on the road!" Kent exclaimed.

"Pooh!" old Svend said. "Do you not remember I told you long ago that there are things about these islands that the young people do not know? The simplest of these are the many little short cuts and bush paths that the natives use. I just followed one of those, and the guards never saw me."

"Well, I'll be damned!" said Kent.

Fernandez began to talk again, detailing the plot for the colonel and the commander. Kent felt a pluck at his sleeve. He looked down, to see Karen standing at his elbow. Wordlessly she met his eyes and moved her head toward the doorway. No one saw them slip outside.

On the gallery she turned and came into his arms.

"Darling!" she whispered.

"Another conquest, Miss Christensen?" he demanded, smiling down at her through the darkness.

"This one's all I want," she said.

He chuckled. "I ought to be a pretty lucky gambler."

She stared at him. "Gambler, darling? Why?"

"Well," he said, "the wheel of fortune certainly turned up my lucky number this time!"

She laughed happily as he bent his head to kiss her.

"Ahem!" coughed the sergeant from the darkness by the rail. "Excuse *me*, folks!"

THE END


# CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS

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55

# THIS MAN'S WAR

## CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

IN the June 19 issue of Liberty this department carried a letter signed "Bluejacket." It was a tip to the Navy to change the color of summer white uniforms to blue. "The whites could all be called in and dyed blue so as not to waste material. The white uniforms are the only thing I don't like about the Navy," Bluejacket wrote.

Well, he stirred up something. I've had a flood of letters on the subject, and the fact is that about three letters have agreed with Bluejacket for every one that disagreed.

Here's what M. C., a radioman

Saluted

third class, writes from U. S. N. Radio School, Sampson, New York.

"We certainly agree with Bluejacket here. At least, 95 per cent of us do. White uniforms are not practical for fatigue uniforms or dress, except for mess cooks. They look nice, but that doesn't make up for the work that is necessary to keep them clean and presentable."

R. E. S., a signalman third class at Norfolk, Virginia, points out that Bluejacket is stationed on the Great Lakes (Naval Training Station, Great Lakes, Illinois) and continues:

"If he had to live in the climate we're in he would soon change his mind about what color summer uniforms should be. We're proud of our white uniforms here."

But W. B., a yeoman second class stationed at the U. S. Naval Training Station, Bainbridge, Maryland, says:

"White uniforms are a thorn in the side of every sailor. They definitely do not look neat after a few hours' wear and they catch every bit of dirt and dust in sight.

"The fellows aren't kicking about the cut of the uniforms as much as they are about their being white. As Bluejacket says, dye them blue, or even a light green. In a shore emergency a white uniform would stick out like a sore thumb. They don't wear them at sea; why on land?

"The fellows would be willing to pay for the dyeing and they could be dyed right on the base. Come on, Navy, let's change them now."

A correspondent from Farragut, Idaho, who signs himself "Old Gob," says:

"It is definitely a good idea to have the white uniforms dyed blue. It is very dusty here and the whites get dirty after wearing them for only one day. Almost everybody here feels the same way."

O. K., Bluejacket, I guess you started something. If any admirals read this and get ideas, that's O. K. too, except it'll be the first time the Navy ever got anything from an—

OLD SARGE.

* * *

Do enlisted men have to salute Army nurses? I have no objection to saluting them, but we've had arguments on the subject here. What is the dope, Sarge?

*Pvt. I. L. G.,*
*Vancouver Barracks, Wash.*

**Army nurses must be saluted. They are commissioned officers and are entitled to the same military courtesy as male officers. And I'd like to add two cents' worth to that: If one of those nurses ever snatches you from the brink of death, or eases your pain, or helps you back to health—then, buddy, you'll be glad to salute!**

* * *

There has been quite a bit of controversy over whether a midshipman rates a salute. What are the facts?

*T. K., Salisbury, Md.*

**While we're on the subject of salutes, we may as well clear this one up too. No, a midshipman does not rate a salute. He is not a commissioned officer—not yet.**

* * *

I was surprised when reading the data on my husband's "dog tag" to see his mother's name along with his own name. Can you tell me the rule concerning the names on the identification tags which all soldiers wear around their necks?

*Mrs. L. C., Paris, Ill.*

**The "dog tag" carries, in addition to the soldier's name, the name of the person who is to be notified in the event of an emergency. Your husband apparently chose his mother as the person to be notified. He has the right to use his own discretion in making this choice.**

I would like some information on lost equipment. I am a truck driver and had some of my equipment (blankets and shelterhalf) on the back of my truck. During a blackout drive on a tactical problem, the truck in back of me struck my truck, causing my load to shift, and my bed roll fell out at that time, I believe. Do I have to pay for the lost equipment?

*Pvt. M. P., Nashville, Tenn.*

**You'll only have to pay for it if it was lost through your negligence. This is decided through a Board of Survey, which can be convened by your C. O. The board inquires into the facts and decides whether the loss was unavoidable or accidental, or whether it was your fault. If the facts are as you state them, I don't think you've got much to worry about. The Army is pretty human about these cases.**

* * *

I'm what they call an old soldier nowadays (enlisted R. A. 1936). At present I have a commission which I obtained by graduating from O. C. S. Prior to accepting the commission I had obtained the temporary rank of master sergeant. Have any provisions been made relative to Regular Army personnel reverting to the enlisted rank held prior to acceptance of a commission—that is, reverting after the war is over?

*Second Lt. R. S.,*
*Army Air Field, Oscoda, Mich.*

**Several soldiers who held good noncom ranks in the Regular Army and then were temporarily commissioned in the A. U. S. have asked this question. The answer is this: After the war you may re-enlist**

K. P. in Shangri-la

**within six months and get back your old noncom rank. In other words, you do not have to lose your R. A. rank just because you accept a commission in the A. U. S. I suggest you consult A. R. 35-2360, Paragraph 1 *b*.**

* * *

I am a private and have been in the Army for a year. Prior to getting in, I used to hear and read that the "top kick" was a mean, cussin' old Simon Legree. That may be true in many cases, but in my case that idea is the bunk. We have a top kick here who can't be any older than about twenty-four. He doesn't cuss and is

far from mean. You can see him in town any time with privates like me. He has been in the Army only about a year or so and already is a top kick, so, as you can imagine, he is good.

I never hear any one complaining that he is unfair in anything he does. We even do K. P. with a smile when he tells us to do it, because we're sure it is our turn. He takes his own time off to arrange dances and things for us. Thanks to him, we have company parties once a month.

*Pvt. A. M. J., Roswell, N. M.*

**You're not in the Army, Private. You're in Shangri-la!**

* * *

Does three months' service in northern Canada entitle me to wear a blue campaign ribbon for American Theater of Operations?

Also, when up in Canada I was issued the yellow American Defense Service ribbon. My wearing of it has been questioned by some soldiers here in camp. I enlisted September 12, 1941. Is that ribbon for *any* service before Pearl Harbor, or for *a year's* service before Pearl Harbor?

*Sgt. H. S.,*
*Camp Rimini, Helena, Mont.*

**You are O. K. on both counts, Sergeant. Since you served outside the continental United States and in the American war theater, you have every right to wear the American Theater of Operations ribbon. This goes for any soldier who has served in Canada, Bermuda, or Alaska.**

**As to the American Defense Service ribbon, I've answered that before, but it's such a stickler that here goes again: As long as you served any time at all prior to Pearl Harbor, you are entitled to the ribbon, even if you entered the Army on December 6, 1941, the day before Pearl Harbor. The ribbon and its accompanying medal (to be issued after the war) go to all members of the armed forces who entered upon a period of active federal service of twelve months or longer and who in the discharge of such service served at any time between September 8, 1939, and December 7, 1941, both dates inclusive. The idea that you had to serve an entire year prior to Pearl Harbor is erroneous.**

* * *

Please settle an argument for us. Which is the older military outfit, the Coast Guard or the Marines? Some of the men here insist it's the Coast Guard, but I say the Marines.

*T. W. C., U. S. C. C., Samoa, Calif.*

**You pick up the marbles. The Marine Corps was organized in 1775, the Coast Guard in 1790. Therefore the Marines are the older of the two outfits.**

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This department of Liberty is for the men and women of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42d St., New York.

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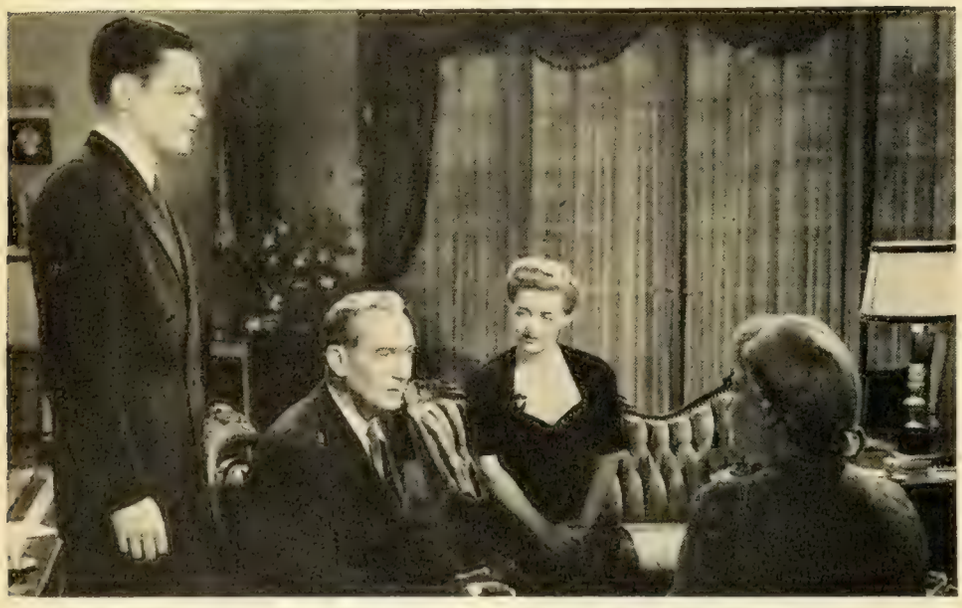
# LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

BY HARRIET GOULD

On the final lap of their flight from Germany, the Muller family talk about what's in store for them.



Kurt and Sara Muller try to explain their life and work in prewar Europe to Sara's folks, the Farrellys.

The Mullers' safety and happiness is short-lived. Sara pleads with her mother and brother to let Kurt go back.

## WATCH ON THE RHINE

*(Warners)*
*Paul Lukas, Bette Davis*

WATCH on the Rhine is a sensitive, intelligent movie. It has all the depth and significance you would be entitled to expect from a Lillian Hellman play, adapted for the screen by Dashiell Hammett, and with a starring cast headed by Paul Lukas and Bette Davis. In two words, it's good.

This is one of the most outspoken anti-Fascist films Hollywood has turned out. Yet it does not depend for its action and suspense upon daring commando raids or secret agents outwitting the Nazis.

It is the story of an anti-Fascist German, his wife and three children—five people who have worked and suffered for the principles they believe in and who will stop at nothing—even murder—until they can live their lives in freedom.

Kurt Muller (Paul Lukas), a leader in the European underground, brings his American-born wife, Sara (Bette Davis), and their three children to her family's home just outside prewar Washington. They plan to stay with her mother, wealthy dowager Fanny Farrelly (Lucile Watson), and her brother David (Donald Woods). After years of fighting and being hunted all over the Continent, Kurt is too ill to continue his work for a while.

At first the Mullers find it difficult to make the Farrellys understand exactly what they are fighting for. Then Kurt receives news that makes it necessary for him to return immediately to Germany. Teck Brancovis (George Coulouris), a Farrelly house guest and a hanger-on at the German Embassy, blackmails Kurt with the threat to inform the Nazis of his plans. At last the issues become sharp and clear—even to the Farrellys, until then typically complacent pre-Pearl Harbor Americans. The powerful climax of the story is calculated to kick a lump into your throat.

Five members of the cast of the Broadway stage play—Lukas, Lucile Watson, and Coulouris, and two of the children—repeat their roles on the screen with the same warmth and intensity that brought down the house in New York. Geraldine Fitzgerald is good in a minor role, and Bette Davis, as the frumpy middle-aged Sara, rates superlatives—as usual.

Herman Shumlin, who directed both the stage and the screen plays, had a great deal to do with making Watch on the Rhine one of the year's best pictures.

## THE SKY'S THE LIMIT

*(RKO)*

***Fred Astaire, Joan Leslie, Robert Benchley***

THIS is Fred Astaire's sixteenth dancing-musical comedy and Joan Leslie is his eighth leading lady—but, aside from the statistics, there isn't much to report on The Sky's the Limit. The story is a weak affair about a Flying Tiger hero (Astaire) who insists upon remaining incognito on his furlough even though this complicates his romance with a charming magazine photographer (Joan Leslie). She doesn't catch on to his real feelings until after he tries to fix it for her to marry her boss (Robert Benchley).

Harold Arlen and Johnny Mercer have contributed several likable tunes, and Fred Astaire is as graceful as ever.

## HI DIDDLE DIDDLE

ONCE upon a time, when the movies were younger and the moviegoing public wasn't so adult, silly meaningless farces were the thing. The movies have gone beyond this phase, but occasionally there is a minor aberration. Hi Diddle Diddle is one of these. It's a little sad to see such seasoned performers as Adolphe Menjou, Martha Scott, Billie Burke, Dennis O'Keefe, and June Havoc wasting their talents on this bit of fluff about a sailor's attempts to get married and have a honeymoon on a forty-eight-hour pass. Of course he doesn't. That's the farce part. One interesting note about the picture is that it serves as a vehicle for Pola Negri's return to the screen. But that's all.

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When feet burn, callouses sting and every step is torture, don't just groan and do nothing. Rub on a little Ice-Mint. Pasty white, cream-like, its cooling soothing comfort helps drive the fire and pain right out . . . tired muscles relax in grateful relief. A world of difference in a few minutes. See how Ice-Mint helps soften up corns and callouses too. Get foot happy today, the Ice-Mint way. Your druggist has Ice-Mint.

## This man was taught not to drink water

Drinking water is scarce in North Africa.

So before our soldiers landed there, they were weaned away from water. A dash of iodine in their drinking water served the double purpose of disinfecting it, and making it taste awful. By the time the boys landed in Africa, they'd lost all taste for water.

The favorite prepared drink is lemonade. Field Ration K provides it—along with veal, pork, sausage, coffee, bouillon, malted milk tablets, biscuits, chocolate and chewing gum—all in a 33-ounce pack. Sounds like somebody was taking pretty good care of our boys, doesn't it? And that's right. American soldiers are the best-fed, best-equipped, best-cared-for in the world.

But keeping them that way takes money. So much money that Uncle Sam asks us to invest not 10% or 15% or 20%, *but all we can in War Bonds*. Chances are, you're already in the Payroll Savings Plan—doing your bit. But don't stop there. Raise your sights! Do your *best!* Remember, you get back $4 for every $3 you invest, when Bonds are held to maturity. But your money is needed *NOW!*

**YOU'VE DONE YOUR BIT.. NOW DO YOUR BEST!**

**—BUY MORE WAR BONDS—**

*This space is a contribution to America's all-out war effort by*

*Liberty Magazine.*

# PICTURES WORTH SEEING

| FILM | GIST | LIBERTY SAID: |
|---|---|---|
| BATAAN (M-G-M) Robert Taylor, Thomas Mitchell, Robert Walker | *Drama* (a group of thirteen "expendables" cover the retreat of our Army during the last days on Bataan). | Pulls no punches . . . starkly grim . . . exciting, dramatic . . . superb cast . . . don't miss this one. (7-10-43) |
| BEHIND THE RISING SUN (RKO) Margo, Tom Neal | *Melodrama* (the development of an American-educated Japanese boy into a bloodthirsty "warrior"). | Compelling movie . . . some sequences slightly far-fetched—but good on the whole. (8-28-43) |
| BEST FOOT FORWARD (M-G-M) Lucille Ball, William Gaxton | *Musical comedy* (a glamorous movie star spends a hectic weekend at a boys' military academy). | From the Broadway play . . . fresh-as-paint production numbers . . . good tunes . . . nicely paced and thoroughly entertaining. (8-14-43) |
| CABIN IN THE SKY (M-G-M) Ethel Waters, Lena Horne, "Rochester" Anderson | *All-Negro musical* (a fantasy concerning the struggle of good and evil forces for the soul of Little Joe Jackson). | Lighthearted fantasy . . . slow in spots, but has much to offer . . . lovely music and Ethel Waters' singing make picture worth seeing. (4-3-43) |
| DIXIE (Paramount) Bing Crosby, Dorothy Lamour | *Musical* (the development of the art of minstrelsy—via the life of Dan Emmett, first minstrel). | Not up to Bing's other pictures . . . too much "formula" . . . vague story makes it merely mediocre. (7-24-43) |
| FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS (Paramount) Ingrid Bergman, Gary Cooper, Katina Paxinou | *Drama* (the screen version of Ernest Hemingway's great novel of love and war in Spain). | Good Technicolor . . . overlong . . . does not move . . . superior acting. (8-28-43) |
| HEAVEN CAN WAIT (20th Century-Fox) Don Ameche, Gene Tierney, Charles Coburn | *Comedy-drama* (a man dies and applies for admittance to hell, sure heaven won't have him. He tells the story of his life). | Delightful and adult satire . . . moves at a sprightly pace . . . good cast . . . witty and subtle situations and dialogue. (8-21-43) |
| MISSION TO MOSCOW (Warners) Walter Huston, Ann Harding, Oscar Homolka | *Drama* (living history. Ambassador to Russia Davies' report on the Soviet Union). | Intellectual achievement . . . vital, gripping, dramatic . . . cast superb . . . a tribute to our ally. (6-19-43) |
| SO PROUDLY WE HAIL (Paramount) Claudette Colbert, Veronica Lake, Paulette Goddard | *Drama* (the stirring story of the first American women at the front lines—Army nurses on Bataan). | Vital . . . authentic and stirring war film . . . casting is just about perfect. (8-7-43) |
| SPITFIRE (RKO) Leslie Howard, David Niven | *Drama* (the story of the Spitfire and R. J. Mitchell, the man who designed this plane, one of England's chief weapons). | Spitfire is a fitting final tribute to the skill of the late Leslie Howard, director and actor. (7-17-43) |
| STAGE DOOR CANTEEN (United Artists) All-star cast | *Revue* (romance at the Canteen plus a good sample of the entertainment given our servicemen there. Sixty-eight stars, six bands). | A glowing and exciting tribute to America's theater folk . . . jam-packed with entertainment . . . a little long, but solid entertainment. (6-26-43) |
| THE CONSTANT NYMPH (Warner Bros.) Charles Boyer, Joan Fontaine | *Melodrama* (the story of the "mad" Sanger family taken from Margaret Kennedy's famous novel of the '20s). | Dated story . . . mannered and forced now . . . old-fashioned, romantic escapist entertainment . . . good cast. (7-31-43) |
| THE MORE THE MERRIER (Columbia) Jean Arthur, Charles Coburn, Joel McCrea | *Comedy* (jam-packed wartime Washington takes a good-natured ribbing). | One of the funniest pictures of the season . . . smartly paced plot . . . swell cast. (5-29-43) |

# WOMAN-TALK

by MARGARET FISHBACK

GOOD CLEAN FUN: Celeste Holm singing "I Cain't Say No" in Oklahoma. . . . The uninhibited citizens cavorting on roller skates at the Gay Blades Rink, shorter-than-ballet skirts billowing way up to here. . . . A languid cat in an East Side grocery, slumbering beside a sign that says, "The cat is comfortable. Please do not disturb by tapping on window." . . . Thirteen-year-old Raymond in Kiss and Tell, especially his capsule criticism of big sister Mildred: "I admit she's pretty, but intellectually she's a goon."

WAR FASHIONS: To conserve metal, women's umbrellas can have no more than ten ribs each. In the good old daze they had as many as sixteen. I guess we can bear up. Men's umbrellas are limited to eight ribs. In the past they had from eight to ten. Poor Adam, he had one rib lifted to start with, and Eve got it! About 90 per cent of all umbrellas are made for women. . . . The new transparent Plexiglas lunch box saves time for war workers whose boxes must be inspected on entering or leaving plants. Inspectors can see right through to the slim slice of ham on rye. The boxes were designed and made by Chesley Carpenter out of scraps left over from noses, turrets, and windows of U. S. planes.

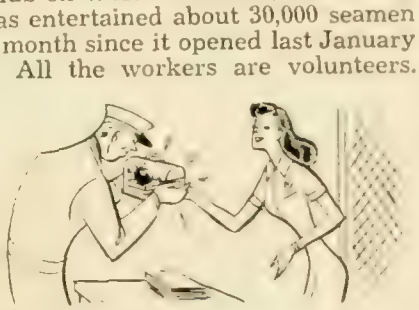
THE BLUSH OF SHAME: When Hilary St. George Saunders, author of the Commando story, Combined Operations, arrived from England to lecture-tour the United States, he brought along some coffee for his thirsty American friends. The customs officers were shamefaced when they poked into the meager bag of java—to think that the natives here squawk so fiercely over rationing that it can be heard and pitied in England, where the belt has been tight for years.

VERY SPECIAL WOMEN: Mrs. Eleanor Ormsby, of Chicago, gave birth to eleven children in four years by producing two pairs of twins, a set of triplets, then, just to show she wasn't fooling, a batch of quadruplets. . . . Mrs. Harrison Williams' new hair color is a cool blue-gray. . . . Sister Anna Regina of St. Joseph's Hospital in Pittsburgh used a cellophane ham covering in developing an oxygen tent for newborn babies, which permits nurses to see the entire infant in one quick look, instead of just the head. . . . Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd's daughter, Bolling, is a milkmaid on a farm at Gorham, Maine. . . . Mary Anderson, since 1919 head of the Women's Bureau of the Department of Labor, came to this country from Sweden and worked for a year as a domestic servant, during which time she studied the English language. Then she took a job in a shoe factory and for eighteen years worked as an operator, spending her evenings in organization for the International Boot and Shoe Workers' Union. She was the first woman from labor's ranks to head a division in an executive department of the federal government. . . . Mrs. Ann Clare, in charge of the Spa meeting at Belmont Park, is the only woman track superintendent in racing.

### Perpetual Motion

I chase you here, I chase you there,
I catch you diving from a chair.
When *will* you learn, small bustling son,
You've something meant to sit upon?

SHORE LEAVE: The American Theatre Wing Merchant Seamen's Club on West 43d Street, New York, has entertained about 30,000 seamen a month since it opened last January 4. All the workers are volunteers.



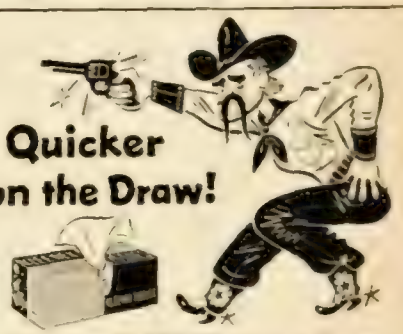
There are about 1,000 hostesses on the Club's approved list. There's a library for bookworms; variety entertainment from 5 P. M. to midnight; a succession of stage, screen and radio celebrities; and, probably best of all, steaming coffee and innumerable pies and sandwiches. Actress Peggy Coudray has charge of the kitchen. Mrs. Frank Case, wife of Algonquin Frank Case, is manager. A recent guest, back from Australia via the engine room of a tanker, said he didn't expect to like a place where the drinks were "strictly soft" and the girls "hand-picked," but he changed his mind. Went ten nights in a row.


Absent-minded

But KLEENEX* TISSUES help keep me on the job! I use them during colds and say goodbye to sore nose misery! (from a letter by P. S., Thomaston, Ga.)

PROTECT THE OTHERS! KLEENEX HELPS CHECK SPREAD OF COLDS. USE A TISSUE ONCE—THEN DESTROY, GERMS AND ALL!

Quicker on the Draw!



With the KLEENEX Serv-a-Tissue Box you pull a tissue and up pops another—not a handful as with ordinary boxes. Saves tissues—saves money! (from letter by B. W., Galveston, Tex.)

TELL ME ANOTHER SAYS Kleenex

AND WIN A $25 WAR BOND for each statement we publish on why you like Kleenex Tissues better than any other brand. Address: Kleenex, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, 11, Illinois

TEST FOR TISSUES!

HOLD KLEENEX UP TO A LIGHT—YOU WON'T FIND HOLES OR WEAK SPOTS! REGARDLESS OF WHAT OTHERS DO, WE ARE DETERMINED TO MAINTAIN KLEENEX QUALITY IN EVERY PARTICULAR!

An' I won't stop 'till I get Delsey* again—it's soft like Kleenex

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

# WEATHER IS A WEAPON

Continued from Page 19

ments can be made to serve as weather recorders.

The aerologist is particularly interested in the upper air, where weather for the lower air is born. He has aboard ship the famed Navy-originated radiosonde balloon to report upper air conditions. The radiosonde, which automatically collects and broadcasts weather data as it rises, can be used only where the enemy can't overhear. However, the aerologist has found other means for ascertaining weather conditions aloft in combat zones.

The weather reports the Navy collects from its various sources are the bases of forecasts which tell the pilot when he takes off what conditions he will find on the way and when he returns. To prepare a forecast for a Halsey sweep deep into enemy waters, or select a date for a landing on an Axis shore, the aerologist checks current data against two kinds of records: what happened during the same period in previous years, and what happened at times when the weather paralleled the present weather.

Aerological summaries thus double-checked often correctly predict even details of the weather. Used in conjunction with short-range forecasts, they tell our task-force commander not only when and where to find cover for his ships but also when to look for the half-cloudy sky which gives bombers both ample visibility for attack and an opportunity to escape defending fighters. Finally, they can give the commander several days' notice of winds, informing him of the direction in which he should retreat from his objective to avoid having to turn aside to take on his planes. Only when a carrier is headed into the wind can planes land on her.

WHEN we decided to seize Tulagi and Guadalcanal, the Navy asked its aerologists for a combination of weather different from that sought for our task-force sweeps. The covering storm during approach was still essential, but in place of clear skies on arrival the Navy wanted an overcast. Its purpose was neutralization of Jap air power. The Japs had bases in the area and we didn't; they had at least potential superiority in the air, and the Navy decided that so delicate an operation as the first American landing on a hostile shore was no time to put that question to a test. It preferred to come in in weather unfavorable to all planes, the enemy's and ours alike. We also, of course, wanted calm water inshore.

Aside from four heavy cruisers sunk in the night engagement off Cape Esperance as a result of inexcusable carelessness, our losses in the critical first days of the battle were minor. One reason was that the weather was just as ordered, helping us to spring a surprise so complete that eighteen Jap seaplanes were caught on the water in one of the harbors we attacked. Moreover, the Japs, probably because of the overcast, struck at us by air only twice during the first two days, once with twenty-five bombers and the other time with forty torpedo craft. Neither attempt inflicted important damage on us. Jap air power did not materialize as an actual threat until later.

In the winter of 1942-43 Flying Fortresses of General MacArthur's air arm began practicing a new bombing technique against ship targets erected in the Australian desert. The bombers worked in pairs. One plane dived in from the bow and raked the target fore and aft with heavy-caliber machine-gun fire. A few seconds later, before A. A. crews could have returned to the guns from which the first plane had driven them, the second, flying in mast-high, delivered a carefully aimed broadside bomb attack. The bombs were dropped so close that they hit the side of the "ship" below the "water line" instead of plunging down on the deck.

In March these rigorously rehearsed Fort "skip-bombing" teams, in their first action in force, won the greatest of all air victories over surface ships—the clean sweep of a twenty-two-ship Japanese convoy bringing reinforcements to New Guinea. The weather, however, must be credited with an assist. The convoy's defenses were meager and it was struck in the clear. The Japs had counted on a storm to furnish all the antiaircraft protection needed to cross the Bismarck Sea. But, as at Midway, the storm broke before New Guinea was reached.

To give the devil his due, however, the Japanese have made skillful use of weather cover several times. One example is Pearl Harbor. Another is their finally unsuccessful Aleutian campaign.

The weather has played a more dominating role in the Aleutians than anywhere else, and until recently the invaders had the benefit of it. They came at the beginning of the five-month foggy season. Consequently, not only were their initial moves well hidden but they also had ample time for bringing up supplies and reinforcements with small risk of interception. The fog, furthermore, reduced the effectiveness of our air counterattack enormously.

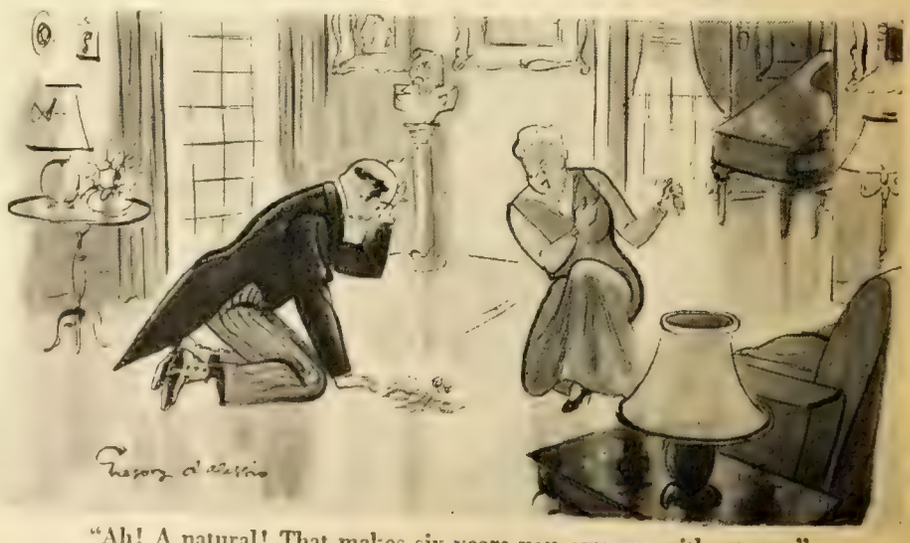
The enemy approached Dutch Harbor in the shelter of a northern arm of the weather that was then about to betray the Japs at Midway. He was on Kiska at least a week before the weather lifted enough for any of our air patrols to spot him. At the same time, the murk prevented most of the seventy planes that carried out his two raids on Dutch Harbor from making it back to their carriers.

The Japs intended to take Dutch Harbor. They had to abandon their planes because the Harbor was stronger than they had expected and because of a flanking Army air base of which they had not known. But certainly they had as much help from the elements as we are getting now that we are on the offensive.

WHEN we landed in North Africa, we encountered real opposition and suffered more than nominal casualties only on the Morocco coast. If it hadn't been for our aerologists, the casualties would have been much heavier. One of the principal problems in executing the greatest series of military landings in history was finding the right surf at Morocco. That coast is pounded by a heavy ground swell which is deadly to flat-bottomed craft like landing barges, but the Navy aerologists correctly selected the day (within general time limits for the offensive set by our military chiefs) on which the risk would be least. At Casablanca November 8 dawned a little too windless for our carriers, not quite on the mark for other requirements, but nearly ideal for the most hazardous operation, the landing itself.

Thanks to the weather man, soldiers and sailors carrying out still greater American and United Nations offensives will find the weather a weapon in their hands, too.

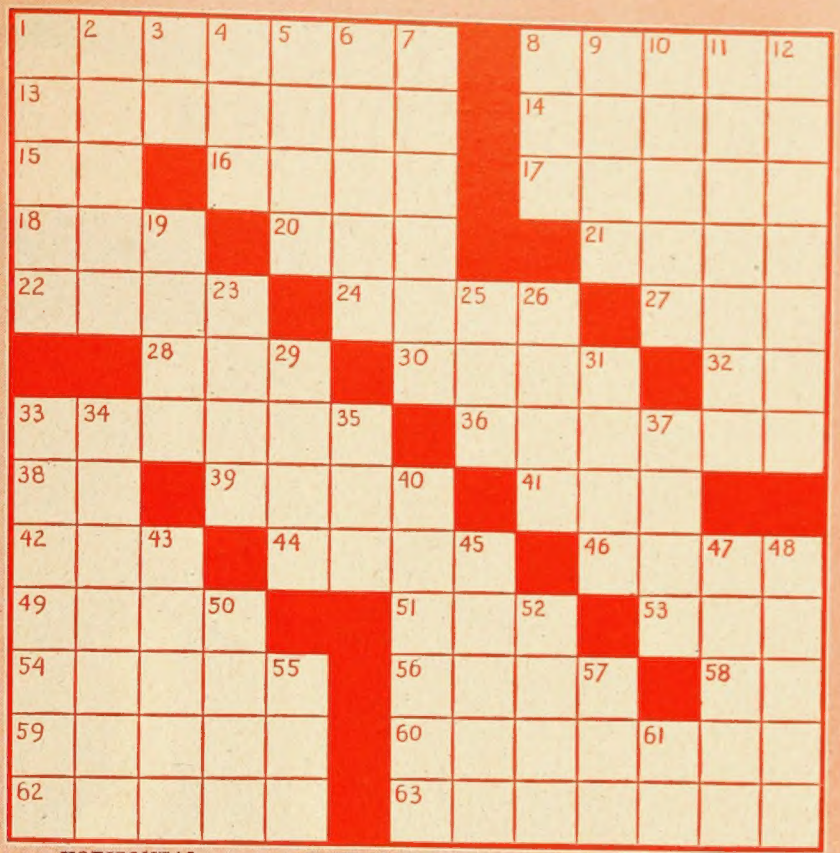
THE END



"Ah! A natural! That makes six years you owe me without pay."

# QUIZZ-ICAL CROSSWORDS

## BY TED SHANE



### HORIZONTAL

1 What's $C_6H_4OCOCH_3COOH$, revives wilted spirits, flowers, and you?
8 The Kaiser was the what of Berlin?
13 A variety of what can be planted now, kept in ground under snow?
14 The Navy, once doubting its value, has gone overboard for what?
15 Give the initials of a popular Lee
16 Frost and who are the two coldest American writers?
17 Wife of Alcinoüs (Odyssey)
18 Bernard Shaw would have future man born in a what?
20 Name an explosive reason for rationing sugar (abbr.)
21 What's a most unrevealing thing about women?
22 Where do generals no longer run the war from?
24 What're convulsive, spasmodic, diaphragm-contracting, wind-and-watery inhalations?
27 Time
28 Name Magog's side kick
30 Dickens' Fat Boy took little whats?
32 "Men's evil manners live — brass; their virtues we write in water."
—SHAKESPEARE
33 What's the name of that blind goddess with the scales?
36 Pertaining to Norse civilization (pl.)
38 Oliver Twist ate what breakfast food?
39 "Wilderness were paradise ——"
41 A papillon's a what?
42 What attachment makes a nonce word?
44 Mussolini's delivered his last what?
46 What's slang for socks?
49 Zoologically, a reptile's a what?
51 Destructive distillation of pine produces what?
53 Who is son of Kanga in the Pooh books?
54 What's a drop to a druggist?
56 What form of happiness comes to a boxer?
58 Unit of germ plasm
59 Who's called the Stormy Petrol of Washington?
60 Who is Shakespeare's best known uxoricide?
62 Squirrels, ants, and wasps have whats in common?
63 A quack medicine's a what?

### VERTICAL

1 Who wrote Tattered Tom?
2 Groucho Marx said, "Your eyes shine like the pants of a blue what suit"?
3 What measure do British and American druggists differ on? (abbr.)
4 Pronoun
5 A very large domestic pigeon's called a what?
6 The Russo-Greek Church featured whats?
7 Who said two bodies attract each other with a force varying directly as the product of their masses and inversely as the square of their distances apart?
8 What's an article of feminine dress? (abbr.)
9 What do whales hear with?
10 What's Fred Astaire's sister's name?
11 The Romans invented what kind of poetry?
12 What wall-perforating war engines inspired a surgical instrument?
19 Who commanded the British at Bunker Hill?
23 What city's called a magnificent pile of junk?
25 In branding cattle, what's this "—"?
26 What's the common nickname for a Murphy?
29 What're drinkable or useful?
31 Thackeray'd have called a celebrity chaser a what?
33 What vitamin is called a "pepper-upper"?
34 St. Bernard dogs leave for rescues from a what? (not saloon)
35 Who's a prominent member of Booze Who?
37 Name a prince of Russian opera
40 Who was Sherlock Holmes' assistant?
43 Premonstratensians are whats?
45 Who carried the serum to Nome?
47 What French soldier wore a beard to denote battle service?
48 What city lent its name to a perversion?
50 According to the old saw, dirt is the what of Worms?
52 What kind of berry do rooters bestow?
55 What're editorial footballs? (abbr.)
57 A skunk, with its pockets picked, makes a swell what?
61 By adding an *e*, this makes the first name of what well known Queen?

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| 38 | | ■ | 39 | | | 40 | ■ | 41 | | | ■ | ■ | |
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Last week's answer

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

# JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

**FEW OF YOU** will want to miss Willkie Goes a-Wooing, in this issue. Whether it makes you smile or frown, it is good reading. Mr. Thomas L. Stokes, who wrote this shrewd article, has covered national political conventions since 1924 and has traveled with Presidential candidates on their "swings" since that time. He accompanied Herbert Hoover on his South American good-will tour in December-January, 1928-29, after he had won the Pulitzer reporting prize for a series of stories exposing political exploitation of the WPA in Kentucky, which produced a Senatorial investigation and led to the Hatch Act forbidding political activity by government agencies.

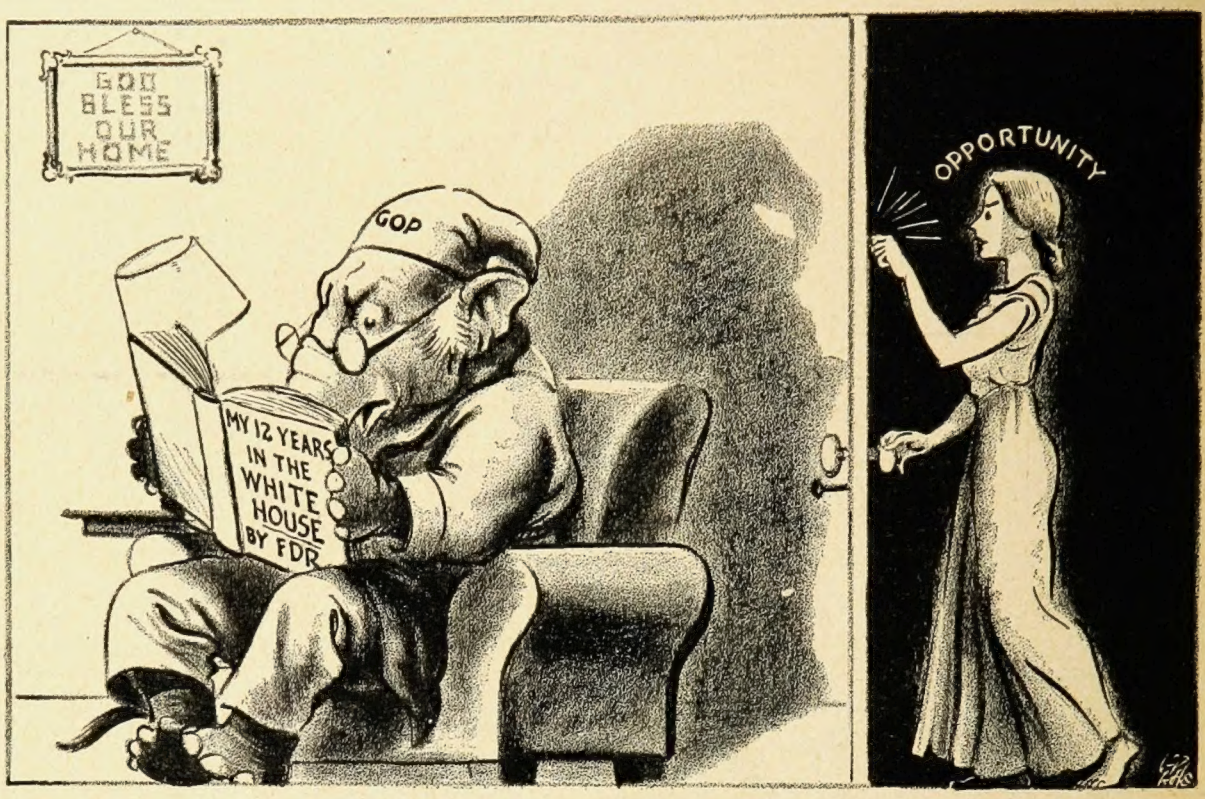
**THE HAWKINS BROTHERS,** jointly responsible for Broken River, the exciting serial that begins elsewhere in these pages, have collaborated on several novels. John was born in Hamilton, Montana; his brother Ward, two years younger, in Vancouver, British Columbia. John tried adventuring around the world; then he settled down to the writing game, in which he was later joined by Ward. They claim to have written so many short stories that they've forgotten most of them!

**IF YOU READ** Ira Wolfert's Battle for the Solomons, which in dispatches from that Pacific front won the Pulitzer prize in journalism, you will hardly need any urging to get into his Torpedo 8, our current condensation.

Come to think of it, we're giving you two Pulitzer prize winners in this issue. Not bad!

*THE EDITORS.*

# WANTED: OPPORTUNITY, NOT OPPORTUNISM




IT is the ambition of the Republican Party to be regarded as the "party of opportunity"—meaning, of course, the party advocating political principles under which American enterprise is free to develop and the way kept open for each individual to reach the highest level to which his ability can take him.

This, of course, is a swell idea, and when carried out boldly and progressively it is good for each individual American and good for the country as a whole.

However, there is literally a world of difference between a party of *opportunity* and one of *opportunism*. In recent years the Republican Party, or at least some important segments of it, has shown signs of being more the latter than the former.

There has been a tendency to wait and see which way the cat jumps before taking a stand on important questions. This has been particularly true in regard to foreign affairs. The Republicans have allowed themselves to be led by events, trimming their sails, at times reluctantly, to meet whatever winds are blowing. One gets the impression Republican foreign policy next year is apt to be whatever the party thinks necessary to get its candidate elected. The same holds true for domestic policy to a considerable extent.

The rank and file of the party—farmers, workers, white-collar people, and business men—are tired of seeing their party on the defensive. They want it to come up with some new ideas to get us out of our present difficulties and safeguard us against those which are sure to come after the war. They're fed up with second-guessing and playing cagy. They want their party to be a leader of public opinion, not a follower.

The rank and file doesn't like the air of opportunism which pervades discussion of Presidential candidates. They want the most able and progressive Republican in the country nominated, regardless of whom he has to beat. They won't subscribe to the theory a Democratic candidate of less popular appeal will enable their party to put up a less able but more "regular" man. They want the best man. Period.

In 1944 Americans, Republicans and Democrats alike, will vote for what they believe to be the most forward-looking program. They want an opportunity for the country and the world to achieve peace, stability, and ever-increasing prosperity. They will turn thumbs down on opportunism. All rank-and-file Republicans are determined that next year their party will be the one with the new ideas, the sound common sense, the long-range view, and the dynamic and progressive candidate.

Paul Hunter

# STILL ON THE COURSE OF QUALITY

FORTUNATELY, thanks to the U. S. Bottled-in-Bond Act which regulates details of aging, bottling and labeling of bonded whiskies, there has been no wartime change in this pre-war quality. For generations past, these five famous bonds have been America's outstanding whiskies. And they still are!

So even in war-time you can still have the finest whiskies you ever knew in peace-time...but you will have to have just a little patience with us, when you don't happen to find the particular brand you want in your licensed dealer's store.

For with limited stocks and an ever-growing demand we have the task of being trustees for you who love fine whiskies. It is our task to distribute these remaining stocks of fine bonded whiskies fairly, but at the same time wisely so that you can depend on having this same superlative quality until conditions permit the production and proper aging of new stocks.

**OLD GRAND-DAD**
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

**OLD TAYLOR**
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

**OLD CROW**
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT WHISKEY—RYE OR BOURBON

**MOUNT VERNON**
BRAND
MARYLAND STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY

**OLD OVERHOLT**
PENNSYLVANIA STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY

*The distilleries of this company are engaged in the production of alcohol for war purposes.*

# This is the Shopper

## of BLUE RIBBON TOWN

*...who has put on her slacks and discarded her gown*

"I work in a war plant,"
said Mrs. Carruthers,
"Along with my husband,
and thousands of others—
And frankly, I haven't
much time to go shopping,
For doing my job has
been keeping me hopping.

"YES, working from 7 till 3
is quite taxing,
And I understand why a
man needs relaxing,
So when I go marketing,
I often place—
Our order for Blue Ribbon Beer
*by the case!*

"EXPERIENCE has taught us
that Pabst is the best,
It's kindlier tasting—
and yet it has zest,
A sort of a mellowness,
nice and befriending—
Resulting, no doubt, from
its *full-flavor blending!*"

Copr. 1943, Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wis.

Now More Than Ever
*A Symbol of*
*Friendly Companionship*

"BLUE RIBBON TOWN" IS ON THE AIR! Starring GROUCHO MARX...
Famous Stars...Coast-to-Coast CBS Network...Every SATURDAY NIGHT

These are busy days in Blue Ribbon Town, U.S.A. (your town—everybody's town). But even busy days demand occasional "breathing spells"—moments of relaxation—in solitude...or with neighbors. Be prepared! Always keep plenty of thirst-quenching Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer in your refrigerator.

Unlike ordinary beer, Pabst Blue Ribbon is *full-flavor blended*—from 33 master brews. Softer, kindlier tasting—Pabst Blue Ribbon is, more than ever, a symbol of friendly companionship.

**33 FINE BREWS BLENDED**

***into One Great Beer***